

The Australian

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October 17, 1956

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 17, 1956

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THE WORKING DUKE

NEXT month Australia will welcome the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Duke will be welcomed equally as a man and a Royal personage.

Perhaps he will bring with him a certain pair of gold cuff-links.

These were the gift of delegates to the conference on human relations in industry convened by him at Oxford.

The delegate who made the presentation said he thought the gift may have been inappropriate because the Duke "has his sleeves rolled up so often."

That was a tribute from one worker to another. The Duke does roll up his sleeves to any job he undertakes.

Many people wondered whether the dashing lieutenant-prince could knuckle down to the round of Royal duty.

The Duke proved himself equal to all that and has carried off the job with a certain flourish of his own.

Modern in outlook, he has shown a keen interest in science, industry, sport, and the welfare of youth.

Junior partner of the Royal team, he is essentially a working partner. The help he gives the Queen is invaluable.

He has been her ears and eyes in places where the Queen cannot go. He can speak frankly without the weight of Royal responsibility his wife's words carry.

So he provides a link between the throne and the people that is of inestimable value.

His 1956 visit to Australia is a mark of the importance of this country's role as a host nation to the Olympic Games.

Australia has a special welcome for this modern prince with his sleeves rolled up, because Australia is a young land where work is still the only basis for individual and national success.

Our cover:

● The wedding of tennis star Ken Rosewall and Wilma McIver, which took place on Saturday at St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane, created Australia-wide interest. Ken returned the previous week from America, where he won the United States Singles Championships. He will play in the Queensland Championships, which begin on October 25. Ken and Wilma first met in 1948, when both were playing in a tournament in Brisbane. Two thousand people crowded the Cathedral grounds for the wedding. Afterwards the bride's mother, Mrs. Alexander McIver, entertained 180 guests at the reception, where our cover picture was taken by Lionel Keen.

This week:

● Trying to keep time at bay is the preoccupation of a good many women over 30. Some endeavor to do it by the simple expedient of falsifying their age, a practice which requires a good memory and the ability to keep quiet during exchanges of reminiscences. We present a more practical approach to the problem on pages 12, 13, and 15 of this issue, with some lively advice on how to keep the years from showing.

● Janet Wilson Logan, Australian author of "The Lantern" (see pages 8 and 9), is in private life Mrs. Alice O'Sullivan. She knows the background of her story at first-hand, for she was married to an Indian Army officer and spent 13 years in the north of India. Now widowed, she has a schoolboy son and lives in Sydney.

Next week:

● Surfers' Paradise, the most heavily gilded section of Queensland's 20-mile strip known as the "Gold Coast," has changed in six years from a quiet seaside retreat to a resort with a Hollywood glitter. Next week we have a four-page feature showing its colorful modern houses, hotels, and flats, and its cabarets and restaurants.

● Gracie Fields' home on Capri, "Song of the Sea," attracts crowds of visitors from all over the world. Two pages of pictures showing Gracie and her husband at home are included in next week's film section.

● If you like to see birds and butterflies in the garden you can plant annuals and shrubs which are specially attractive to them. Our gardening expert next week discusses these varieties.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. He always tries to avoid his duty (13).
7. Rodin as maker of hostile incursions (7).
9. Used for roofing (5).
10. Knees and hips mixed under the wool (9).
16. Be back in an appointment for discussion (6).
17. Shut and mislay the middle (6).
18. A kind of journalistic afterthought or rather after-event (4, 5).
23. Indirect effort with a surface (6).
24. Eel pest (Anagr., 7).
25. Toy gun for Lindrum (7, 6).

Solution will
be published
next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Mangers well provided with ribs (5).
2. If you have it you could be cheeky (5).
3. Lamb is the source of twice (3).
4. Small village and wintering resort in the Isle of Wight (5).
5. Lazy as a German lied could be (4).
6. Piece of work to request after tea (4).
8. Cut into pieces Diana's body of adherents (7).
11. In a somersault the head is over (5).
12. Cheese made in Holland (4).
13. Here begin and after it follows the book (7).
14. The way to iron out newspapers (5).
15. An Italian river and a Mesopotamian city cause heavy fall (4).
18. A cubic metre reast (5).
19. Town in Belgium (5).
20. Rigid part of a ship (5).
21. 15 down can do it (4).
22. Never tells the truth (4).
24. It may qualify boots or grog (3).

THE THIRD ANGEL

By Jerome Weidman

Third long instalment of our
sophisticated, exciting serial

IN Swindon, a small Connecticut town, financially desperate MARGARET GENDRON'S meeting with MARCUS MOODY ends surprisingly when he tells her he wants to buy Kirkbean, the imposing house owned by the widow of ADMIRAL FULTON HEADLAND, who led the allied assault at Minitayo, in the Pacific, an action in which Margaret's husband, ROGER, was also killed. Since then she has earned her living as a real-estate agent.

At JULIE BIERWIRTH'S restaurant for lunch, Margaret is shocked to see her daughter, SUSAN, with loutish BEN INCH, nephew of the town's rich CECIL INCH. Later in the day Margaret is told by her real-estate colleague ANNIE VROOM that Moody is the legal brains for PATTERSON OSLER, a notorious columnist. Annie asks Margaret to include her in any deal with Moody, but Margaret hedges, as she wants to keep the commission on the sale for herself. Her optimism is dampened later at the home of journalist SELWYN HITE STEER, who says he is sure Mrs. Headland will never sell Kirkbean. NOW READ ON:

MORE and more frequently, as she drove around town, Margaret found her mind fashioning thoughts that began with the phrase, "Why, I can remember back when . . ."

She could, too. It was part of being an Old Settler. There was almost no place in Swindon that brought this phrase to Margaret's mind more often than Karl Kingsley's garage.

Why, Margaret could remember back when it had been nothing but an unpaved lot, diagonally across from the railroad station, with one fuel pump that Karl worked himself and an old-fashioned cash drawer, with wooden bowls for coins, out of which Karl Kingsley made change with painstaking care. He had to. Not only because Karl was very bad at arithmetic, but also because those were the days

when, as Karl put it himself, every nickel had looked so large that he could scarcely see around the edges.

Now, of course, Karl paid a New York accountant to worry about his arithmetic, and change was made swiftly by the squad of smartly uniformed attendants, who serviced his six sets of fuel pumps, and the only thing Karl Kingsley had any trouble seeing around the edges of was his own tummy.

It seemed to Margaret that since he had added English cars to his regular agency Karl's paunch had grown until now it could very easily be used to conceal the face of the clock on the sidewalk in front of the Swindon Bank and Trust.

Karl also had the most beautiful wash-rooms in town, complete with individual

To page 52

Standing by her husband, Eloise said to Margaret, "I can't tell you how I've looked forward to our meeting."



QUICK...the
Solyptol
REGD TRADE MARK

ANTISEPTIC



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Use it for all cuts, scratches, abrasions.

Use it in the bath for skin health and personal freshness.

Use it as a daily mouthwash, or gargle, to ward off infections.



IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE

A Perfect Treasure

Amusing romantic story
By HUMPHREY KNIGHT

GRESELDA MANNING was twenty-seven, and an architect. She was also going to be late for the office again. Once more the breakfast things would have to wait to be washed up with the supper dishes, so Greselda rushed out of her Chelsea flat, cascaded down the six flights of stairs to ground level, and got to the offices of Briggs & Matchlock half an hour late.

The chief draughtsman greeted her warmly. "Matchlock wants you."

Greselda, apprehension at her heels, knocked on his door. Mr. Matchlock was standing by his drawing-board, vaguely fingering some plans. He looked forlorn. When he looked forlorn it meant he had an idea.

Greselda approached the drawing-board with a grace of movement that would have cheered most men and said, "You wanted me, Mr. Matchlock?"

Mr. Matchlock looked up at her. There was a lost expression in his eyes.

"This," he said, pointing to the plans, "is very good. Very good, indeed. The elevation, in view of the awkwardness of the site, is excellent."

Greselda sighed. This, then, would be the rough plans she had made for the municipal laundry which was to be built in the near future.

"Oh, thank you—"

"I've decided," said Mr. Matchlock, who now looked as if he would burst into tears, "to give you the job."

Greselda clutched hold of the drawing-board, which tipped dangerously towards the ceiling, and said breathlessly, "Oh, thank you! Really, I'm terribly grateful—to get a chance like this—"

"Wait," said Mr. Matchlock with awful gloom, "until you've got your plan approved. When you've had half a dozen councillors who know nothing about design arguing over your brain child—you may not want to thank me."

"Oh, but I will—"

"—and another thing. I've been noticing lately . . ."

Now he's going to tell me that unless I arrive more punctually (Greselda said to herself), I can't stay here.

" . . . that you've been staying late and doing good work."

Greselda had been staying late—she so frequently got to the office late that this had been the least she could do.

"And so," said Mr. Matchlock, "I am raising your salary by another hundred a year."

Weakly Greselda murmured ecstatic thank-you's and walked out of the office. Seated at her board she tried to collect herself. The chance to design and complete a job, the chance to see something entirely her own go up in bricks and mortar had been a wild dream she had not expected to see fulfilled for at least another year.

And the rise in salary, she told herself glowingly, would make all the difference. Not a difference to her clothing budget, not a difference to the kind of outings she would be able to afford, but a much more prosaic and practical difference. The rise in salary would mean that now she could afford daily help.

The rent of her Chelsea flat had been the absolute maximum she'd been able to manage. But rather than live in a place which offended her aesthetic principles, Greselda had cut and contrived to live where the prospect pleased, and the river was only five minutes' walk away.

But the flat was large—and her work came first, and by

the end of the day she was tired. She also studied in the evenings, and, not surprisingly, had a large number of friends. So the housework tended to get on top of her.

Now, all this would be changed. She would advertise: "Woman Wanted to Clean Flat Daily, interview on Saturday," and by Monday she would have found a good, reliable woman to take over the chores.

In the meantime, there was the municipal laundry, which already, in her mind, was surrounded with the aura and beauty of the Taj Mahal.

By Friday night the municipal laundry was just the municipal laundry, and there was nothing beautiful about Councillor Hawke. At their last meeting, that morning, he had asked in a nasal voice, "Now, Miss Manning, why blue-colored tiles for the walls?"

"They're cool — they don't cost any more than white, and since there'll be a lot of steam, not to mention dirt, in the atmosphere, they'll be better all round."

Mr. Hawke pursed his lips. "Bit fancy, isn't it?" he asked irritably.

"Not at all," Greselda answered, trying her sweetest smile. "It's just functional—and pleasant on the eye at the same time."

Mr. Hawke looked round the Board, and the Board waited dutifully. Councillor Hawke was going to indulge in one of his merry little quips.

"It's a laundry we're wanting, Miss Manning—not a Turkish bath."

So Greselda went home on Friday night bitterly resigned to white tiles.

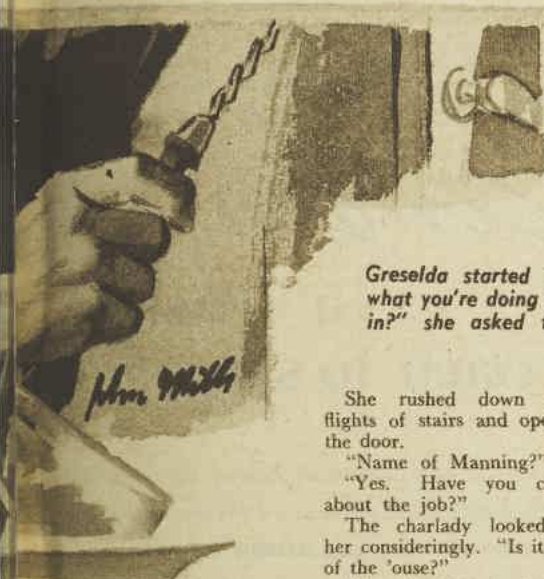
On Saturday morning she was up early preparing for the invasion of Reliable Women wanted for cleaning.

Greselda had till eleven o'clock. "Call or phone any time after eleven," the notice had said. But at ten o'clock, just as she was washing the kitchen floor, the bell rang.

Startled, Greselda dropped the scrubbing-brush into the bucket, and in the accustomed manner of top-floor dwellers in Chelsea, poked her head out of the window to see who was below.

A dumpy figure, wearing an old raincoat and something on her head which looked like a recumbent stoat, was on the doorstep.

My first char, Greselda told herself, and called out hastily, "Coming!"



Greselda started in amazement. "May I ask what you're doing in my flat—and how you got in?" she asked the young man indignantly.

She rushed down six flights of stairs and opened the door.

"Name of Manning?"

"Yes. Have you come about the job?"

The charlady looked at her consideringly. "Is it top of the 'ouse?"

"I'm afraid it is, but—"

"Sorry—but it's me chest."

them stairs. I've 'ad trouble with me chest since I was so high."

Greselda said she quite understood and climbed all the way upstairs again. Kneeling down to the kitchen floor she felt a little chasty herself.

At half-past eleven the bell rang again. She had already finished the kitchen floor, and the flat was looking more or less respectable. She ran downstairs and opened the door.

A tall, spare, knoberry-jointed woman regarded her severely.

"Manning?" she asked tautly.

"Yes, will you come in?"

The woman did not move. Greselda opened the door a little wider. The woman said, "Before I troubles you, if I may make so bold, are you a single young lady?"

"Eh . . . Yes . . ."

"Living alone—if you don't mind my asking?"

"Yes . . ."

"Arr . . . then I can't oblige. I only do for marrieds with children. Somehow," said the woman with a fearful look of judgment, "I thinks they stands in greater need. Good morning to you."

Pink with indignation Greselda climbed back to the flat. She was just regaining her breath (though not her temper) at the top flight when her bell rang again. Plunging downstairs Greselda considered placing a deck-chair out in the square, and keeping watch on the door from ground level.

Ready for battle, insult, or infirmity, she opened the door. A heavy-eyed girl of about twenty-five was standing with an equally heavy-eyed baby in her arms. She smiled ingratiatingly. "I do hope you don't mind—I had to bring Albert."

The appeal in the girl's eyes, and her diffidence, which contrasted warmly with the other Reliable Ladies, went straight to Greselda's heart.

"Of course not—will you come in?"

Breathing heavily they made the ascent. With animal unconcern the girl put her baby down on the carpet remarking, "Albert'll be all right."

Albert burst into a loud wail, and the girl, still unmoved, picked him up again. "Sometimes he's like that—in a strange house."

Greselda said, "Can you come for an hour every day?"

"Oh, yes."

"And your name?"

"Mrs. Poocheenee—"

Greselda raised her eyebrows.

"Eyetalien," explained Mrs. Puccini, pointing to Albert by way of explanation. "You can see his father's an Eyetalien from his looks, can't you?"

If Albert had any gay, hot southern blood running in his veins it must have been unusually turgid at that particular moment. However, Greselda was so thankful to be interviewing a possible, even one encumbered with an Albert, that she said quickly, "Oh, yes, he's very handsome."

She showed Mrs. Puccini the sitting-room, kitchen, and the two rooms on the top floor—bedroom and back room which she used as a drawing office.

Mrs. Puccini promised faithfully to be on the job at nine prompt. "But I'll have to bring Albert—you won't mind that, will you?" and descended sedately out into the street.

The following two weeks were hectic. If Mrs. Puccini had not come with endearing regularity, Greselda would have been quite demented.

The municipal laundry grew more complex, and Councillor Hawke more maddening. By the end of the day Greselda was dead tired. With the increased status of being in charge of an entire job, Greselda found that Mr. Matchlock called on her services for a variety of other smaller jobs as well. She was most certainly earning the extra hundred a year.

But when she returned to the flat on Monday night (and how she looked forward to her homecomings now that the washing-up was done, the flat cleaned, and her shopping awaiting her on the kitchen table), she found a note from Mrs. Puccini.

The note said that it was sorry, Madam, but Mrs. Puccini couldn't come any more because Mr. Puccini was going to live with his aunt.

What operatic upheaval lay behind this bald statement Greselda did not bother to imagine. How, she asked herself tearfully, slumping into a chair, could she do this to me? It was only Monday—the whole week lay ahead of her, and, lulled into domestic confidence, she had arranged a small dinner-party for Wednesday, and had gaily invited a few friends to have drinks on Friday.

After all, she had told herself happily, Mrs. Puccini would be there to clear up in the morning. But now, the thought of being without help was devastating. The fact that, somehow, she had managed before did not comfort her. Greselda could not conceive of life without a help.

And then Greselda thought of Roger Brianstone in the ground floor flat.

Roger Brianstone had a char who did for him every morn-

ing. He was a bachelor, and likely to remain one. He spent every weekend with his mother, and every evening with a roomful of Chinese prints. He was charming, he was shy, but he had a warm heart.

She ran downstairs and knocked on his door. He opened it, and regarded her with the startled expression of a hermit face to face with a tourist.

Greselda explained. She ended her cry for help. "Since yours works for you every day, surely she'd love to have another job—right on the spot? Would you be awfully sweet and ask her?"

Roger considered this with apprehension. "Well . . . I could ask. Only Mrs. Rang's quite terrifying. And I never speak to her if it can be avoided."

Optimistically Greselda considered the matter already accomplished.

"I have a spare key—I'll leave it with you. Then when Mrs. Rang comes you could give it to her and tell her to clear up my flat—"

Roger held Greselda's key rather as if it were an actress' slipper, and said doubtfully, "Well, I'll do my best. And we can't do more than that, can we?—though I've always thought it a dreary philosophy."

Greselda agreed and escaped happily back to her own flat.

When she returned to the flat on Tuesday evening she sensed a new atmosphere. Everything was neat, clean, but the whole maisonette, in some extraordinary fashion, had a beaten air about it—a subdued air, as if the Chelsea dust, the shining ashtrays, the gleaming crockery in the kitchen, and the sparkling linoleum had finally met their mistress. Mrs. Rang had attacked the flat and its contents with a savagery that was startling . . . Greselda told herself joyfully that she had found a perfect treasure . . .

She was wondering just how she could show her appreciation of Roger Brianstone's kindness—would he come up for a glass of sherry? No, Greselda was quite sure he wouldn't—when her telephone rang. And a last-minute invitation to a theatre put Roger Brianstone out of her mind.

On Wednesday morning she left a long note with a shopping list (obviously Mrs. Rang was completely capable of carrying out any instructions in preparation for her dinner-party that night) and went off to the office with a mind untrammelled by domestic worries. She also asked her to

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174
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Ruffles accent the skirt, the
bodice of this waltz-length
night. Pink Pearl, Turquoise,
Primrose, Frosty White.
Lilac Time! SSW, SW, W.
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A short short story

BY JOHN
FALKNER

TWO SIDES TO EVERY COIN

JOHN buttoned up his overcoat, gave me a cheery kiss, and said, "Well, so-long, Curly, and don't let any escaped convicts into the house while I'm away."

I matched his grin. "Me?" I asked with mock surprise. "The girl whose discus throw is still the school record?"

He reached the garden gate and turned, as he was closing it, to give me a final wave. John went up to London about once every six months to see his publishers, and our goodbye routine was always the same.

Of course there was a prison for long-term men not so very many miles away and, of course, some did escape from time to time. Perhaps that was why we were able to buy the cottage cheaply. The woman who had sold it to us told John that she didn't want to stay in the country on her own, now that her husband had died.

Actually, the possibility of convicts using the cottage as a refuge didn't worry us unduly. We'd been moved in for a couple of years now. It was off the beaten track, and that was just what we wanted, so that John was able to find peace for his writing.

Anyway, as I told John, if we did get an intruder I could soon despatch him by hurling a plate at his head. Marriage and old age (my discus-throwing triumph was all of seven years ago!) hadn't yet robbed my right arm of its power and accuracy.

John often said, "Curly"—what a name for a discus champ!—"you're more proud of that silly record than of marrying me."

He was wrong. I'm not really the athletic type, but ultra-feminine. Frills and pretty dresses are my line, not brogue shoes and tweed costumes. And never aggressive.

In fact, so far, my only fault, according to John, was untidiness.

"You've got a place for everything—or so you say—but I'm dashed if I can ever find anything in it! Nor can you, most of the time."

After John had gone—he'd be away until late tomorrow—I started on my housework until our chiming clock in the sitting-room told me it was eleven and time for a break.

The tea, I hardly like to admit, was in the canister labelled coffee. I grinned to myself at the thought of what John had said only yesterday when he was looking for the coffee. That, for some unknown reason, was in an old cake-tin.

"I really must do something about it," I told myself as I poured out my tea. "After all, people do get divorces on far less grounds than coffee grounds." I groaned at my own pun, and just at that moment I heard a rattle at the front door. As the paper-boy had not been—he usually arrived about 10.45, for we really were off the beaten track—I imagined it was our daily ration of news arriving.

There was nothing in the letter-box, however, but I could just see a shadow on the frosted-glass panel of the door.

Wondering who on earth could be calling, I opened the door. There was a youngish fellow leaning, or, rather, half-collapsed, against the porch upright.

He gasped, "I'm sorry to bother you, but I've had a bit of an accident up the road. I wonder if I could use your phone—"

I was quite concerned. He looked all-in.

"We're not on the phone," I said worriedly. "The nearest one is half a mile away. But you'd better come in and rest for a moment. I've got some tea made."

He smiled gratefully. He was a bit dishevelled; I don't think he'd shaved that morning, but he was quite good-looking, and his voice was quiet and rather cultured.

I stepped aside and he came into our tiny hall. Then, when I'd shut the door and before I'd time to turn round, I felt a hand—it tasted of dirt—clamped over my mouth, and another one on my wrist, twisting my arm. I was too shocked for the moment to feel terrified.

"Don't panic, don't do anything silly, and you'll be all right," he said softly. His voice still sounded cultured. Not at all the type one imagines a convict to be. "And don't tell me your husband's soon coming back. I was in your summerhouse when he left carrying an overnight bag."

Pushing me before him, he found the kitchen. He locked both the connecting and the back door and put the keys in his pockets. Then he picked up my sharp, new vegetable knife and sat down at the table.

"I don't want to hurt you," he said, "I'm not a thug. In my own way, I'm more of a businessman. Unfortunately something went wrong with my escape plan. It will suit me to stay here until night-fall. Your own safety depends entirely on yourself. If you want to be a heroine—"

His soft voice stopped, and I saw then, for the first time, how very hard his eyes were.

I said, trying to keep my voice calm, "There's nothing I can do about it, is there?" The teapot was on the table. I added, "While you're waiting, you'd better have a cup of tea."

I poured him one out and pushed the cup and saucer over to him.

"Could I trouble you for some sugar?" he asked politely.

I looked on the dresser shelf for the canister bearing the word "SUGAR." It wasn't there. I eventually located it on the draining-board by the sink.

I said, "One spoonful or two?" He held out his cup at arm's length to stop me getting too close. "Two, please," he told me. Suspiciously, his eyes remained fixed on me as the teaspoon dipped once, twice into the tin and then into the tea.

He stirred his tea and I retreated to the dresser. He kept looking at me with cold eyes.

"If you're thinking of throwing something at me while I drink, I must warn you that sipping tea does not require all my attention," he said pleasantly.

The cup touched his lips and I saw his Adam's apple move. Then he was reaching forward, spluttering out tea, and the cup and saucer was flying forward from his hands, as he tried to reach a cloth lying on the table.

Before he had time to get out a second gasp, grunt, groan, or what-have-you I'd reached behind and grabbed a hefty dinner plate.

If it had been a discus, I'm sure that at that moment I'd have established a new school record! That is, if the plate had been allowed to travel to the end of its flight. But it wasn't. The head of Cultured Voice intervened as he lurched forward. I lost a plate and cultured voice gained a headache. As he staggered, I followed the plate up by hitting him with the rolling-pin.

He moaned, then sagged over completely. When I'd recovered my breath—and some of my senses—I realised I had to protect myself against the time when he came round—if he ever did come round. That's where the clothes-line came in handy. I took no risks, but trussed him up so securely that he would barely be able to stir. Then I went flying off to our nearest neighbor's for help.

I gasped out an incoherent story and promptly fainted. My neighbors took charge of me, the police took charge of the convict, and, next day, when he returned, John called to collect me.

Right now I can go about with a glow of pride, for everybody thinks I'm terribly brave, and I've had my "heroism" recorded in the local paper. But what I'm really waiting for is John's next little "nag" about never being able to find anything, and about having a place for everything—but nothing in its place.

Then I'll tell him the whole truth about my capture of the convict. I'm saving it up. After all, if I hadn't dumped the soda crystals into the sugar tin . . . I don't blame Cultured Voice for not noticing. They do look alike, after all. But tea "sweetened" with soda is enough to put even a desperate criminal on the run off his stride.

I shall tell John with some quiet dignity that there are two sides to every coin, and that even a vice—a teeny one like keeping the right things in the wrong places—has its bright side!

(Copyright)



Using the clothes-line I trussed the man up so securely that he would barely be able to stir.

The Lantern

An unusual story of India

By JANET WILSON LOGAN

They talked it over earnestly, and their small son, Duli Chand, their one remaining child, looked from one to the other, his dark eyes large with excitement and bright with expectation.

At last Ram Lal agreed. Sheera clapped her hands softly and they laughed happily as he lit the lantern and hung it in the peepul tree.

How brightly it shone—surely good luck would come to them on this night of Diwali.

It was perhaps an hour later that Ram Lal heard the sound of a car. Few cars braved the rough country track that passed near Marauli. It must be from the shooting-camp down near the river, he thought; they had taken beaters from this very village. He listened intently as the sound grew louder—and then suddenly ceased.

He was puzzling over this when another sound came to him—running footsteps—and a voice calling hoarsely, urgently.

"All is not well," muttered Ram Lal, peering uneasily into the night. He got hurriedly to his feet as a figure emerged from the darkness.

"Help—I need help—quickly—"

Paul Lester was calling as he ran, his words coming jerkily, between gasps. His khaki clothes were covered with dust and blood, and sweat made little rivulets down his dusty face.

"You are wounded, Sahib?" Ram Lal looked anxiously at the blood-soaked shirt.

"No, no—it is the Memsahib—there's been a shooting accident—the car has broken down," he gestured towards the track, "we must get her to a doctor, quickly—or else—"

He could not finish the sentence, thinking of Anne—his lovely, laughing Anne—as he had found her, lying crumpled and still in the long kadir grass, the blood seeping slowly through her khaki skirt—

"There is no doctor here, Sahib," said Ram Lal despondently, "nor any car or lorry."

"Then a tonga?" Paul was desperate. "Anything to get to the main road; to stop another car—" he broke off, it seemed so hopeless. The main road was miles away, and how could Anne survive the jolting of a tonga?

It was then that Ram Lal suddenly thought of the train. "Sahib, listen!" his face lit up. "The rail-ghari—the Calcutta mail passes here soon!"

"Of course!" Paul exclaimed, his fatigue forgotten. "We could be in Muttra within the hour." He paused, thinking rapidly. "But—the train does not stop here—there is no station," he added dejectedly.

"I have a lantern," said Ram Lal proudly, pointing to the lamp in the tree. "I will stop the train! Never fear, Sahib, the train goes slowly here. It slows down crossing the bridge over the river."

As soon as he had spoken Ram Lal began to regret his words. Who was he to stop a mail train—poor Ram Lal, the farmer? How had such a daring thought come to him?

Paul seized on the suggestion. "You're a splendid fellow," he said, laying a hand on Ram Lal's shoulder.

"I must first ask the village head-man," said Ram Lal anxiously.

"Do so; but quickly—there is no time to lose—and I must have help to bring the Memsahib from the car."

Sheera and Duli Chand had been standing quietly together in the shadows, listening intently. Ram Lal called his son. The child came quickly forward, a small brown hand raised in salute.

"Go to the house of the head-man. Tell Amarnath a sahib needs help and beg him to come at once."

Duli Chand turned, and as he ran his white cotton garment flapped loosely on his small, thin body.

"Now," said Paul, "we must have men to carry the Memsahib to the railway line."

"Ji, Sahib," Ram Lal agreed. He thought quickly, "The neighbors shall bear the Memsahib upon a charpoy. Lal Gopal, the woodcutter, lives nearby. He is of great strength—and his son also." He turned abruptly and called to Sheera.

She came slowly forward, a small figure in voluminous skirts, standing before the men in an agony of shyness, her dark eyes downcast, her face half hidden by a fold of her sari.

"You heard our talk?" her husband asked.

She nodded mutely.

"Then go—call Lal Gopal and his son, waste no time—hurry."

Sheera turned and the darkness swallowed her up; but they heard her bare feet pattering in the dust and the rhythmic jangle of her anklets as she ran.

The time, which had gone so slowly, suddenly seemed to fly. Paul listened intently, fearing to hear the sound of the distant train, but heard only the noises of the night. And the night was bedlam! The far-off eerie cry of a jackal was echoed by others and taken up close at hand by the frenzied barking of the village pariah dogs.

Paul cursed helplessly. How could he hope to hear the train above that noise? He thought of Anne, now lying unconscious in the back of the car—if only they could get going!

Ram Lal sensed his anxiety.

"The Memsahib—she is not alone?"

"No, my bearer is with her. He has served us many years. The orderly is with the car also."

"It is not far from here?"

"No, for it was your lantern that brought me to your house—that was the brightest light in the village."

"It is Diwali, Sahib."

And here Paul noticed the pathetic display of lights—so small and so few. A faint smile played round his sensitive mouth.

"Lakshmi," he muttered, "the goddess of good fortune! I hope she will be with us all tonight."

"But of course!" answered Ram Lal with certainty.

Sheera suddenly appeared, followed closely by the tall woodcutter and his son, carrying between them a light wooden charpoy, or bed.

They paused uncertainly, looking from Paul to Ram Lal. "What is this, brother?"

Ram Lal rapidly explained the situation. "Go with the Sahib," he ended.

"The car is along the road," Paul pointed towards the river. "Go ahead and I will follow."

As the two men moved off, Paul turned to Ram Lal.

"You know what to do?"

Ram Lal nodded. "As soon as the head-man gives me permission," he added.

"I rely on you," said Paul.

Ram Lal's thin chest expanded, his dark eyes glowed. He stood to attention and saluted smartly. "I was a soldier, sir. It is an order—it shall be done."

"Good—then hurry!" and Paul was gone, racing after the others towards the car—and Anne.

Ram Lal stood quite still. Hurry! He must hurry, the Sahib had said. But the little farmer's spirits suddenly quailed. To stop a mail train—it was a daring thing!

He walked about uneasily, listening; fearing to hear the warning whistle of the train as it approached the bridge over the river, less than a mile away.

The lantern was still hanging in the tree. Quickly he detached it from the branch and held it in his hand, swinging it to and fro in his impatience...

Ram Lal sighed with relief as he heard Duli Chand's high, childish voice calling him out of the darkness, then the little boy was beside him.

"Amarnath is coming," he said between gasps; "he cannot run as swiftly as I can, for he is old and fat, so he bade me go ahead and tell you."

Ram Lal smiled at his son. "It is well," he said briefly.

Then a sudden thought struck him. To stop the train a red light would be needed!

He looked at the lantern with dismay, then around him at the small compound. Nothing there. He turned swiftly towards Sheera, who was squatting in the doorway of the tiny hut. She arose as he came near.

"The lantern," he said, "it should be red. But what can we do?"

Sheera gestured helplessly.

He was looking round the hut with its bare, mud walls and hard, earth floor as if to find the answer.

Sheera's eyes went instinctively to a small tin box in a shadowy corner. It held what he sought: her one treasure—her wedding sari. For ten years it had lain in the little tin

To page 51

Ram Lal waved the lantern wildly to and fro as the engine thundered towards him.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 17, 1956

It was a clear, windless October night and the bright stars were mirrored by the thousands of lights which shone in the towns and villages. It was Diwali—the Feast of Lights—the night on which Lakshmi, the goddess of good fortune, visits the homes of men and bestows her blessing.

In the cities illuminations blazed, fireworks flared and crackled, and everywhere rows of tiny lights, strung like diamonds against the black velvet night, outlined the flat roofs and the high walls and marked a path to doors which stood wide open. Everywhere there was feasting and festivity, lights and laughter.

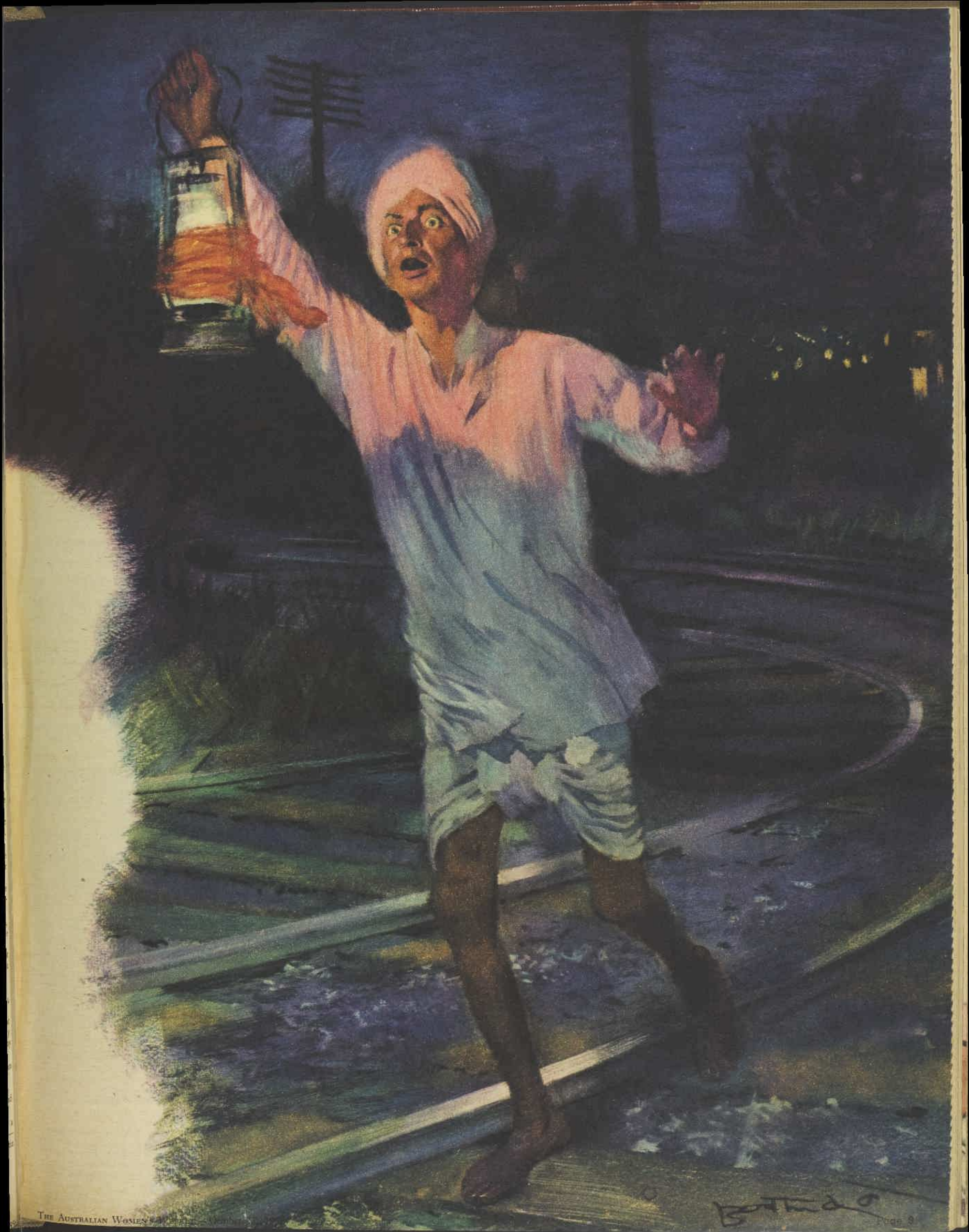
But at the small hut of Ram Lal the farmer few lights pierced the darkness, and to supply those tiny clay lamps with oil the family had gone short of other things, for the monsoon had been a poor one and the crops had withered in the over-worked fields.

"The gods know that we need the help of Lakshmi," muttered Ram Lal, looking anxiously at the little lights, their flames flickering bravely in the surrounding darkness, "but are these few poor lamps sufficient to guide her to our door?"

"We could light our big one, the hurricane lantern," Sheera ventured timidly, "and it would be seen for miles if we hung it in the peepul tree." She pointed to the spreading branches of the great tree which sheltered their house.

Ram Lal looked at his wife, then shook his head. It would be madness, he said, to leave the big lantern burning all night, using up their small stock of kerosene oil, and where would they find money to buy more?

"Still," he went on doubtfully, "if it lights the goddess of good fortune to our house, what better use could it have?"





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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I THINK it is rather ironical the way we publicise our aborigines abroad and display in our shops aboriginal souvenirs to be bought by tourists. And now I read where there is to be a special display of aboriginal art in Melbourne museum. Yet do we live up to all this publicity in our treatment of our aborigines? I don't really think so. To my mind they should be given a real chance among white people. Not hidden and forgotten in the arid, hot bush. Aboriginal children are delightful—nowhere would you find such wonderful smiles and lovely eyes. Let's give them a chance—then see all the aboriginal souvenirs. £1/1/- to Mrs. E. McLean, 32 Kent St., Moe, Vic.

I WONDER why the woman who has several children in quick succession is usually regarded as an object of pity. From the day I brought home my third (eldest was four) my neighbors began a pitying campaign. Luckily it all went over my head. I was thrilled with my little family, and quite prepared to take the bad with the good. But the "poor girl-ing" could do a lot of harm to someone of a different temperament, and give her a totally wrong outlook on motherhood.

10/6 to "Transmitter" (name supplied), Wayville, S.A.

PARENTS expect their children to have good manners, but often forget their own manners when addressing the younger generation—"Johnny, get my slippers," "Jenny, do this," and no "thank you" when the request is carried out. The same grown-ups would never dream of omitting the "please" and "thank you" when speaking to anyone else. Can we not be polite when speaking to a child, thus teaching by example?

10/6 to M. Conley, 33 Tower Hill Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.

I THINK my mother-in-law is wonderful, and we do live together. She helps me gladly with my two babies, and yet never interferes. In the four years we have lived together, we have never had a cross word. Recently, when she went for a holiday, I was counting the days till she returned. Not because I couldn't manage on my own, but because I missed her companionship and the friendly, cheerful atmosphere she creates in our home.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Pronin, 15 Busby St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

IT is surprising that the old custom is still adhered to of wearing the wedding ring on the left hand after the husband's death or after divorce. If the ring were removed to the right hand it would proclaim a widowed or partnerless state, the wearer now being Mrs. Jane Smith instead of Mrs. John Smith. I think the custom would soon become popular if taken up.

10/6 to Mrs. Edith Rayner, 12 Watkin St., Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

ALTHOUGH the dosage is the most important particular to the user, the directions on many family medicines are given in very small print. Manufacturers should be compelled to use print of not less than newspaper size. This would enable the aged and people of poor sight to read the directions without difficulty.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Greenwood, 4 Killara Ave., Herne Bay, N.S.W.

PARENTS and relatives always seem to be down on teenagers for the amount of money we earn. When I started work I was told, "When I was your age, etc.," and "I only wish I was 20 years younger." Don't they realise that things are much more expensive these days, and that the more money we earn the more board money they receive? 10/6 to "Teenage Saver" (name supplied), Goulburn, N.S.W.

Impractical presents

MRS. MARLEY (The Australian Women's Weekly, 12/9/56) has a point when she discusses suitable wedding presents. But I, for one, would settle for an article that "looks like a present." Practical gifts are certainly very acceptable, but no matter how hard the struggle during the first years one has to buy these articles. Few can afford the non-essentials we all so admire and what a pleasant, proud, and satisfied feeling it is to show them when entertaining friends or relations.

10/6 to M. F. Small, 81 Auckland St., Gladstone, Qld.

Family affairs

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY husband starts renovation jobs about the house, but loses his enthusiasm before completing them. I have discovered that if I ask some of his business acquaintances to visit us, the job is quickly completed. So now, instead of, "Please, dear, do finish that job," I sweetly say, "I think we will invite so-and-so to visit us."

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. T. McIntyre, 64 Roderick St., Ipswich, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

BOOKS on etiquette usually tell you what to do when you are introduced to an adult.

You bow from the waist and say, "Glad to know you, Alf" (or Elsie, or Desree, as the case may be).

But the books give no guidance on meeting babies.

This can be a ticklish business, because there is no formal introduction.

To do it properly, the mother ought to say, "This is my baby, Kevin Thorold."

If she has a good voice she could sing: "I want you—I want you—I want you to—I want you to meet my baby."

But she doesn't. She assumes that you know all about her baby.

She thinks you waited eagerly for the news that it was born. She imagines that its weight, age, sex, and name are among your favorite topics of conversation.

If you are a woman, this is possibly true.

But men, as a rule, take much less interest.

My wife, aware of my slackness in this kind of thing, tells me about

HOW TO MEET A BABY

any noteworthy births, marriages, or deaths.

I am liable to forget them, just the same.

There was a bad moment when



her second cousin, Alma, visited us from Adelaide.

"How is your dad?" I asked cheerily.

"Poor Father passed away five years ago," she said.

Last week I got home and found Mrs. Donkling, from the next street, in the kitchen holding a very small baby.

"Hello," she said, making no move to introduce the infant.

I had not been expecting Elva Donkling to have a baby.

She has a teenage son and daughter, and her main interest is gardening.

Still, these things sometimes creep up on you. I had to think fast.

The safest course, in this position, is to praise the baby's appearance.

This one was not much to look at, but I exclaimed with enthusiasm: "What a lovely baby!"

Mrs. Donkling beamed and said: "He is rather nice."

That was one point to me—I had found it was a boy.

Still battling, I said: "He's the image of Horrie."

Horrie Donkling, the pet-food dealer, is Elva's husband.

"I don't think so," she said coolly. My wife interrupted.

"This is Diane McTalk's baby, Hugo. You've seen him lots of times," she said.

That is the sort of thing that happens.

It would be a good idea if all babies had to wear labels, like the guests at a Rotary Club lunch.



WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

IN THE MIDST OF A CITY, Pauline Earl (left) and Geraldine Smith play beside a lily pond in the Queen Victoria Gardens, Melbourne. Host city for the 1956 Olympic Games, Melbourne will soon be thronged by an estimated 60,000 visitors, with a distinguished list of overseas guests headed by the Duke of Edinburgh. Melbourne has been undergoing a "face-lift" for months in readiness for the Olympic invasion, and the 2000 acres of parks and gardens, which give it the name of Australia's garden city, will be in perfect order for the Games. The Queen Victoria Gardens are near the centre of Melbourne, and the marble memorial to Queen Victoria was erected when the gardens were laid out in 1901. Picture by Keith Earl, of Victoria.

● See page 51 for order coupon for Wonderful Australia Book.

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HOW TO LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER

Old age comes to everyone. It is a process that starts at the moment of birth, that does not concern you in youth, that you put behind you in your twenties, and that you have to face in middle-age.

WHAT is it? Apart from the bodily processes, authorities believe old age to be a state of mind.

Indeed, the State Medical Association of Minnesota, U.S.A., has defined the state of mind that they say makes you old at any age.

Here is their definition:

You are old at any age if:

- You feel old.
- You feel you have learned all there is to learn.
- You find yourself saying, "I'm too old to do that."
- You feel tomorrow holds no promise.
- You find no amusement in the activities of youth.
- You'd rather talk than listen.
- You long for the "good old days."
- You won't help your neighbors, friends, and community.

How old are you—in mind, not in years?

Take the case of Bill and Louise.

Once upon a time, Louise was a beautiful girl.

She was popular, had many friends, and was always the centre of some brightness.

When she was 27 she married Bill, a fair-haired man of 30. She weighed nine stone. She was proud of her figure. Her measurements were 34, 27, 35. Bill was six feet tall, weighed 12.4, was proud of being fit.

Now, at 37, she has put on 10 pounds (a pound a year) and the tape-measure shows 34, 30½, 38.

Bill tips the scale at 13.2, his silhou-

ette is ruined with an ugly little pot-belly.

With both children at school (Bill, 9, Mary 8), Big Bill and Louise, back in circulation, realised that their thickening figures and outlook didn't match the way they felt.

They wanted to look younger, feel younger.

Happily for them, with two intelligent people on the job, it was easy.

Anyone can do what they did.

Thinking "old"

THEIR first step was to examine their mental attitudes to find out what was elderly about them.

The first thing they found was that their parental authority had grown into an unreasonable will to dominate everyone round them. With this went a positive unpleasantness about refusing to acknowledge mistakes.

Worse than ever, they were most offensive with young people who could not contradict them.

Next bad thing they found was that they resented young people's good looks, their success with the opposite sex, and then made their resentment quite plain to the young people. They appeared to the young people they met as dreary, disapproving elders.

They talked too much with garrulity characteristic of age. Their brilliant conversation was mainly the looking-back type that started, "When I was" or "We used to." Everything was best that had happened to them in the past.

And their voices were becoming elderly. They were inclined to talk ceaselessly when they got the floor, and at times pointlessly. Many of their sentences started or ended in a sigh.

They made a conscious effort to talk more brightly and distinctly.

Louise fell into a trap with her voice. She suddenly developed a coy, girlish voice that proclaimed her a middle-aged woman pretending she was a teenager. But Bill pulled her up and her voice stayed bright, without being coy.

Bill and Louise also found that their interests had narrowed until they were all centred on their children. They decided to take up a new interest.

Charity work appealed to them and they enlisted together as voluntary workers in their favorite organisation.

They made a pact to make a conscious effort to alter these bad attitudes and to look forward together. After a few weeks they found they were much more receptive to newer, younger, brighter ideas.

A programme

A PROGRAMME was the next job on the list.

Here is theirs:

1. Have a medical overhaul.
2. Lose 10 pounds.
3. Work out a programme of exercises.
4. Learn good eating habits.
5. Sleep eight hours a day.
6. Take a day off a week to laze around, read, and do things in a relaxed way.
7. Find again an interest in a hobby.

Item six on their programme meant nothing more than a rearrangement of their ideas and the weekend.

They both rearranged the jobs they felt compelled to do, the jobs that were heralded by "I gotta." Bill found the car went just as well if it was polished



every fortnight instead of every week, that the edges looked trim if they were cut only once a fortnight; Louise, that a shelf of tinned food released her from the bondage of extensive cooking every weekend.

Bill and Louise found that their critical self-examination had left them feeling rather depressed and horrified at what they were developing into, and wondering if it was worth while making the effort.

What convinced them that it was was Item 7. They started on that as the most pleasant and easiest to do.

Louise brought to light a secret ambition she'd never revealed because it "seemed silly."

She had a piano, a wedding present, and all she could remember of her childhood lessons was sufficient to pick out a melody with the right hand. She wanted to learn music again.

The local music teacher fitted her into her schedule, and in no time at all Louise was practising an hour a day and having lessons twice a week. She also enrolled for a home dressmaking course.

Bill joined a debating society, started a course in home carpentry, and began to read semi-scientific books on astronomy. In no time at all he was mad with the stars and saving up for a telescope.

The kick they got out of their new interests convinced Louise and Bill that their programme was right.

• If you are younger in mind than you look or than you are in years, you are in a happy state. It is quite simple and easy to look 10 years younger. On the opposite page is how to do it.

THIS IS A STICK-

IN-
THE-
MUD



Be careful how you tease it! The poor thing's so worn to a frazzle with beating, frying, grilling (not to mention washing up) that it will probably chase you out of the kitchen with its eggbeater. Pity it can't relax and serve a big, rustling, energy-loaded breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes instead. Then everybody would be happy.

**FRESH
IDEA!**

If your family has been missing out on all the fun, flavour and food value in Kellogg's Corn Flakes, why not start making up for lost time—tomorrow morning?



FIRST STEPS ON WAY BACK

Find out your own faults

It is sometimes hard to find out the truth about how you look. Husbands and wives are generally too kind to tell; best friends won't, because they want to stay friendly.

HONEST self-assessment is the only accurate method by which you can find out your figure and posture faults—to decide which is the worst feature of the picture you present to the world.

A full-length mirror, a tape-measure, a notebook and pencil are the only accessories you need.

One day when you have the house to yourself, step from the shower in front of the mirror and have a good look.

Stand as you always do and look at yourself.

Take your measurements and write them down.

Now be candid about your worst figure fault.

Have you a stomach that sticks out, round shoulders, "dowager's hump" (a pad of fat on the back of the neck), heavy, thick thighs, too solid a seat, or "old lady" legs or upper arms?

Write down your faults.

Get dressed, sit down, and relax, remembering what you were like 10 years ago.

By the way, what are you doing with your hands right now? Twiddling your thumbs, picking at your nails, pulling your ear, or pursing your mouth contemplatively? All these habits are "old lady or old gentleman" habits, so just note them down in the book, too.



Look at your clothes. Probably you are wearing a full skirt: a floral one with a big pattern and masses of gathers to disguise your thickening hips. It doesn't. It only makes your friends wonder what happened to your erstwhile good taste.

(Incidentally, look at Bill standing with the bottom button of his two-toned cardigan done up under his stomach. Actually, although impossible, Bills looks a bit pregnant.)

But back to you.

Your private self-assessment chart should now be completed and you should have a list of your worst figure faults, and your most elderly habits.

The second step is an immediate trip to your family doctor for an overhaul. No one should embark on a "look younger" campaign unless a doctor tells him his health will stand up to it.

Generally, doctors agree wholeheartedly with the idea of intelligent eating and exercise.

They know that overweight people do not live as long as those of normal weight; that they are more prone to high blood-pressure, heart-failure, hardening of the arteries, diabetes, and are a poor surgical risk.

And they know that people whose weight is normal are happier because they don't have to hide their dismay at their shape under false jollity.

Once the doctor has given the "go ahead" signal, examine your eating habits.

"Diet" is a word that frightens many people and conjures up a picture of dull, uninteresting food and little of it. But "diet" simply means what you eat.

Whatever system you evolve by which you lose those pounds of fat, there are certain foods you must eat each day to maintain good health.

Here is the list: 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 4oz. meat, poultry, fish, or cheese, 2 slices (1/4 in. thick) wholemeal bread, 1/2 cup cereal, 1 serving of green or yellow vegetables, 2 servings of other vegetables, 1 serving citrus fruit, 2 servings other fruit, 3 teaspoons butter.

Generally a strict diet is not necessary, but a change of food is. What has added the pounds over the years is probably an excess of carbohydrates—too much bread, pastry, cakes, and biscuits.

To get rid of those excessive pounds you must eat less. Most people will say they don't



GINGER ROGERS shows you how a woman of 45 can look. Ginger, born on July 16, 1911, is proud of what she calls her "durability." She keeps it by watching her diet, by exercising, and following a strict sporting routine. She is married to 27-year-old Frenchman Jacques Bergerac.

eat excessively, but if they really look into their daily diet—the food between meals, the cups of tea with extras, the big meals at night, the snack before bed, they will soon see where they can cut down.

It is not necessary to alter your food habits if you are a conservative who is unhappy without his plum-duff and roast potatoes, but you can eat less of it.

Have one helping of potatoes instead of two, one spoon of gravy instead of three, only one small helping of sweets, and no in-betweens.

Do this honestly and the scales will show that you are on the right track.

If this is unsuccessful, you can undertake a systematic diet, or go on a low-calorie regimen.

Systematic dieting is hard, particularly in a family, but if you are a skilful housewife you can diet your husband and family without their ever knowing it.

At breakfast time cut out fried eggs—poach them or boil them. Cut out bread and jam lunches or quick snacks on toast, and serve salads and fruit; skip baked vegetables for dinner—boiled they are half as fattening. Serve more stewed fruit, light frozen or jelly-type puddings.

If you're a milk drinker, take it straight without the syrups, malt, and ice-cream that you enjoy; if you are a big sugar eater, try

saccharine or one of the new non-fattening sweeteners that are available nowadays.

A low-calorie regimen is some people's answer to the overweight problem. Your doctor will tell you how many calories you need daily to lose weight, and numbers of good calorie charts are readily available.

Of course, any diet or regimen to lose weight naturally means that you must cut down your liquor intake.

Remember when you reduce that losing weight is not the only gain.

There are many other compensations, all of which add up to looking younger.

You will notice your skin is clearer, less florid; your hair is healthier; you walk more lightly; your clothes look better; you sleep better, work better, have more poise and self-assurance, and, of course, are more attractive to your friends, your family, and yourself.

After you have lost four pounds, the next step in your campaign starts.

Overleaf we tell you about it. It will help you regain some of the grace of youth.





gay as the nineties . . . well behaved

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Take the work out of summer cottons—look for the Grafton name when you buy. Grafton gives you the crispness, freshness, the brilliant colours of cotton—locked in for life by an exclusive Calpreta process.

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crisp without messy starching. Resist wrinkles through the busiest day.

Look for the name Grafton in cottons by the yard and in ready-to-wear dresses by Adelyn and Rosecroft.

You'll be amazed at the price tags! So little upkeep AND so little outlay.

*Dress with pockets by Adelyn in fractional fittings.
Sleeveless dress by Rosecroft in fractional fittings.*

Grafton

Anti-Shrink

Exercises to help you look, feel younger

● There are two schools of thought about exercises. Some people believe exercises do more harm than good to the middle-aged person; others that exercises in moderation keep you healthy and young.

UNDOUBTEDLY, exercises done sensibly help you towards the fluid, natural grace of youth, tone up the whole system to a state of physical well-being.

But, of course, no middle-aged person should undertake a course of exercises without a doctor's permission. Once you have this, here are some specially designed exercises for you.

Relaxing exercises

FIRST exercise to learn is one that relaxes you completely.

Stand with your legs apart, your shoes off, and drop your head and trunk down to the floor. Let your head swing loosely to the floor backwards and forwards for a moment, then straighten up and take a deep breath.

When the tensions of the day tend to build up into an outbreak of temper and emotionalism, take a deep breath. Consciously breathe slow, easy, and deep and refuse to allow the shallow, quick breathing triggered by emotionalism to take over.

Toning exercises

FIRST thing when you wake up in the morning lie still in bed and have five extra moments before the day gets under way.

Use this time for stretching. Throw your pillow out of the way, put your arms over your head, and stretch yourself as long as you can. Flex your ankles and toes, your wrists

and hands. This exercise stretches your muscles, stimulates your circulation, makes you feel good for the day.

Still in bed, exercise your stomach muscles. Take a deep breath and hold it. Now try to pull your stomach in till it touches your spine. Then

puff up your stomach muscles, still holding your breath. Exhale. Do it all again. This is the beginning of a wonderful Yoga exercise and improves the tone and functioning of all the vital organs, as well as working on the slack stomach muscles.

Stomach reducers

THERE is another Yoga exercise that is wonderful for abdominal control, but this has to be done after you get up.

Sit cross-legged on the floor. Put your hands on your knees and press your knees towards



the floor. Arch your shoulders over towards your knees and pull in the abdominal muscles. Hold that position while you count four, then pull your muscles in even farther towards your spine, count four, then relax completely.

Now for further attacks on that stomach. Stand with feet apart, hands at your sides,



stomach tucked in, shoulders back. Raise your arms as far above your head as possible, taking a deep breath, now touch the floor between your feet with your fingertips, keeping your knees stiff. Touch the floor at the side of your right foot, left foot, then in the centre. Then stretch your arms above your head again.

To concentrate even more

on that bulge, try "North and South." Assume a good starting position (stomach muscles pulled in, tail tucked under, shoulders straight) and put your hands on your hips. Now lean your upper body over to the front as far as you can, keeping your back parallel with the floor. Raise up slowly and lean backwards till you can see where the ceiling joins the wall behind you.



Double chin, back, and shoulder exercises

TO improve the double chin and the dowager's hump that generally goes with the stomach bulge, there's an easy exercise that gets results. Drop your chin on to your chest, then slowly force your head back as far as you can until you're looking at the ceiling.



To improve your back, neck, and shoulders, get going on this. Stand straight with your stomach pulled in. Clasp your hands behind your head and move your head back until you look at the ceiling.



While you are doing this, try to stop the head movement with your clasped hands so that in effect your head is fighting your hands — with your head trying to go backwards and your hands trying to push it forward. Hold this pressure for three or four seconds, when it reaches its maxi-

mum, then relax. Repeat three or four times.

Down on the floor you can do wonderful things to strengthen your back muscles.

Lie face down on the carpet and stretch your arms out as far as you can, and with your toes pointed stretch your legs along the floor. Now, with your stomach glued to the floor, assume a swallow-dive position. Sounds impossible? Keep your legs together and knees stiff, your arms straight out; now lift your arms, head, and upper body, and at the same time raise both legs with the knees stiff. Concentrate on raising your toes and fingertips as high as you can. Relax. Then repeat, but don't try to do it more than twice on your first attempt.



To improve the bust

TO improve and firm your bust and general posture, try arm-flinging exercises and stretching. Seated on the floor cross-legged, hold arms out at shoulder level, bring fingertips in to centre of chest in a sharp movement, shoot arms above head, repeat.



With elbows held in close to sides, grasp shoulders with fingertips, rotate elbows in circle. At top of rotation your elbows should point sharply above your head and close to it, like rabbits' ears.



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EVENING IN PARIS
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ABOVE: Arms up to brush your hair improves the bustline. Left: You'll look younger if you hold your head high instead of mimicking the tortoise.



ABOVE: Big reward comes when you step on the scales. Left: Hold in your stomach while doing chores. Every pull on those muscles helps.

THE DUKE IN NEW GUINEA



THE Duke of Edinburgh's Olympic Games visit to Australia will begin with a two-day tour of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea.

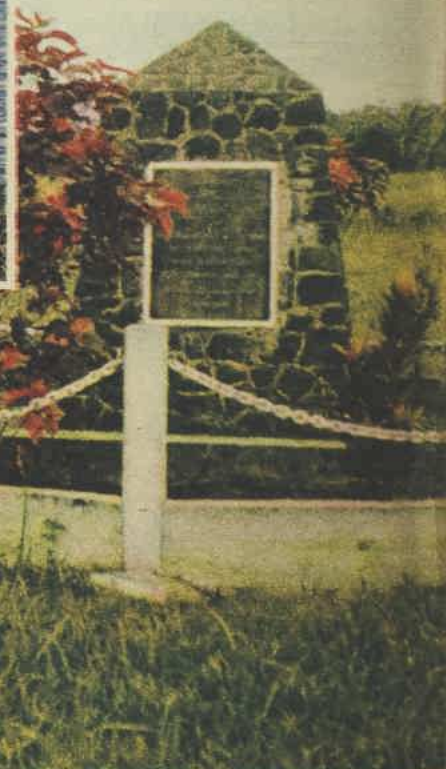
The pictures on these two pages show some of the places and people he will see in the Territory.

The Duke will arrive at Port Moresby aboard the Royal yacht Britannia on November 10.

The following days, until he leaves by air for Darwin, will be packed with official visits and duties.

However, there will be just time to take in some of the Territory's magnificent scenery.

The Queen has not seen New Guinea, but the Duke will be able to give her a colorful account of the world's largest and most fascinating island.



RABAUH HARBOR (above), which the Duke of Edinburgh will see from the air as his plane circles before landing. The Duke will tour Rabaul and nearby villages.

KOKODA MONUMENT (right), to be seen by the Duke, was built in memory of the officers, N.C.O.s, and men of the Australian Military Forces who died on the Kokoda Trail.

BOMANA WAR CEMETERY (below right), where the Duke will pay homage to the thousands of gallant Australians who fought and died for their country in World War II.



ROUNA FALLS (above), near Port Moresby, will be inspected by the Duke during his first day in Papua. This picture was taken from the head of a water race built to control the falls for a hydro-electric power plant. The big project is expected to be completed in 1957.

LAE WAR CEMETERY (right) during an Anzac Day service. The Duke will fly from Port Moresby to visit the graves. Lae was a battlefield during World War II, and the town was severely battered.





NATIVE LAKATOI (above) at Koki Village, near Port Moresby. Many natives here spend almost the whole of their lives on the water. Even the family dogs live aboard the frail-looking "houseboats."

PORT MORESBY (below), with Douglas Street a blaze of colorful poinciana trees in flower, will be the Duke of Edinburgh's first port of call in the Territory. He will arrive in the Royal yacht Britannia.



BANDSMEN practise at the Sogeri police training centre, near Port Moresby. Recruits are trained here for the Royal Papuan and New Guinea Constabulary. The Duke will visit the education centre at Sogeri during his two-day tour.



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for women
and children
from
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Another **Munsingwear (U.S.A.)**
design brought to you by

Here is a BRIEF that has
been styled to give longer
wear and more comfort. It
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BOND'S

- Knitted of pure combed cotton.
- "Action gusset."
- Stretches with every movement.
- Every garment guaranteed.
- "NYLARIB" (nylon reinforced) leg bands.

See these cotton briefs at all good stores. In crisp
white. Sizes 3 to 7 are 5/11; sizes 9 to 13 are 6/6;
SSW to OS are 7/6. (Prices subject to control in each State.)

its knit... its nice... its **BOND'S**

COTTONTAILS. Designed by Munsingwear inc., U.S.A. 22



Now stops odour 24 hours a day
American scientists have shown that
new MUM with M3—Hexachlorophene
—positively stops odour all the day
through. Modern women demand this
assurance against offending.

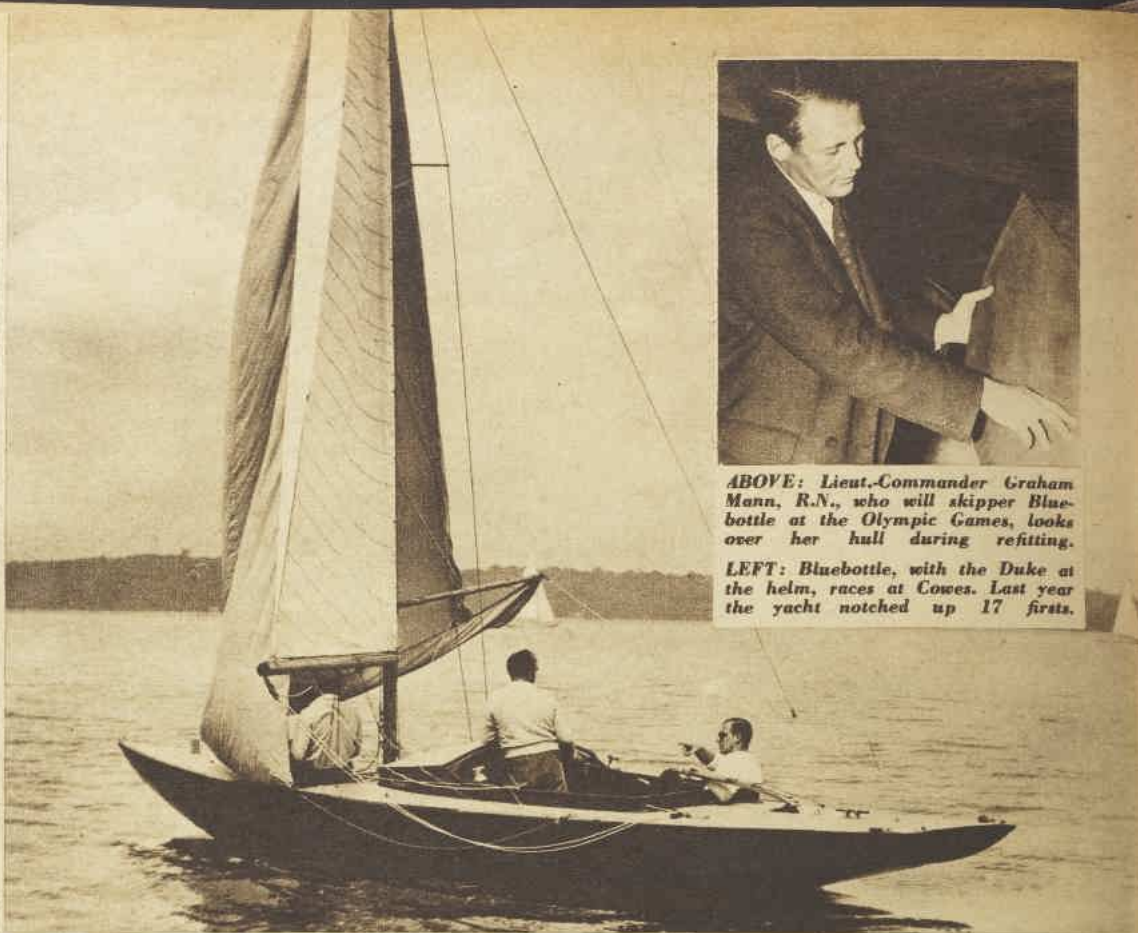
Safer for Charm—

Safer for Skin—

Safer for Clothes

New MUM

WITH LONG LASTING M3
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
MUMMA



ABOVE: Lieut. Commander Graham Mann, R.N., who will skipper Bluebottle at the Olympic Games, looks over her hull during refitting.

LEFT: Bluebottle, with the Duke at the helm, races at Cowes. Last year the yacht notched up 17 firsts.

Duke's yacht to represent Britain at Games

From
DON KELLEHER,
in London

● The Duke of Edinburgh will have a private as well as official interest in the 1956 Olympic Games to be held in Melbourne next month.

HIS 18ft. yacht Bluebottle is Britain's entry in Dragon-class sailing events at the Games.

Bluebottle was shipped from Britain aboard the steamer Waipawa. She is due in Melbourne on October 20.

The Duke will not skipper the yacht at the Games.

That job will be done by the man who has carried out this responsible task for the past two seasons—Lieut. Commander Graham Mann, a 32-year-old bluff and burly Royal Navy officer.

His crew will be Ron Backus and Charles Blake, two lifelong sailing friends, who will fly to Melbourne with him.

Commander Mann grinned when I told him I had seen Bluebottle, her mast down and ropes littered over her decks, being refitted for the

Games in a yard at Gosport, Hampshire.

"She looked terrible then," he said, "but wait till she reaches Melbourne. We'll show them a thing or two in smartness."

What are Bluebottle's chances in the Games?

Cautiously, Mann puts it this way: "If there's a good blow I should be disappointed not to be in the first half of the finishers. If we get only light breezes, well..."—he made a significant thumbs-down sign—"... way back I should think."

Best in a blow

HE explained that Bluebottle likes a good blow and sails the better for it.

Mann has skippered Bluebottle through the past two seasons with considerable success—though he modestly refuses to claim credit.

In 1955 Bluebottle notched up 17 firsts, 17 seconds, and six thirds. This year the record reads: 18 firsts and 10 seconds.

"We've already raced against some of the men who will be our opponents at Melbourne," said Mann.

"If I dare stick my neck out and try to forecast the winner of the event I'd say the German boat."

"Her skipper is a wizard in a stiff wind. Again, if we have only light winds I'd say the Dutch would have the edge."

Mann, with Backus and Blake as crew, sailed against international yachtsmen on the Clyde, Scotland, recently. These events amounted to Olympic trials for British competitors.

Like the boat's owner, Mann is a dyed-in-the-wool sailing man. He has sailed almost everything—from dinghies to ocean yachts—but has owned only two boats. The first was a dinghy in the '30s, and later, after the war, a larger yacht.

Cars preferred

"TROUBLE in the Navy, of course, is that there is only a limited interest in sailing," Mann said. "Many Navy people say sailing is a busman's holiday. They would rather drive a car on leave."

"But there is a hard core of sailing enthusiasts, and the authorities give them every encouragement."

On a few occasions Mann has handed over command of Bluebottle to its owner and crewed under him.

"You can believe everything

you've ever read or heard about the Duke's sailing abilities," declared Mann. "He is a wonderful seaman—and an adventurous one, too."

Periodically Mann makes a report to the Duke on the boat's progress about Britain and the Continent.

"After all, it's his boat, and I suppose he likes to know what's happening to it," he chuckled.

"What girls!"

THIS will not be Mann's first visit to Australia. He was an executive officer aboard a British cruiser which called at Sydney shortly after the war.

"We saw all the usual things—the Harbor Bridge, famous buildings, and so on," he recalled. "But, for me, the most wonderful memories are of the beaches."

"What beaches—and what girls! Manly, Bondi—they do bring back memories."

Mann—a bachelor, of course—trailed off into a reminiscent dream.

He came back with: "One memory I can tell you about was an incident at Bondi."

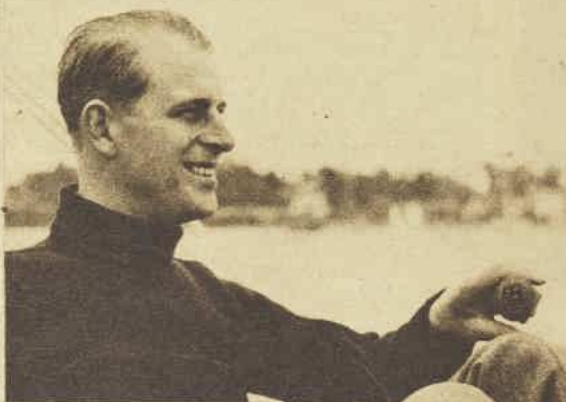
"When I first arrived there I wondered why the dickens a chap was sitting on top of a tall tower, staring at the sea. Of course, he was watching for sharks."

"Suddenly the warning siren went—and it was a really hot day, with the water crowded."

"I've never seen the sea empty so quickly. I'm sure some of those swimmers put up world records for the distance and didn't know it!"

Mann is hoping that Bluebottle doesn't capsize at the Games.

"Do they have sharks down Melbourne way?" he asked.



ROYAL YACHTSMAN. The Duke sailed third hand when contesting his first race in Bluebottle. The Dragon-class yacht was a gift from the Island Sailing Club.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 17, 1956

The Softest Smoothest Baby Powder I've ever used!

Says MATRON SHAW

(Late of Crown Street Women's Hospital)*

"In my 34 years at Crown Street, I saw over and over again how essential comfort and contentment are to a baby's happiness. And that's just one of the reasons why I tell mothers everywhere that there is no better baby powder than NYAL. In all my experience, I found that NYAL is the softest, smoothest baby powder I have ever used. It's so beautifully fine, and brings soothing comfort to baby's sensitive skin."

Containing Boracic Acid and Alphozone (powerful but gentle antiseptics) NYAL Baby Powder is a refreshing deodorant. Relieves skin irritations, too! Because NYAL Baby Powder is, to an extent, moisture-resistant, it keeps baby's skin soft and free from chafing. Delicately perfumed.

Two sizes. **2/5, 4/9**

* Australia's largest maternity hospital, at which 5,476 babies are born every year.

Nyal BABY POWDER

Novel plastic Squeeze Pack

Containing NYAL Baby Powder, "CYRIL THE SQUIRREL" is an attractive squeeze-plastic, powder dispenser. When squeezed gently, a fine mist of silky-smooth NYAL Baby Powder spreads evenly over the skin. There's no mess, no waste when "Cyriel" is used—the powder can't spill! "Cyriel" is easily refilled with NYAL Baby Powder. Empty, "Cyriel" may be used as a durable nursery or bath toy. **8/3**

Cyriel, the Squirrel

Soothing Relief from Skin Irritations



Nyal CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM

For Diaper Rash, Cradle Cap or Chafing, provide relief instantly by using cooling, soothing, protective NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream. The Calamine soothes pain and discomfort, promotes healing; Lanolin makes the skin soft, supple; whilst a special ingredient gives instant relief from pain, irritation and itching. **2/3.**

Keep Baby's Skin Soft-Supple



A daily bath with pure, NYAL Baby Soap—containing soothing Lanolin—keeps baby's skin soft and supple... safe from drying and roughness! Mild, delicately-perfumed NYAL Baby Soap produces a creamy, generous lather. And mother—you'll find NYAL Baby Soap is ideal as a beautifying complexion soap for you! **1/4, 2/-**



Soothes Baby's Tummy!

Prevents Wind Pains

Just one teaspoonful of NYAL Milk of Magnesia after feeding quickly soothes baby's tummy—prevents "wind-pains" and acidity in infants. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is pure and safe for even the youngest baby—its purity is guaranteed by rigid laboratory tests. **3/-, 4/9**

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"I recommend

Nyal Toothpaste to everyone who wants white sparkling teeth"

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Take lovely Jean Newington's advice and you, too, can have whiter, brighter teeth in only 10 days! NYAL Toothpaste contains a highly activated dental detergent, which safely removes dulling film, cigarette stains, and food deposits. NYAL Toothpaste leaves the mouth fresher. The clean, refreshing peppermint flavour lingers long after brushing your teeth. Children love it!

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TOOTHPASTE



NOW IN ECONOMY SIZE TOO!

Give Baby Positive Relief from Coughing



NYAL "DECONGESTANT" Baby Cough Elixir acts three ways to bring positive relief from coughing. It stops the tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs that accompany colds, 'flu and bronchitis. The gentle expectorant action liquefies and loosens the phlegm causing irritation... shrinks swollen bronchial tubes. **3/9, 5/6.**

Nyal "DECONGESTANT" BABY COUGH ELIXIR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 17, 1956

LOOK
to Pro-Vita for healthy
youngsters



... The sunny cheer of good health! It's a happy, happy day when a mother knows her youngsters are revelling in natural, healthy vigour. And today, you can ensure this so easily. Serve Pro-Vita Weat-Harts to the children ... to the whole family often. Pro-Vita Weat-Harts are a rich concentrate of most vitamins and trace elements needed for busy days. That's why top health authorities recommend Pro-Vita to so many mothers ... Simply add Pro-Vita Weat-Harts to the breakfast cereal or fruit. You'll find it satisfies hunger as well as cramming in vitamins ... Keep a packet of Pro-Vita Weat-Harts on hand always!

Pro-Vita

The only safe, pure, stabilised wheat germ

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More than a million packets sold last year.



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Available in 8 oz. and 28 oz. cartons.

Have you any of these
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PIMPLES
RASHES
SORES?**

THEN TRY THIS NEW DISCOVERY

If you suffer from eczema, spots, pimples, rashes, sores or other common skin troubles there's a wonderful new treatment for you.

British scientists have perfected a new, double-antiseptic skin balm. This quickly gets rid of the cause of these complaints, and so clears them up quickly.

Valderma*, as it is called, contains two powerful antiseptics. These sink quickly under the skin's surface to the germs causing your skin trouble. Because Valderma's

base is a non-greasy oil-in-water emulsion, septic matter is able to filter away through it and escapes. Itching and irritation are relieved. In a few days your skin is clear and healthy. Then further regular application of Valderma will help avoid any recurrence of your skin complaint.

Valderma is invisible on the skin. Get some today and see your skin trouble vanish. At chemists: Jars 3/6, Tubes 2/6

*Reg. Vic. 4659.

TRY VALDERMA FOR YOUR SKIN TROUBLE

Children's attitude may bar happiness

● The grown-up children of a widow who, on principle, object to their mother's remarriage are both churlish and thoughtless.

DR. DAVID MACE, Chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council, said this to a mother whose children object to her remarriage. He points out, however, that there may be more than principle involved in their attitude.

Dr. Mace will help you with your problem. Send it to Dr. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Pen-names may be used for publication, but real names and addresses must be given as a guarantee of good faith.

MRS. A.E. writes: "I lost my husband five years ago. I am now 45. The marriage was not a very happy one, and our two children had a somewhat disturbed childhood. My son is now 24 and my daughter 20.

"I was left without any money and have had to go out to work since my husband's death. The children pay something towards their keep, of course, but it isn't much. They expect me to do all the housework.

"I have recently met a widower who would like to marry me. I believe we could be very happy together. But my children reproach me for wanting to marry again and treat him rudely when he calls at our home.

"This man now says that he doesn't think marriage between us would work out if he and my children had to live under the same roof. What should I do?"

Dr. Mace says:

I can well understand Mrs. A.E.'s distress. If this man really seems to be a suitable marriage partner, hitherto unanticipated happiness now lies within her grasp—love, companionship, and economic security for the rest of her days. That this desirable prospect should be threatened by the churlish objections of her children must seem tragic.

What is the ground of the children's objections? Are

they merely prejudiced against the idea of their mother remarrying? This sometimes does happen. It is a thoughtless attitude to adopt on the part of the young people concerned. They should be happy to feel that their mother has the chance of being loved and cared for.

It may be, however, that they disapprove of the particular man Mrs. A.E. proposes to marry. If this is the case, I think she would be wise to heed what they say and weigh their arguments carefully. A second marriage could bring warmth and comfort into her life if it turned out happily. But another unhappy union would be a major disaster. It is possible that her children sense this, and are trying to protect her.

I think a serious, thorough discussion with her children

DR. MACE'S MAILBAG

is called for. They are old enough to understand Mrs. A.E.'s predicament. Young people sometimes act thoughtlessly—especially when they have been treated indulgently. But if Mrs. A.E. appeals to them in this matter as responsible adults, I believe they will act accordingly.

Whatever they do, however, the decision is ultimately with Mrs. A.E. herself. If she is very sure that marriage with this man will bring her happiness and security, I don't think she should allow her children's prejudices to stand in her way. In a few years they will probably be leaving her to set up homes of their own. She has done her duty in bringing them up. It might as a matter of policy be wise to postpone marriage for a year or two so as to see the children settled. But it is not only her right but her duty also to look ahead and make the best plans she possibly can for her later years.

MR. T.N. writes: "I am 25, my wife 23, and we have been married just over a year.

Already our marriage is in trouble.

"Just before our wedding my wife's father died. She had always been deeply attached to her mother and without consulting me she arranged to bring her with us on our honeymoon, saying that she needed the holiday.

"Naturally I protested, but she said that if I didn't agree she would call off the wedding. So I gave in.

"We are unable to buy a home of our own. So when my mother-in-law offered to share her home with us, it seemed the best practical solution. But as it has turned out, my wife's mother runs everything and insists on having her own way. If I try to stand up to her, my wife often takes her side against me.

"Everywhere we go my wife's mother comes with us. Some nights my wife sleeps with her mother instead of with me. It's all getting me down and I feel like walking out. What can I do?"

Dr. Mace says:

I agree that this is a most unsatisfactory situation for Mr. T.N. Even if you have the sweetest mother-in-law in the world it isn't sound policy to take her along with you on your honeymoon! And what has happened since has clearly made Mr. T.N. feel that his relationship to his wife is subsidiary to that between her and her mother. Under such circumstances the marriage isn't having a fair chance.

Yet it is difficult for Mr. T.N. to protest too strongly without seeming to be inconsiderate. It was, indeed, unfortunate that the mother-in-law was widowed just before the marriage took place. It was natural that in her grief she should lean on her daughter for support and that the daughter should respond to her mother's need of succor.

In view of the peculiar circumstances, I believe it would be best for Mr. T.N. to endure the situation for a time with all the patience he can muster. But at the same time he should try to get his wife to see how the present arrangement cannot be expected to continue indefinitely.

One thing seems clear. If he starts insisting on what he considers his rights, he will in all probability only drive his wife and her mother into a closer relationship still.

Humiliating as his position is, therefore, I feel that in the end his best course will be to exercise forbearance and the utmost consideration at the present time. In this way the atmosphere may be created in which he and his wife can look at their problem together and seek constructive solutions.

If this proves impossible, I think the best plan would be to call in the help of some wise relative or friend who can clearly appreciate Mr. T.N.'s predicament and whose views his wife would respect.

GOT THOSE
*musty
wardrobe
blues?*



Quick!
the Air-wick

Why put up with that musty reek of dampness and mould? It's usually the weather, of course, and there's not much we can do about that—but there is an easy, economical and speedy way to rid cupboards of all unpleasant smells ... Air-wick! You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, go to work—give you garden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day ...



**AIRWICK
KILLS
SMELLS
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HAIRS HOME TREATMENT**

Permanently banish unsightly hair with "Vanix." A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and roots are killed. "Vanix" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin.



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Stop searing, shooting sciatic pains in minutes ... with Iodised Balmosa cream. Just s-m-o-o-t-h it in. Soon all pain will disappear. Iodised Balmosa cream is non-irritating, non-staining.

Ask your doctor about
**IODISED
BALMOSA**
AVAILABLE FROM CHEMIST FRESHOP

EIGHT QUADS...enjoy day outdoors



DOWN BY THE RIVER at National Park, N.S.W., the Sara quads park their shoes safely on a rock while they try their skill at aiming stones. From left, Phillip, Alison, and Judith watch while their brother Mark has his turn. The quads were on a picnic with their mother, Mrs. Betty Sara.

● Australia's two sets of quads, the six-year-old Saras, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., and the 15-month-old Luckes, of Gooburrum, Queensland, are typical of this country's children in their love of a day's outing spent outdoors. These pictures show the two families enjoying a day out under the supervision of their parents.



MOTHER COOKS THE SAUSAGES, wearing a chef's cap and apron for the job, and also keeps a restraining hand on Phillip. The other Sara quads are, from left, Judith, Mark, and Alison.



ABOVE: Rather overawed by the wallaby are the Lucke quads, from left, Veronica, Jennifer, Kevin, and Eric, on their visit to the zoo at Alexander Park in Bundaberg, Qld.

RIGHT: Parents Arthur and Agnes Lucke enjoy the swing with their children. Agnes holds daughters Veronica (left) and Jennifer, and Arthur has Kevin (left) and Eric.



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JOY BYRNE, a young Australian whose hairdressing salon is acknowledged one of the smartest in London, exchanges ideas with a Sydney hairdresser. The two hairdressers have agreed to recommend clients to each other.

West End success for local hairdresser

by PAT SOBEY,
staff reporter

A youthful Sydney hairdresser, who left Australia six years ago to make a career in London, now owns one of the smartest and most successful hairdressing salons in the West End.

SHE is attractive Joy Byrne, who paid her first visit home recently when she flew into Sydney for a brief working holiday.

Her husband, English film director John Rix, had come to Australia some months before to film "The Shiralee," starring Peter Finch. He is described by Joy as being "half Australian."

They first met at a party in Sydney when John was assistant director for "The Overlanders," and again some months later when he returned to film "Bitter Springs."

Joy's return is a culmination of six years' hard work, during which she has made a name for herself in London's extremely competitive hairdressing world.

Career girl

SHE has also successfully invaded what was regarded as an almost exclusive masculine field, headed by "Mr. Teasy Weasy" Raymond, and Rene, who is Princess Margaret's hairdresser on her tour of East Africa.

Sitting over a cup of coffee in one of Sydney's espresso bars, Joy outlined her career.

"I began in London by working in a well-known salon, opening my own two-cubicle business in rented rooms in Albemarle Street some months later.

"Soon after I extended across the whole floor, and shortly before coming to Australia leased the floor above," said Joy.

"The decoration of that floor will be my next project when I return to London."

Joy had many comparisons to make between Sydney and London.

"It's wonderful to see women wearing colorful clothes again after London's drab dressing, but . . .

"Girls here are wearing their skirts too short, and their hair-styling, on the whole, is awful. They pay no attention to shape. I've noticed girls with pretty, healthy hair spoiled by its shapeless bulk and lack of line.

"Like clothes, it pays a girl to invest in a good cut, which will keep its shape longer."

Joy's own shoulder-length hair is worn in a French roll with short fluffy curls, muffled style, over the ears.

The Joy Byrne salon in Albemarle Street attracts many Australian clients, including a number of actresses who are busy with radio and

television — Gwen Plumb, Thelma Scott, and Bette Dickson.

Joy is always willing to help an Australian.

Strella Wilson, social officer at Australia House, had a last-minute command to attend a function at which the Queen was to be present. Joy hurried down to Australia House to dress her hair.

When Thelma Scott, understudying in the Bea Lillie show, had to go on at short notice Joy went to the theatre and did Thelma's hair minutes before the curtain rose.

The most striking thing about the salon in Albemarle Street is the accent on color—Joy's answer to the discreet, almost hospital-theatre decor in most London salons.

The salon is divided into two, each part with an entirely different scheme of decoration.

One room has a deep green ceiling sprinkled with gold stars, light-wood panelling, yellow upholstery, and red curtains.

The other room has a grey-and-white-striped ceiling, turquoise upholstery, and walls decorated with an attractive Italian wallpaper with a deep gold background.

Men barred

THE only Mayfair salon with an all-feminine staff, color again is accentuated by the girls' bright yellow cotton jackets and black ankle-length pants.

Redheaded Joy prefers peacock-blue or cerise smocks for herself.

"I don't have men on my staff," said Joy, "because I believe clients relax more easily with their own sex, and they should feel able to take off a dress or a blouse for comfort if they want to."

Another feature of her salon is a special service for business girls whose hairsets have to be wedged into a lunch-hour. They are given a lunch of spaghetti and wine while sitting under the drier.

During her three and a half weeks in Sydney Joy searched for a hairdresser to enter into a "trans-world" partnership.

"This swap-client idea means that clients of both salons can have the same treatment whether they are in London or Sydney.

"A personal formula for women who color their hair is almost as important as a doctor's prescription," she explained.

It has already proved a success in Paris and Rome, where Joy fostered the scheme during previous working holidays.



HAIRDRESSER Joy Byrne, who owns a busy salon in the West End and in private life is Mrs. John Rix, manages to find time to design her own clothes and also her own hats.



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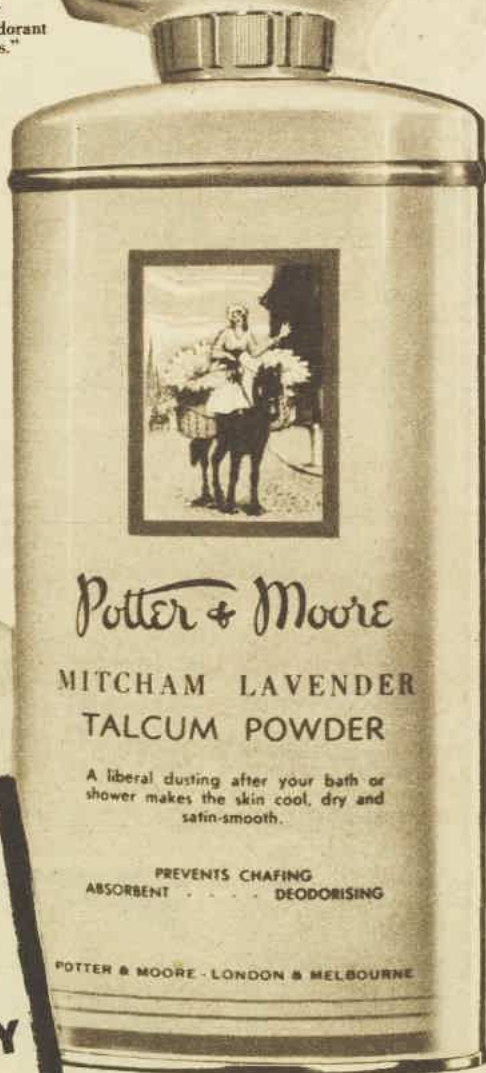
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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Time can be maddening, wonderful, or just dull, depending on your approach to it. If you are not prepared to let it work for you and to wait for what you want, you are in for misery.

HERE is the first letter I opened this week.

"I AM a 17-year-old girl, I feel very frustrated and I am hoping you will be able to help me. All my girl-friends have steady boy-friends. I feel terribly left out because I have no boy-friend and have been taken out only three or four times. I am rather quiet to look at, but I still can't understand why the boys won't ask me out. Please could you help me? Don't say that my time will come later. It may, I know, and I might seem impatient, but I want a boy-friend now." "Worried," Victoria.

The pen-name you use gives me the answer. Worried girls are so anxious to get boys and keep them that they rarely get a chance; certainly they don't until they relax. Nothing puts a boy off a girl more than being too anxious to please him, and that is the impression you give when you are desperately wanting something. Your time won't come until you learn that there is no known formula for getting a boy-friend; that you have to learn to wait around gracefully, without an anxious frown. Candidly, the waiting time is ghastly, particularly as all your girl-friends seem to have got themselves off, but eventually it will be over. Don't hang around those girl-friends sadly; don't, whatever you do, let yourself be pitied. You don't need pity, you need time.

"I AM 19 and have been going with a boy of 20 for nearly a year. I am very much in love with him and thought he was with me. The last time we went out together, he told me of an old love affair he had with another girl and says that he hates this girl now but that he would like to go out with her a couple of times to prove to himself that he loves me and not her. I know the girl well and am afraid that if he goes out with her again it will be the end of our love. Should I make a clean break now or wait and see how things turn



A word from Debbie . . .

- The color of the rose in any of its exquisite forms is this year's spring song. Try a rose-and-pink-flowered, cotton shirt paired with short black shorts, black calf belt, and thong sandals. Don't forget a wreath of tiny pink flowers around your brunette chignon. If you prefer your roses red, try white with a dash of scarlet: cotton sleeveless shirt with red initials worn with matching tapered white pants, white hairband, and dramatic red sandals and straw basket.
- If pastry is not your masterpiece, try a cereal crust for your favorite tart-filling. Melt 4oz. butter or substitute, add 1/2 cup of sugar, and work in 1 1/2 cups of crushed cereal flakes. Press into a greased tart-plate and chill until set. Fill with lemon cheese, or what have you, and top with whipped cream for a super-luscious sweet.

out? We see each other only once a month, as I live in the country and he lives in the city. I go into town once a month and we then go dancing or else to the pictures."

"Frantic," Qld.

I'm all for the clean break. It is hard, but when you see him so rarely, I think you should. I suppose he means to miss out on at least two of your rendezvous while he establishes the true state of his mind. This means a three months' break anyway, which you could well use happily enjoying yourself without him on your mind. I think this man is one of those noble characters who is putting the responsibility on you. If anyone says to him as he gallivants with his first love, "You're two-timing poor Frantic," he'll be as pi as you like and say loftily, "We discussed this. I am doing it for both of us." You are just so right. The clean break is indicated: quickly, quietly, and without fuss.

"WE are two New Australian sisters of 16 and 18. A girl-friend of ours has asked us to a party and told us that we must bring a partner with us. As we do not know many boys and we do not even go

out with any, would you please suggest how to ask two boys we know to come along to the party? Or is it not good manners to do so? We also have another problem. We have a little sister of nine who wants to come with us wherever we go, and our Dad backs her up. Recently we went to a party and we had to take her. Please tell us how we can keep her home."

"Renza and Tina," Geelong.

It is quite all right to ask the boys. When you do, tell them that your friend has asked you to invite them as your escorts to a party at her home. Your little-sister problem is very trying. I would tell your parents that in Australia girls of nine do not go to parties with their elder sisters.

I would tell them, too, that it is important to be like Australians, and that like Australian girls you would rather stay at home than suffer the humiliation of having to take her. What will happen if you have to take her is that you two elder girls will simply stop getting invitations to parties. Then the whole family will be unhappily together, while everyone else enjoys themselves.

DISC DIGEST

SOPRANO Hilde Guden, who shines so brilliantly in many grand opera recordings, has a new LP called "Operetta Recital" (LXTA.5033) that is thoroughly bewitching, an authentic sample of the musical life of that great city of song, Vienna. She has marvellous accompaniment throughout this 12-inch disc from the Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Chorus under Max Schonherr.

As may be expected, Johann Strauss dominates the record, with four numbers from "Vienna Blood," one from "Die Fledermaus," and a rarity from "The Dancer Fanny Elssler." Oscar Straus

(no relation) is represented by excerpts from those two delightful plays "The Waltz Dream" and "The Chocolate Soldier," and then Hilde lends her radiant voice to revive memories of Lehar with songs from "The Merry Widow," "Gypsy Love," and "The Czarevitch." The spotlight next plays on Leo Fall for extracts from "The Dollar Princess" and "Madame Pompadour" before moving on to Emmerich Kalman, who "takes a bow" for an introduction and chorus from "Countess Maritza."

The noted tenor Marcel Wittrich supplies a complementary programme with "Great Operetta Melodies," a 10-inch microgroove numbered

ODLP.7510. This, I should imagine, is composed of transfers from 78-r.p.m. discs made around the time when Wittrich was a serious rival of Richard Tauber. Dubbings, however, are well engineered and the record sounds fresh and alive. He chooses songs from "Land of Smiles," "Frederica," "Czarevitch," and "Paganini" (all Lehar), Strauss' "Gipsy Baron" and "Countess Maritza." His inclusion of songs from two plays which found great favor with Australian theatre-goers many years ago—"The Cousin From Nowhere" and "White Horse Inn"—will delight collectors who revel in a little sentiment.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

He's himself and Mr. Pastry, too



BRITISH COMEDIAN Richard Hearne (left) and above as Mr. Pastry with show compere Terry Thomas (right). Fans sent Mr. Pastry the bon voyage garland for his trip to America and Australia.



When white-haired, white-moustached Mr. Pastry first appeared on New York TV doing a one-man version of the Lancers, thousands of viewers protested it was criminal to let him prance around like a teenager. Poor old Mr. Pastry should be at home in his slippers by the fire, they said.

LIKE many of Mr. Pastry's British fans, the viewers were convinced that Mr. Pastry was a real person.

In fact, Mr. Pastry is 48-year-old Richard Hearne, one of the most successful stage and television comedians in Britain.

He will arrive in Melbourne this month for the show opening on November 2 at the rebuilt Tivoli Theatre.

Born of a family of actors, Richard Hearne spent most of his childhood travelling with his show-business parents all over England and the Continent.

When he was six months old he played a babe-in-arms. At seven he was a clown in a circus, and afterwards appeared in pantomimes, revues, and cabaret.

By MARGARET EDWARDS

Aged 26, he had his first big success in a West End play.

In the cast were Fay Compton and Australians Audrey Pointing (later Lady Doverdale) and Strella Wilson.

"I shall never forget the night Strella asked me to go out in a party with her after the show," Richard Hearne told me.

"I put on my dinner jacket—my first—and waited for her outside her dressing-room on a prop box.

"The door opened and from her hand I received my first glass of champagne."

He added: "I think she is one of the most beautiful women I have met."

In the subsequent 22 years Richard Hearne has appeared in many plays and television shows, with Army service in between.

But his most successful role in Britain, the United States, and Canada is as nimble old Mr. Pastry.

Richard Hearne's wife and two young daughters are accompanying him to Australia.

Their home is in Kent, where he likes nothing better than to relax by working in his garden. He is so enthusiastic that he once took a course in stone-laying so that he could make his own crazy-paving and rockeries.

His two daughters are Cetra and Sarah.

Explaining the unusual name of Cetra, he said:

"A couple of days before she was born, our great friends Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard were opening in a play in Birmingham. We sent them a good-luck telegram and signed it 'Hearne etcetera,' having no idea whether she would be a boy or a girl and what we would call her, anyway.

"The name seemed to suit her, so we christened her Cetra."

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All the recipes, being made without such fattening ingredients as sugar, have a low calorie count. In some of them the count is negligible.

There is also a special section for diabetics. Another section of great interest to dieters is the calorie chart and ideal-weight tables that were first published in The Australian Women's Weekly in October, 1955.

There has been such a demand for them since that date that it was decided to re-publish them in "The Low Calorie Cook Book."

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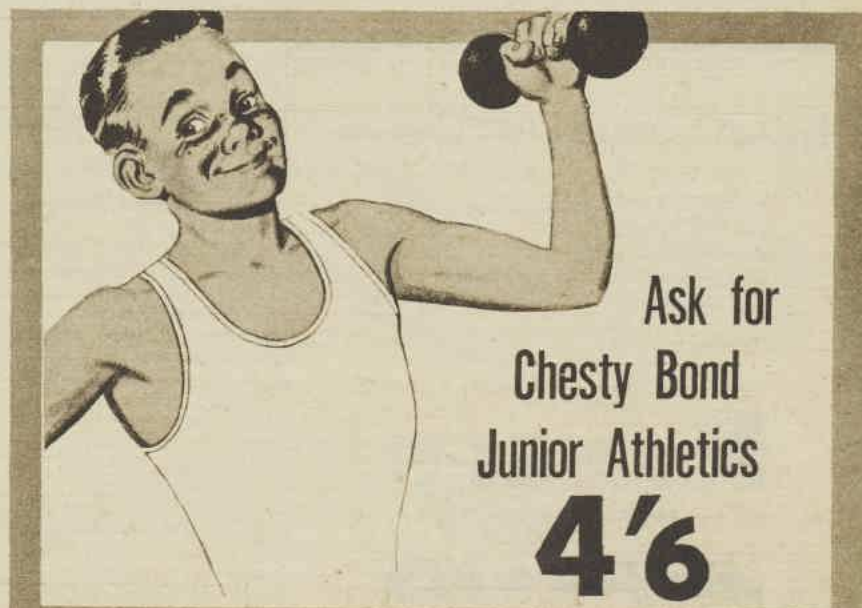
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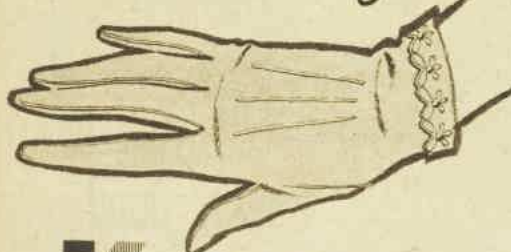
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PAN AMERICAN

Stan Freberg ... Crazy U.S. satirist is too sane to be a psycho

By HELEN GORDON, staff reporter

● America's king of debunking, Stan ("Dragnet") Freberg, claims a special fame in Hollywood—he has never been psychoanalysed.

STAN FREBERG says people point at him and shake their heads and say, "Boy, he must be sick."

Pudgy-faced, horn-rimmed Freberg, who is on a three-week Australian "barnstorming" tour for Lee Gordon, is far from sick.

In fact, anybody who has heard his version of "Dragnet," "Heartbreak Hotel," or "The Great Pretender" would agree that, if anything, Freberg is a little too sane.

His attitude to life is this: "I don't say that everyone else is sick and I'm not. But I think most people, particularly in America, are living in a state of fear—fear of war, of Communism, of insecurity.

"Satire is an escape valve. Make people laugh at things they've been frightened of and they feel a lot better. That's what a satirist is for.

"Even back in high school I wrote satirical poems for the school paper. I was feature editor of the paper, too. And I was president of the student body. I nominated myself for that and ran my own campaign.

"I made only one speech to win that election. I said, 'Students, unite! Throw off the yoke of teacher totalitarianism! Elect me and I will give you a picture window in the girls' gym and convert the principal's office into an automatic car wash!'

"That did it. I was elected. "I used to hold assemblies for the kids and entertain them doing one-man radio shows ad lib., anything I could think of. It was pretty horrible, I suppose, looking back, but it was better than going to classes."

A year after leaving high school Freberg was drafted into the Army Medical Corps.

"I was associate editor of the Medical Corps paper 'The Needle,' and later I got into the Medical Corps Entertainment Unit.

"No, they didn't send me overseas. My eyesight's too awful. I can't see five feet in front of me. If they'd sent me overseas I'd have probably shot MacArthur for a Jap."

When he came out of the Army he tried to break into radio, and ended up with a part-time job "doing" voices for cartoons.

"I couldn't make a real living at that," he said, "so I got another job driving a delivery truck for a diaper laundry.

"It was called the Dainty Diddy Diaper Service, and I used to wear a white uniform with 'Dainty Diddy' written over my heart. Very touching.

"It didn't work out so well, actually. I didn't want to miss any of my calls at the studio, so I used to park the laundry van outside and dash in and make like a lot of cartoon characters.

"After a while a lot of mothers started ringing up the laundry and screaming, 'Where is he?' and I got the sack.

"After that I went on the road for a year and a half as guitarist and comedian with a touring band.

"Then in 1949 Dawes Butler and I had a TV show called 'Time for Beanie.' I was hired to do all the voices—it was a puppet show for children—but I couldn't synchronise the voices if someone else was working the puppets. So I learned to be a puppeteer."

In 1950 Freberg joined Capitol Records. He makes no more than four records a year—"to preserve the novelty."

Freberg says: "Some people expect me to be a little, bitter character, who goes around pulling rugs from under people, just to see them wince. I'm not bitter about the people and things I satirise.

"I do it all in fun. Things just strike me as funny. I'm constantly amazed at the



U.S. HUMORIST Stan Freberg, who is visiting Australia. He has orange hair and carries a pair of horn-rimmed spectacle frames without lenses in case of photographs. "It saves that awful, blank, shiny look pictures sometimes get when you wear glasses," he says.

things people take seriously. Sure, there are some things you have to be serious about—religion, for instance—I'd never satirise that."

Stan Freberg, at 30, seems to be at the top of the tree, with no ulcers and psychiatric complexes to trouble his success, but he still has a few unfulfilled ambitions.

He said: "I don't have enough time to do the things I want to do. I want to write, for instance. Satirical pieces, of course. I've already done a 5000-word piece for 'Collier's,' and I've been asked to

write an article for 'Ladies' Home Companion' when I get home. But I want to do more.

"I'm going to try to talk same magazine into sending me back to Australia to cover the Olympic Games. I don't know the first thing about sport, so I'd at least have a fresh angle on it.

"I'd like to get married and raise a family, too. But I've never had time to find the right girl. Too busy.

"It might be a bit complicated finding her now. I'll be worrying in case she only likes me because I'm a celebrity."



"I'M NOT OLD," says Lou Busch, alias Joe "Fingers" Carr, "although audiences seem to feel that 'Fingers' ought to be at least 65."

HE is two people at the one time, and his names are Lou Busch and Joe "Fingers" Carr.

Busch is the name this short, blond, smiling pianist was born with, and it's the name he uses when he leads his own orchestra, and when he composes and orchestrates.

His other, lowbrow name hides "Fingers," a rag-playing, honky-tonk pianist who hammers the keyboard, a cigar clenched between his teeth and a derby hat on his head.

"I'm the only recording

"Fingers" Carr You could rightly call him Mr. Two-In-One

In the same party as Stan Freberg is a man with a dual personality. But he doesn't need a psychoanalyst, either.

artist to use two names at the one time," he said.

"A few people have tried it, for a joke, or just as a sideline, but sooner or later they've given it up. I'm the only one I know of to be a success under both my names.

"I chose Joe 'Fingers' Carr because it seemed a perfect name for a honky-tonk pianist. Others who've recorded under two names usually choose a funny name, like 'Beauregard Feinschreiber,' for instance.

"Mine just seemed to fit." Busch-Carr's double identity began six years ago, when he was an executive with a record company. He explained:

"Just for a gag I sat down at a piano and rattled off 'Ivory Rag,' a thing I wrote myself. But one of the other company executives thought it was all right, and said I might have something.

"So I made a record of 'Sam's Song,' with 'Ivory Rag' on the other side, and it was really a great hit. And that was before Bing Crosby and his son got around to doing it.

"Now I've made nine albums of records, and they're all still selling."

Busch started travelling with bands at 16. Since then he has played with "a million bands." Now, 30 years, two wives, and many records later, he lives in a small house in Beverly Hills.

"I point out that it is a small house," he said, "because when you mention Beverly Hills most people think of palaces with four swimming-pools.

"I'm living by myself at the moment, just sort of casting for the third Mrs. Busch."

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Because Disprin really dissolves (and does not merely break up), it is easier for your system to absorb. Disprin passes quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. Its pain-relieving action is rapid and thorough.
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Disprin is palatable and agreeable to take. And that, combined with its comparative non-acidity, makes Disprin particularly suitable for children.

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DISPRIN Regd.
dissolves pain
quickly and safely



IS
YOUR BABY
"difficult"
ABOUT
MILK?

Poor little chap! His digestion just wasn't strong enough to "take" milk. He's taking Benger's now. And he's thriving on it!

Benger's, you see, contains enzymes just like those which work baby's own digestion. When you add hot milk to Benger's, these enzymes go into action. They modify the milk so it can't form painful, indigestible curds in baby's stomach. And they convert the Benger's and the milk into nourishing, strengthening food. There's no strain on baby's digestion because his food is partly "pre-digested"!

You can vary the degree of "pre-digestion" according to baby's age. Easy-to-follow directions, covering every stage to weaning, are included in every tin of Benger's Food. Ask for a tin at your chemist's to-day!

If he won't take milk give him

Benger's

The entirely new and enlarged edition of "The Mother and Her Child," a complete 30-page compendium on mothercraft, will be supplied free to parents sending name and address to:



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THE NEW MARGARET

East Africa is sparkling with quotes from the witty Princess

● Princess Margaret is making a brilliant success of her East African tour. Every day positively sparkles with her wit and incessant good humor.

SINCE her first Royal tour—of the Caribbean last year—the Princess has become a most sophisticated flag-bearer in her colonial empire.

And that empire is filled

with adulation for her. So great has been her impact on the people that they would crown her Queen of East Africa tomorrow.

In the West Indies they called her the "Dolly Princess" and loved her for her

pretty looks. On this tour Princess Margaret's natural charm and sophistication has captivated everyone.

Her party conversation is recalled and retold throughout the islands of Mauritius and Zanzibar and the African territories.

"She has just the right word on every occasion," said the Roman Catholic Bishop of Port Louis. "When I met her she said, 'I passed by your cathedral and they welcomed me with bells. There is something full and warm about a welcome by bells.'"

"That was a beautiful way to express herself," the Bishop said later.

The conversation at every dinner table today is sprinkled with quotes from the Princess.

For example, a Franco-Mauritian who was presenting his colleagues apologised to the Princess because they spoke only French.

"But I must meet them," Margaret replied. "I love speaking French. I do so once a week."

The Mauritian asked if the Princess attended a French class.

"Oh, no," she said, "the conversation is with my hairdresser."

Rene, Princess Margaret's hairdresser, who is travelling with her on Britannia, is a Frenchman.

PRINCESS MARGARET arrives at Government House, Port Louis, for a banquet in her honor. She is escorted by the Governor of Mauritius, Sir Robert Scott.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff,
who is covering
Princess Margaret's
East African tour.

The Franco-Mauritians, proud of their aristocratic ancestry and French traditions, found the Princess a fluent speaker in their tongue, and were charmed with her easy manners, her poise, and self-assurance.

They are Royalists at heart and quick to notice that she used her hands most expressively as she spoke.

"With her mannerisms she could be French," said the Franco-Mauritians, whose luxurious life follows the pattern set down by their ancestors when, as wealthy aristocrats, they settled in Mauritius, building replicas of their homes or chateaux in France.

Island charm

MANY of these old buildings still stand today, giving the island great architectural charm, and making it quite unlike any other British colony.

The Franco-Mauritians were flattered that the Princess should know so much about them.

"Where are your blue lagoons?" she asked as soon as she began her first drive around Mauritius. But Princess Margaret knew more than the beauty of the island. She asked about the language, the laws, and the culture.

She knew just how many of the population were Indian (250,000), the 8000 Chinese, and 130,000 other colored and Creoles.

She discussed the problems of multi-racial communities and progress.

During this first drive around the island, the Princess looked at an airline sign-



Her gaiety sets the pace for everyone

post showing the distances from Mauritius to London, to Paris, and to Sydney.

"That's the nearest I've been to Australia," she said as the Royal car passed the post.

Princess Margaret's smart dinner-party conversation has taken all the stuffiness out of State banquets.

"Every time the Britannia started to rock and roll I had the Royal Marine Band strike up 'Rock and Roll,' she told one startled bishop seated on her right.

"I had the film on board, and the records, and asked the band to learn the tune so that they could play it at sea," she said.

At one reception, when moving from one group of people to another, she said, "I think I'd better circulate."

And the Princess tells intimate stories that are seized upon by people hungry for every detail of her life.

When told that American entertainer Liberace was in London, and getting plenty of newspaper space alongside reports of her Royal tour, the Princess laughed and said, "What! That man again!"

She indicated her displeasure that he should couple his name with hers and said, "My mamma gets a great deal of fun reading about that man and me, but I just get more and more sour."

The amazing part of Princess Margaret's new sophistication is the way she can organise her programme almost without the help of courtiers.

She has a natural aptitude for mixing with people, and a delightful independence.

Those she meets are genuinely impressed, and

across the red carpet the crowds are wildly enthusiastic.

Every day on the tour Princess Margaret springs a surprise. She wore no gloves at a small Press reception in Government House—the first time a Royal lady without gloves has shaken hands with men of every color.

And the handshake was warm, friendly, and firm.

She called to a waiter refilling her glass, "And not so much gin this time."

Gin and tonic

MARGARET has a gin and tonic at informal parties, but only holds the second glass.

The Princess poured her own tea at one garden party, adding hot water to the tea, putting the milk in first, and taking one spoon of sugar.

More than 1200 elegantly dressed guests, standing on the lawns outside Government House at Mauritius, watched every movement and noted the tiniest detail.

The most beautiful frocking ever seen at a Royal garden party was at Government House.

The women were as smart as they would have been at Longchamps, and the fabrics were the newest and most exclusive from Paris.

For once, the color and beauty of European clothes outdid the colorful saris of the Indians.

Mauritians say Margaret is the most exquisite visitor to come to their tiny shores.

Her clothes have been approved as very chic and the colors are perfect against the blue of the sea and sky.

Yellow is her tour color.

She wore yellow in Mombasa and another yellow dress

of full-skirted organza on leaving Mauritius.

She wore yellow at the first State banquet, and has many lovely yellow dresses still to be worn.

In being interested in clothes Princess Margaret has set another Royal precedent.

She gives a description of her clothes to her lady-in-waiting, and this is released to the Press.

The Queen will not allow her dresses to be known or written about in advance.

But Princess Margaret wants her frocks described accurately, and goes to some trouble finding names for the colors.



THE PRINCESS chats to an Indian dancer who performed for her in purdah. She is wearing the golden garland presented at the climax of the dance. ABOVE: Princess Margaret leaves the hall where she met women in purdah. (See below.)



WOMEN IN PURDAH

THE picture at left was taken by staff reporter Anne Matheson in Mombasa's Diamond Jubilee Hall, where 1200 women, many of them in purdah, entertained Princess Margaret.

Women in purdah must keep their faces veiled before all men except their husbands. Male photographers, therefore, were barred from the reception.

The few women journalists in the Royal tour were hastily briefed in photographic technique before they went in, weighed down with cameras, to capture the event for the world's Press.

The picture shows Indian entertainers performing a dance designed especially for the Princess.

At the climax of the dance one of the dancers mounted the dais and laid an embroidered golden garland over her shoulders. (See pictures above.)





Prestige



Faultless Beauties...

A Rose motif . . . so exquisite you'll think it hand embroidered . . . adorns the latest in the **Prestige** range of exclusive lingerie. The gay excitement of a bouffant half slip . . . the romantic waltz length nightdress with matching brunch coat . . . the demure and dainty Princess slip . . . all made even lovelier by this exclusive embroidery. Styled for a lovelier you.

HS926—Summerlon nylon half slip 36-42, £9/17/6. Sunglow, Ivory, Black.

PS926—Summerlon nylon slip, 32-38, £5/19/6, Sunglow, Ivory, Black, Mink.

SND926 — Waltz length nightdress, 32-38, £8/8/- Sunglow, Ivory, Black, Mink.

BC926 — Brunch Coat, 32-38, £10/17/6, Sunglow, Ivory, Black, Mink.

EXCLUSIVELY **Prestige**

. . . AT ALL FINE STORES AND SALONS.



ARRIVING at St. Mark's, Darling Point, for her wedding to Denis White, Val Horn is escorted by her father, Commander John Horn, R.N., retired, and followed by bridesmaid Diana Horn. INSET: Newly-weds Mr. and Mrs. Denis White. Denis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter White, of "Havilah," Mudgee.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Harry Powell and his bride after their wedding at the Scots College Chapel. The bride was Pam Cleaver, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cleaver, of "Nealy," Nyngan. Harry is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Powell, of "Morella," Walgett.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



BEST-DRESSED single girls at the Black and White Ball were (from left) Mary Stephen (third), Diana Hanley (second), and Margaret Mackay, who was judged the best-dressed girl at the ball at the Trocadero.

A SMALL family reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club followed the wedding last week of Mrs. Shirley Eisenhower and Bill Barnes at St. Peter's Church of England, Watson's Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes left on board Orcades for Honolulu. From there they will fly to America for seven weeks' honeymoon and will then return to Australia by air.

They will make their home on Bill's property, "Suffolk Vale," Booroowa . . . he is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Barnes, of Vaucluse.

Mrs. Barnes is the third daughter of Mrs. Nina Arnott, of Birtley Towers, Elizabeth Bay, and the late Mr. Percy Arnott.

AFTER the races on Ladies' Day, the Australian Club

held their annual "at home," which was attended this year by nearly 1000 guests. Mrs. Jimmy Haydyn-Smith wore a black cocktail dress and added a tiny leopard-skin cap . . . Mrs. John Broinowski also chose a black dress to wear with her white organdie hat.

YELLOW and white blossoms decorated the Royal Sydney Golf Club for the dinner-dance given by 30 matrons from town and country. More than 400 guests attended the dance, which is an annual event in spring Race Week. All the hostesses chose glamorous evening dresses for the dance.

Mrs. Graham Body, of "Ulupna," Inverell, wore beige lace mounted on white silk taffeta . . . Mrs. Edward Chauvel, of Bellevue Hill, who arrived home from London about five weeks ago, wore a striking full-length dress of Mediterranean-blue heavy satin.

PALM BEACH residents are working hard for the fair to be held at the Rudolfe Muellers' home on October 21. Proceeds of the day will go to the R.P.A.H. Rehabilitation Appeal.

Anne



AT PREMIERE of the film "Walk Into Paradise" at the Metro Theatre, King's Cross, in aid of the Red Cross, are Sir Frank and Lady Berryman.



AT ELIZABETHAN THEATRE, Dr. Geoff Vanderfield and Jennifer Chapman arrive for the opening of "Ned Kelly."



WHITE ORGANDIE swathed Mrs. John Lewis' "cake-tin" hat she wore to the Ladies' Day races at Randwick.



FOLDED STRAW TOQUE in blue was chosen by Mrs. Rupert Moses, of "Wandewoi," Singleton, for races.



MIDNIGHT-BLUE "sailor" hat of rough straw was worn by Mrs. Michael Jones to Randwick on Ladies' Day.



LEAVING St. Mark's are Mr. and Mrs. Alan Friend. The bride was Jill Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Moore, of "Walma," Walgett. Alan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Friend, of "The Astor."

Gary Hordern



Paris Notes



● Choose this season's sheath-frock in the best-quality material and have it made in jumper-style or with a new slouch back. Give it excitement and variety with colored beads and matching gloves. Beads and gloves in ice-blue, pale pink, or tangerine can be worn with cream or pink. Chartreuse, white, or tangerine blends beautifully with ice-blue—and white with rich red. All these colors can also be worn with cocoa, nigger-brown, navy, black, and fresh green.

Do it yourself
with bobby pins — a perm
and set all in one!



pin-Quick

Richard Hudnut's special pin-curl Home Perm for
soft, casual curls

(particularly for modern, short hair styles!)

NO OTHER HOME PERMANENT IS SO EASY
TO DO AS RICHARD HUDNUT'S PIN-QUICK.

Just put up your hair in bobby pins, apply the wonderful lanolin-rich waving lotion, follow with Magic Curl Control and that is all! When your hair is dry, take out the bobby pins and your hair is set in your favourite casual style.

Dries in minutes instead of hours... use a hair dryer, go out in the sun or sit in front of a fire or warm oven. Magic Curl Control makes Pin-Quick the only home permanent you can quick-dry... and it sets the wave in your hair and curls ends naturally and gracefully.

Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh with no unpleasant, after-permanent odours—smooth, shining, silken soft.



CHEMISTS AND STORES
EVERYWHERE sell Pin-
Quick, the amazing, simple,
easy-to-do home perm by
Richard Hudnut... 13/-.
P16.143

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"Don't worry about the dishes, Mother. We'll do them. You just go out and have a good time."

MOTHER



"But the recipe says: 'Your family will praise you for this delicious new way of using up cold porridge.'"

It seems to me

YOU simply have to hand it to the Americans. They think of everything.

Guess what they've done about watermelons? They've developed a variety which bears fruit of a size convenient to the modern refrigerator.

I suppose the idea was born at a conference discussing an ad. layout for refrigerators.

The artist has drawn one of those happy improbable families who exist only in ads, and they are eating a wonderful, crisp, refrigerator-cool repast.

"Yes, I know it looks pretty," says the sales manager, "and I admit that the pink helps the composition, but watermelons won't FIT in our fridges."

A lot of wrangling breaks out at this point. The artist is cross because he has to do the job again.

The managing director is angry because he dislikes any reflection on the firm's products. The technical men work overtime producing a prototype refrigerator with a special bulge in it for watermelons.

This design is tried out on a selected consumer-group of housewives who object to the bulge on aesthetic grounds.

A sharp-eared office boy (this could be expanded into a novel) lies awake at night and hits on a notion: Why not breed watermelons to a more convenient size? Later on, he goes a step further and grows them square, with a window enabling buyers to see the color.

The office boy eventually makes a fortune. Only his wife knows that at heart he loves the old giant economy family-sized watermelon, and that on summer Sundays there is always one of them under a wet bag in the laundry tub.

NOTHING makes women more impatient than cheery, all-pals-together reunions of former wartime enemies.

I'm thinking of that recent gathering in Dusseldorf, when members of the German Afrika Korps and the British Armored Division all linked arms and sang "Lili Marlene."

It isn't the present friendliness that women object to. If that were likely to be sustained they'd be only too grateful.

But the implication in these jollities—that war is a tourney enjoyed by all participants—frankly, it makes women sick.

FRIENDLINESS in big cities isn't dead. It just takes new forms.

The other day a family in the suburbs were on a Sunday outing in the car when they pulled up at a roadside stall. Another car drew alongside and its occupants, mother, father, and children, all waved and smiled.

Driver of the first car was baffled, but collected himself for a noble attempt and said, "Hullo. It's a long time since we've seen you."

"I don't think you've ever seen us," said the wife of the other driver, "but your car has the next number to us and it seemed only right that we should get to know each other."

By



Dorothy Drann

HAVING been conditioned by shopping in the years during and after the war, I never grow blasé about the pleasure of being treated as a wanted customer.

Blandishments of shopkeepers find a ready response in me, and I was quite delighted the other day to find that the butcher had put pots of primulas on his counter.

Some butchers' shops, of course, are like jewellery stores with their modern decoration (a far cry from the sawdust era), but this owner was setting out to do what he

could with a modest setting.

Which reminds me, I've always been too timid to carry out those recipe instructions that say, "Ask the butcher to bone it" (or chop it in sixteen pieces, or flute the edges).

But now, emboldened by the fact that one is often actually asked one's preference, I'm going to break new ground any day.

And that reminds me, for butchers out to please, here's a suggestion: A consultant service for the working wife.

The recipe consultant would say, "Mrs. Jones, you can't give him grilled chops again. Let me add you to our special list."

This means that each day Mrs. Jones is handed her parcel of meat, plus a recipe and a handy check-list of ingredients.

And when her husband complains she simply says, "Don't blame me. Blame the butcher."

★ ★ ★

A LONDON university engineer, assisted by a £12,000 sterling Nuffield grant, is studying the learning mechanism of the octopus. It will help the designing of mechanical brains.

The octopus is reserved, and hides

In a rocky corner between the tides,
Behind a curtain of cool, green kelp,

And passing starfish cry, "Help! Help!"
When they see his glittering, baleful eyes

That stare from the darkness, ocean-wise.

And what does the octopus learn, indeed,
As he watches the light on the waving weed

And observes the fish that go hurrying past
And the crabs that scuttle away, but fast?

Does he smile at their haste and their panicky qualms

When he lurks with all eight of his folded arms?

An octopus whom I happened to ask
Expressed surprise at the scientist's task.

"Since nobody loves me, I think a lot
(He said) "as I brood in this watery spot.

I'll be happy to help him, but tell me, kid,
What on earth will he do with twelve thousand squid?"

Film Fan-Fare

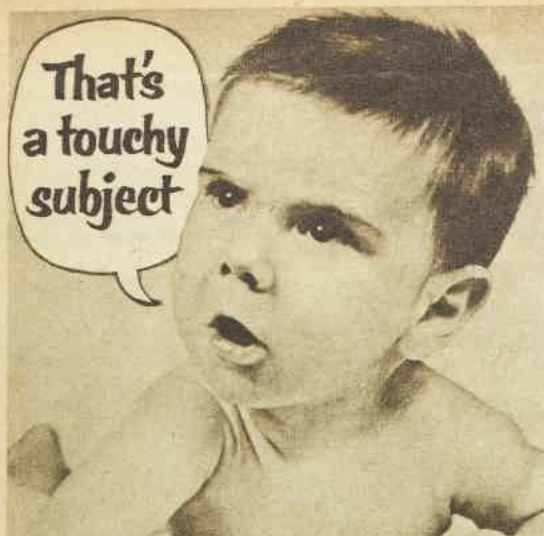
Splendid color pictures . . . topical film star features . . . and current news and gossip from the whole movie world.

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON



ANITA EKBERG

SWEDISH STARLET Anita (The Iceberg) Ekberg, the golden girl of filmdom, gets more publicity than any other budding actress has had since Marilyn Monroe hit the headlines several years ago. This young woman of opulent beauty was born in Malmo 25 years ago. She married British film star Anthony Steel last May. Behind her Anita has a meagre film career, but Hollywood is boosting her as a potential box-office draw. For R.K.O. she stars in "Back From Eternity" with Robert Ryan and Rod Steiger.



"It hurts more than my feelings when my nappy's changed without smoothing on 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. Know why?" Because safe, gentle 'Vaseline' Brand Petroleum Jelly prevents nappy rash. Use it each time you change your baby's nappy. Take it from me—it soothes and protects tender skin. Hygienic 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly is on sale everywhere—for 101 household uses.



TRADE **Vaseline** MARK
BRAND
PETROLEUM JELLY

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Economy jar — 3/9
Standard jar — 2/3

BELLE OF MONACO

Residents, bored by celebrities, adored Marlene



MONTE CARLO has become a little Hollywood-on-the-Mediterranean. It's as if the court of Grace Kelly had come to join the court of the Grimaldis in the romantic principality of Monaco, poised over the bluest sea in the world.

The funny thing is that the Monegasques themselves are blasé about the summer celebrities who alight in flocks at the hotels up and down its steep, curving streets.

At the famous Sporting Club of Monte Carlo, venue of the highest international society, there are so many famous faces that it is all a little unreal.

There is Maurice Chevalier embracing the great clown Grock. Gary Cooper, bronzed and lean, stands head and shoulders above the concourse of white dinner-jackets and glittering gowns. Van Johnson saunters past, stops to shake hands with a new film idol of France, Eddie Constantine.

And standing urbanely in a corner is that handsomest of all international screen idols, the gallant Italian actor-director Vittorio de Sica.

Many films have been made at Monte Carlo, but it took Hitchcock's "To Catch a Thief" and its momentous consequence really to draw the world's attention to it as an ideal locale for the adventure-romance. For that led to the meeting between Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier.

Monte Carlo is to the film-maker today what is was to the novelists led by Oppenheim between the wars. It is partly the scene of the newly premiered "Foreign Intrigue," which stars Robert Mitchum and a cast of Continental stars.

One of the greatest actors in France, the celebrated Pierre Fresnay (known to choosy, cosmopolitan filmgoers for his

FOR LOCATION shooting at Monte Carlo, Marlene Dietrich sheaths her slender figure in slacks and jacket. Vittorio de Sica, Italian producer-director-star, lends Marlene a hand on the shaky gangway.

RIGHT. Star team de Sica and Marlene Dietrich in a scene from "Monte Carlo Story." The film is made for the widescreen in technicolor. It is de Sica's first wholly English-speaking picture.



MARLENE listens to her favorite recording, "Marie la Parisienne," sung by Edith Piaf. She would like to use it exclusively on her next nightclub tour at Las Vegas.

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- Baked and Chilled Desserts
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and save hundreds of calories a day!

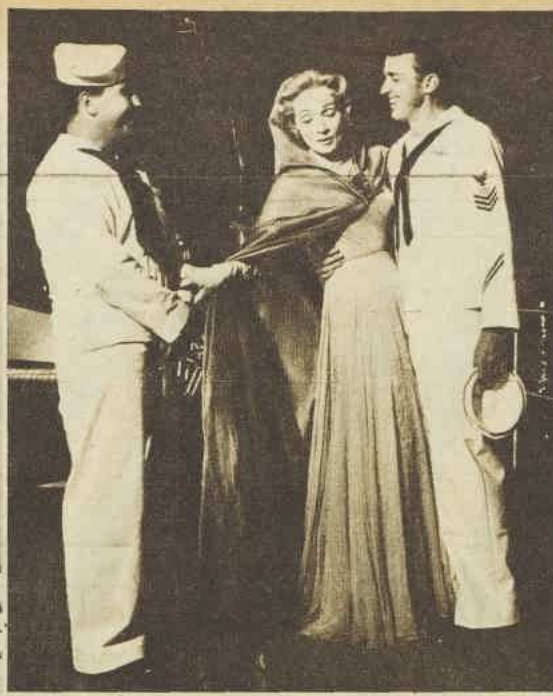
SWEETEX—the wonder sweetener—adds only sweetness to cooking and beverages... contains no calories. So easy to use, SWEETEX tastes just like sugar. Available in pocket-size dispenser of 500, only 8/4, from all chemists!

SWEETEX

FREE OFFER of SWEETEX sample with each copy of the Australian Women's Weekly LOW CALORIE COOK BOOK—on sale at all newsagents—1/6.



A SMALL BOY looks intently at a target at a Monte Carlo shooting gallery, but riflewoman Dietrich is much more interested in camera angles in this off-duty picture. Marlene is an expert in such things.



TWO SAILORS from an American submarine anchored near the yacht on which some of "Monte Carlo Story" was filmed asked the star for a date. Marlene invited the boys aboard for a few minutes.

"Monsieur Vincent"), filmed his "Man With the Golden Key" in Monte Carlo sunshine.

And now the most distinguished of all film units has just come to the end of its location there. Marlene Dietrich, wearing a gorgeous golden wig, has been filming there with Vittorio de Sica in "Monte Carlo Story." And that is an event even to the celebrity-weary Monegasques.

Last year Marlene was there in cabaret. According to Monte Carlo's Tourist Bureau's calculations her presence alone guarantees another 100,000 tourists.

For all her fifty-plus years her alliance with the suave, grey, equally mature de Sica, so Continental gossips predict, will provide the screen with one of its most popular romantic teams yet.

The film they have been making together, "Monte Carlo Story," has all the classic ingredients for a glamorous, sophisticated comedy.

Marlene has the role of a still fascinating, supposedly rich woman who comes to the famous resort glit-

tering with phony jewels, determined to recoup her fortune.

De Sica is an impoverished Italian noble who arrives in his yacht to play the tables, and between times exert his fascination on wealthy women. Said the smiling de Sica, with a charming accent, "I don't have to have any practice for this role."

Then, realising that this might sound like boasting, added hastily, "I

By
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

mean, as far as playing a gambler is concerned, of course." He broke into a brilliant smile.

De Sica is even more of a success at the tables sometimes than on the screen. At the last Film Festival at Cannes he borrowed a hundred thousand francs (about £100 sterling) from a producer friend, sauntered down the Croisette to the Casino, and blandly emerged a few hours later with six million francs—or £6000.

Idealists will be pleased to hear that

in their screen adventure together the Italian noble, ever gallant and young in heart, learns of Marlene's true plight; in spite of his own dreams of avarice he offers her his yacht, which, with becoming modesty, she accepts.

And so simple love on a not-really-enormous yacht triumphs over the baser love for gold.

Although Marlene doesn't share the Italian de Sica's passion for roulette, she submitted to his persuasions and accompanied him to the Casino one night.

In spite of being equipped for this film with a wealth of gowns from Balenciaga of Paris and from Hollywood's Jean-Louis, Marlene chose perversely to wear her old black slacks and a swagger coat.

The doorman, who had just let in the Windsors (immaculately clad as usual), looked down his nose at her ensemble and motioned the fabulous Dietrich away.

She entertained herself between shots of her latest film with her two greatest hobbies—cooking and looking after the sick.

The sick in this instance happened to be lugubrious comic Mischa Auer, who fractured a collarbone at a party. After some earnest patronage of the bar, he went out, counted too many steps, and fell down all of them.

He then had to recover from the party in hospital under Marlene's ministrations.

Beauty sleep

IF the fans at Monte Carlo show a marked indifference to ordinary celebrity, they were curious about Marlene Dietrich. She is so slender, so beautiful, so dynamic, and so eternally, fabulously young!

How does she manage it? And so they stood about and watched her move in front of the cameras when they set them up in the streets and squares of Monte Carlo.

What is her diet, for instance. The whole day long Marlene did nothing but munch chicken sandwiches, smoke American cigarettes, and drink interminable cups of coffee. During a day's shooting an onlooker with a passion for statistics counted as she downed 14 black Italian-style coffees.

And then she walked back to her three-room suite in the Hotel de Paris, rarely emerging again.

She sleeps.

That is one of Marlene's secrets—a clue to her youth and energy. Unlike the others, she didn't go on touring the nightclubs or haunting the bacarat tables.

She closes her door to the world and sleeps.



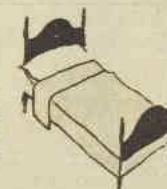
A far, far cry from great grandmothers day, but still the same traditional quality

Finlay's sheets

now in



Blue



Primrose



Apricot

decorator



Nil Green



Rose



Dark Rose

colours

and in sparkling white



Colours to gladden the heart of every modern home-lover . . . colours to pamper your mood, your personality, or to tone with your decorating scheme; and Finlay's Sheets and Pillowcases have all the famous qualities that have made them a household word for over 200 years. They're woven by the skilful Scots from best quality cotton, bleached in the pure air of the Scottish Highlands, dyed with tubbale colours that stay right to the end. The brand, Finlay's, guarantees Sheets and Pillowcases that give years of hard wear; so make your choice from blue, primrose, apricot, nil green, rose or dark rose . . . there's sparkling white, too!

Also ask for Finlay's genuine Scottish Window Hollands; they're guaranteed fadeless!

MADE IN SCOTLAND **FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS**



OFF DUTY once more, Marlene Dietrich squints at a poker machine through a veil of cigarette smoke. Marlene returned to movies after an absence of three years to appear with de Sica, the man whom she publicly described as "the most fascinating middle-aged male in the world."



Order awnings now, before summer rush starts

More comfort out-of-doors with Canvas

AUSTRALIAN MADE CANVAS

Choose a wide-spreading canvas awning, a deep cradling canvas chair, a canvas-canopied garden swing, a gaily blossoming canvas umbrella. Choose any canvas outdoor goods—and you're buying a stake in a cooler, more relaxed summer.

Your home especially pays for summer dressing. Canvas awnings at every sunny window give it a decorating lift nothing else

can equal. Your home becomes up to 20° cooler indoors, too—furnishings are protected from harsh fading sunlight.

Why not try for yourself the summer pleasures of canvas? Your canvas awning dealer and your outdoor furniture dealer will be glad to show you the new range of colours, patterns and goods. You could enjoy owning some of them... this week-end!



Be sure you see this, on all canvas goods you buy. It is the quality seal of the Canvas Goods Manufacturers' Federation of Australia. It guarantees the strong, lasting serviceability of the goods which carry it.

CANVAS GOODS MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA



1 OVERCOME when the pram containing her 18-months-old charge, Simon Cochrane, disappears from in front of a local shop, Nannie (Annie Paige), centre, phones the child's parents, Lee and Sue Cochrane, who immediately call in the police.



2 INSPECTOR CRAIG (David Farrar) is assigned to the case and police everywhere are alerted to set machinery in motion to trace the baby and the thief. The Inspector tells Sue and Lee (Julia Arnall and David Knight), right, what is being done.

Search for missing baby



Life for Lee Cochrane (David Knight) and his wife, Sue (Julia Arnall), a young American couple living in London, is happy but uneventful until their 18-months-old son Simon disappears one day.

Then, in a flash, their whole world changes. Only young Simon is important.

This is the central situation in "Lost" (J. A. Rank), which is filmed in color against backgrounds of London and briefly in southern England.

As soon as Scotland Yard takes over, a highly organised hunt begins. It mounts until the lost child is found. Only then is the file of Simon Cochrane closed.

3 DISCOVERY of the baby's empty, smashed pram in Kensington Gardens makes his parents frantic. Among the litter are found a button, an empty ice-cream carton, a Slough bus ticket, a paper-bag, and a torn page from a cheap novel.



4 INQUIRIES lead Inspector Craig in all directions, but gradually the torn page from the novel takes on significance. It shows the imprint of tiny human fingerprints. Meanwhile, the terrified parents branch out with their own inquiries.

5 MYSTERIOUS phone caller on the third evening tells Lee and his wife that he has kidnapped their child and will return him on payment of £500, provided the police are not informed. Against Craig's advice, they decide to pay up.



6 A FIGHT develops when Lee finds the caller is a trickster trying to cash in on the situation. Craig, led to a seaside town by the clue of the torn page, finds that a Mrs. Robey, a young widow, borrowed the library book the same week that Simon disappeared. He also learns from a doctor that she is ill.



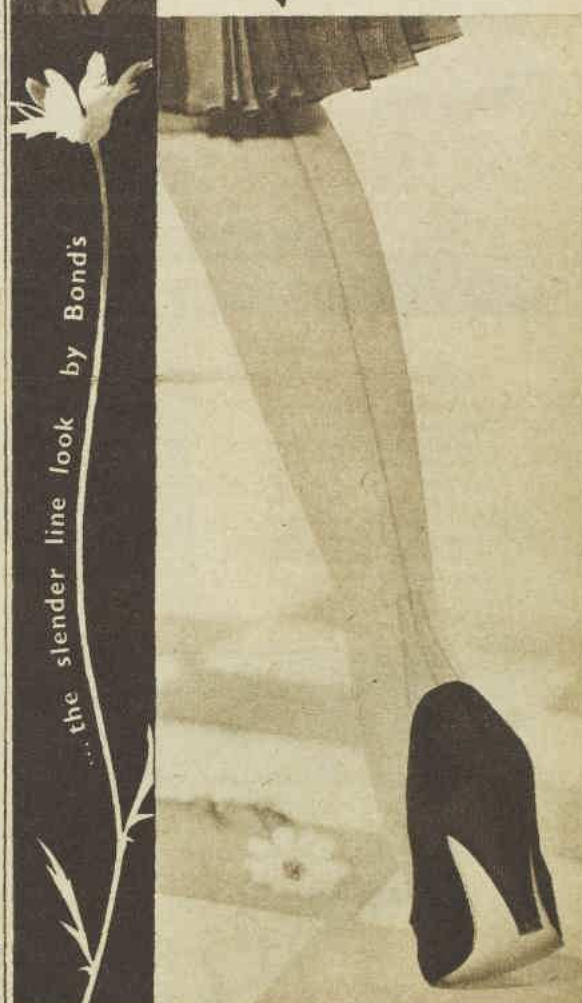
7 FACING Mrs. Robey, a sick woman who took Simon to replace her own lost baby, the Cochrane family watch fearfully as she turns to the cliff edge. Inspector Craig manages to get Simon to safety.

Newest of all...

Capri heel by

Fiesta

the slender line look by Bonds



Your stockings reflect your personality — so it pays to choose Fiesta nylons. Fiesta nylons fit smoothly — never a wrinkle or sag. Seams stay straight, thanks to the exclusive fit of the Munsingwear slender heel. And Fiesta nylons are processed with "Secre-Seal" for snag resistance and long life.

Fiesta BY **BOND'S**

Prices subject to control in each State.

Here's a Spot for **BRASSO**



BRASS and COPPER shine like the sun with a little touch of BRASSO

PRICE CORRECTION

We sincerely regret an error in price in our advertisement in last week's issue. The price for the "MAVERIK" casual should be 36/6, not 33/6, as stated.

Betta Shoe Factory Pty. Ltd.



BUSH KIDS Smiley (Colin Petersen), perched on a rail, and his lifelong cobbler Joey (Bruce Archer) watch station hands pen sheep in this sequence from "Smiley," London Films' wide-screen version of Moore Raymond's novel.

SMILEY: story of a bush youngster ✓

★ An appealing story of the Australian bush, "Smiley," filmed on natural locations in New South Wales, is all about a barefoot youngster of the outback and his yen to own a bicycle. Colin Petersen, the freckle-faced juvenile "find" of English producer Anthony Kimmins, plays the key role of Smiley. Sir Ralph Richardson, John McCallum, and Chips Rafferty are the adult stars.

Film Fan-Fare

SMILEY himself as portrayed by Colin Petersen, a bright-faced 9-year-old schoolboy from Queensland. Colin's playing of this ingratiating scamp has been highly praised because it epitomises the things a boy thinks, feels, and does.

PAINFUL schoolroom incident involves Smiley (Colin) and Mr. Stevens, the local schoolmaster. Stage and radio actor Bud Tingwell is the man behind the waving stick.





THE REV. LAMBETH (Sir Ralph Richardson), watched intently by Smiley (Colin), centre, and Joey (Bruce), cools off a steaming car radiator with some water from an old kettle. The Vicar helps Smiley out financially by letting him ring the church bell on Sundays for the sum of ninepence.

CHIPS RAFFERTY (Police-Sergeant Flaxman) with Joey (left) and Smiley. The sergeant really has a soft spot for the boys, but tries to exert stern discipline for their good.



RIGHT. A boundary rider brings Smiley back to Murrumbilla and safety after he has been attacked by a snake while lost in rugged bush country.



AT LAST . . . the bicycle of Smiley's dream. New and shining, it is presented to the boy by the Vicar, played by British star Ralph Richardson, left.

RIGHT. The friends go fishing during the school holidays. An unusual quiet enfolds Smiley and Joey as they angle for a bite from the sun-dappled bank.

★ *The Vagabond King*
PARAMOUNT'S new version of "The Vagabond King" probably won't do for the rock'n roll set.

Those responsible have given this film of old-fashioned heroics and chivalry a determined air of swash-buckle that falters only when the next song comes along, as well as the broadest possible glamor treatment.

On the first count the effect is sufficiently banal.

The idea of packing the color VistaVision screen to overflowing with nobles and beggars, action and romance has come off much better.

Rudolf Friml's rousing and romantic music—five new

Talking of Films

songs go along with the original score—is still pleasant to listen to.

The new Vagabond King is Oreste, a burly young newcomer with a smile that works overtime and a tumultuous tenor voice after the pattern of Mario Lanza.

Oreste can sing louder and hold his notes for longer than seems possible. However, there is no need for Lanza to move over just yet.

On the acting side Oreste is undoubtedly hampered by lack of movie experience. Time should fix that.

The story, as everyone must

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

know, tells how Francois Villon (Oreste), the medieval poet and leader of the rabble hordes of Paris, joins forces with wily King Louis XI of France (played delightfully by veteran Walter Hampden) to oust the rebels led by the ambitious Duke of Burgundy.

In this fashion Villon wins the hand of Kathryn Grayson's high-born, low-spirited Catherine de Vaucelles.

Low-born, high-spirited Huguette, the beggar maid (Rita Moreno), is removed from the scene by a speeding arrow.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

ARLENE DAHL, who is starring in a British studio opposite Jack Hawkins in "Fortune is a Woman," is fixing an appointment with Sir Winston Churchill—to discuss beauty culture. Churchill's secretary is calling at her hotel suite to discuss preliminaries. Arlene wants Sir Winston to tell her how a woman ought to look. She conducts a nationwide beauty column in the States and figures this would be a scoop.



WHAT PRICE GLAMOR? When film-star Ava Gardner visited a studio to see Yul Brynner (left), director Anatole Litvak, who is her great admirer, called a brief halt to filming. Ava's casual appearance is noteworthy.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Hot Blood," technicolor CinemaScope comedy-drama, starring Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde. Plus "Over Exposed," mystery drama, starring Cleo Moore, Richard Crenna.

LIBERTY.—"High Society," technicolor VistaVision comedy with music, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Above Us The Waves," wartime sea drama, starring John Mills, John Gregson, Donald Sinden. Plus "One Jump Ahead," thriller, starring Jill Adams, Paul Carpenter.

LYRIC.—"Pride of the Yankees," sporting drama, starring Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Walter Brennan. Plus "So Young, So Bad," juvenile drama, starring Paul Henreid, Katherine McLeod. (Both re-releases; reviews unavailable.)

MAYFAIR.—"23 Paces to Baker Street," color CinemaScope mystery drama, starring Van Johnson, Vera Miles. Plus "Mr. Belvedere," family comedy, starring Reginald Gardiner, Eddie Bracken, Zasu Pitts.

PALACE.—"Stranger on Horseback," color Western, starring Joel McCrea, Miroslava, John Carradine. Plus "Top of the World," Air Force drama, starring Dale Robertson, Evelyn Keyes, Frank Lovejoy.

PARIS.—"The Game of Love," French-language juvenile drama, starring Edwige Fenech, Nicole Berger. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—"Vera Cruz," technicolor SuperScope Western, starring Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster. Plus "Side Show," suspense drama, starring Don McGuire, Eddie Quillan.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"The Vagabond King," widescreen technicolor musical extravaganza, starring Kathryn Grayson, Oreste. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—"Bus Stop," color CinemaScope comedy-drama, starring Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell. Plus "In Times Like These," comedy-drama, starring MacDonald Carey, Fay Wray.

SAVOY.—"Riffi," French-language suspense drama with English sub-titles, starring Jean Servais, Carl Mohnner, Robert Manuel. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"The Fastest Gun Alive," Western, starring Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain, Broderick Crawford. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"Rock Around the Clock," musical, starring Bill Haley and his Comets. Plus "Five Against the House," drama, starring Guy Madison, Kim Novak, Brian Keith.

Not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"The Constant Husband," technicolor comedy, starring Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall, Margaret Leighton. Plus "Barbados Quest," mystery-drama, starring Tom Conway, Delphi Lawrence, Brian Worth.

EMBASSY.—"Passage Home," adventure-drama, starring Diane Cilento, Peter Finch, Anthony Steel. Plus "Cavalcade," drama, starring Michael Wilding, Merle Oberon.

ESQUIRE.—"The Treasure of Pancho Villa," SuperScope technicolor Western, starring Rory Calhoun, Shelley Winters, Gilbert Roland. Plus "Rhythm Inn," musical, starring Jane Frazee, Kirby Grant, Charles Smith.

PALLADIUM.—"Wagons West," Cinecolor Western, starring Rod Cameron, Noah Beery, jun., Peggy Castle. Plus "Secret Four," thriller, starring John Payne, Coleen Gray, Preston Foster. (Re-release.)

STATE.—"Away All Boats," color VistaVision wartime drama, starring Jeff Chandler, George Nader, Julie Adams, Lex Barker. Plus featurettes.

Make savouries quicker . . . easier . . . with tasty KRAFT SPREADS

You can whip up a plate of savouries or sandwiches in seconds—with an exciting variety of flavours. Here's all you do: Stock up with the wonderful range of Kraft Cheese Spreads. Then, for sandwiches or at supper-time, party-time, dip into each glass.

Such tantalizing flavours, and each Kraft variety spreads ever so smoothly. Free: Each Kraft Cheese Spread comes to you in a beautiful, fluted tumbler—made from clear, fine quality glass. So sturdy for the kiddies—so smart for your guests.

Have you tried all these delicious Kraft Spreads?



Choose from: Cream Cheese Spread—a smooth, creamy, delicate flavour . . . Smokay—a distinctive cheese with a smoked "ham" flavour . . . Gorgonzola—rich, piquant flavour and nip . . . Cheese Spread—a fully

matured, "tasty" flavour . . . Danish Blue Cheese Spread—a blend of fine cheese with a rich, full flavour . . . Sandwich Relish—a delicate blend of gherkins and spices in a creamy spread—a flavour with a difference.



Cheez Whiz—different from any cheese flavour you've ever tasted

It's a "whiz" in the kitchen—you can spread cream-thick Kraft Cheez Whiz on biscuits, toast, rolls—fix a snack in a jiffy.

P.S. "Cheez Whiz" has

dozens of other uses. Here's 3: spread it on sandwiches, heat it for a quick cheese sauce, spoon it over hot vegetables or into mashed potatoes.



Wouldn't you like to offer your guests exciting savouries like these? It's simple when you use delicious Kraft Cheese Spreads.

And Velveeta—the cheese food in a packet that spreads like butter

In fact, when you spread Velveeta you don't need butter. Saves money—adds extra nourishment to your sandwiches. Velveeta puts back the milk minerals and Vitamin B2 lost in ordinary cheese-making. That's why Velveeta means extra value—because of those extra food values.



THIS IS YOUR KRAFT SHOPPING GUIDE TO ECONOMICAL SANDWICH AND SAVOURY VARIETY

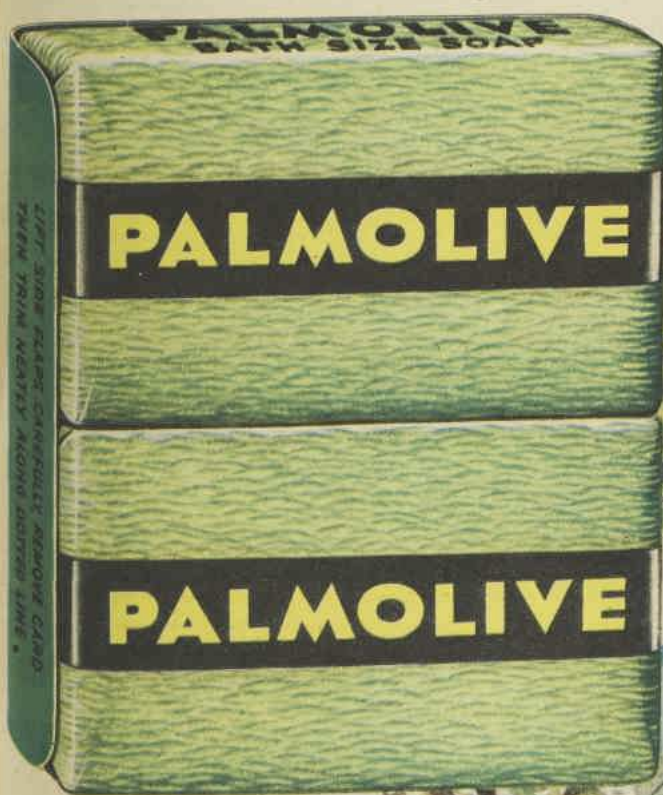
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 17, 1956

XVI OLYMPIC  GAMES SOUVENIRS

in every **PALMOLIVE** **Olympic Games Pack**

**A BEAUTIFUL FULL-COLOUR SOUVENIR
THAT COSTS YOU
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING**

Eight wonderful souvenirs of a wonderful occasion... eight beautifully printed, full-colour picture cards of fascinating interest to every member of your family—every Australian! The glorious pictures on the front are quite unique and the backs are packed with lots of newsy Olympic information. These souvenirs are really worth having—and keeping. Start collecting your series now! And keep them—they can be worth money!



DOCTORS prove



that Palmolive can bring you a lovelier complexion in 14 days! Not just a promise—but a proved plan

F095

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 17, 1956



**AND YOU CAN WIN
FABULOUS PRIZES IN
THE SPECIAL
OLYMPIC SECRET-SOUND!**

BOB DYER

tells you how in

**"IT PAYS TO BE FUNNY"
"COP THE LOT" and
"WINNER TAKE ALL"**



3 Palmolive Soap Wrappers count 2d. towards the Colgate Palmolive Olympic Fund

These beautiful souvenirs may help you win an AUSTIN A30, plus £1,000 CASH, a double trip to London via K.L.M., plus £250 cash, or other prizes, including TV sets, refrigerators, radiograms, bicycles and tickets to the Games, with free transport, free accommodation.

Listen!

**HELP SUPPORT OUR
OLYMPIC TEAM!**

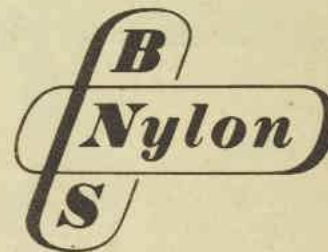
There's a Deposit Box at YOUR store



What would Grandma have said about nylon!

In Grandma's younger days, keeping everyday wear presentable called for endless washing, cleaning, ironing. Forever fears of shrinking, fading and wearing into holes. But enough of this old-fashioned nonsense!

Today it's a nylon world—the wonderful new era of easy care nylon, saving you money, and bringing new leisure time. Nylon washes easily, drip-dries overnight, seldom needs an iron. Nylon meets your every whim from hosiery to lingerie, frocks to foundations, and is indeed a lasting friend.



BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD., Pontypool, Monmouthshire—Suppliers of nylon yarn and nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

Worth Reporting

THE rings on their fingers and bells on their toes will have been imported from India when 27 dancers appear in the dance drama "Life of Buddha" at the opening of the United Nations Appeal Week for Children.

Producer is Miss Jyotikana Roy, who arrived in Sydney about 18 months ago from India, and who has since become well known as a teacher of Indian dancing. She is producing the dance drama on behalf of the Sydney Buddhist Society.

The 27 dancers are drawn from Miss Roy's Saturday morning group at the Y.W.C.A. Each will make her own costume. The head-dresses and jewellery are being brought from India.

The music has been composed by a young student, Tennyson Rodriego, from Ceylon, who is studying chemistry at Sydney University.

Three performances of the drama will be given at the Conservatorium in Sydney on October 23, 24, and 25.

Hoteliers, take note

THESE are the exact words on the signboard of an old inn in Polperra, England.

RULES OF THIS LODGING HOUSE

Fourpence a night for bed.
Sixpence with supper.
No more than three to sleep in one bed.
No beer allowed in the kitchen.
No smoking when in bed.
No clothes to be washed on Sunday.
No boots to be worn in bed.
No dogs allowed upstairs.
No gambling or fighting here.
No extra charge for luggage.
No razor grinders taken in.
Organ grinders to sleep in the attic.

By
Iziah O'Donovan

Highly floral convention

ABOUT 50 "Penguins," representing all Australian States, gathered in Perth recently for the third Federal Convention of the Penguin Club of Australia.

The club, with about 700 members, was formed to give women more confidence in public speaking.

Wildflowers dominated the Perth convention. At the opening luncheon they were brought from almost 300 miles away for the tables and platform. Not a meeting or function was held without a mass of lechenaultia, smoke-bush, or vivid red and green kangaroo paws.

The convention lasted a week, and on the final day delegates thought their Western Australian hostesses had really excelled themselves. Floral carpets were laid down and every Perth business house was decorated.

It happened to be Perth's annual Flower Day.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 17, 1956



"I know, but Saturday afternoon is the only chance I have to do it."

Any green, tender feelings?

WE received a letter this week from Mrs. Gijou H. R. Khajuria, who reads The Australian Women's Weekly just as often as she can get it.

She wonders if any readers would like to send on their copies to her and hopes that "some green, tender feelings will respond to my appeal."

Mrs. Khajuria finished her letter with another request—for colorful Christmas cards "to bring joy to tiny tots."

For readers who would like to respond, her address is Box 18, G.P.O., Tendeki, Sudan, Africa.

★ ★ ★

IMAGINE a cake seven feet high, weighing 180lb., iced in white, decorated in pink and blue, with 1000 candles.

The cake was made for the annual Stork Ball run by the Milton-Ulladulla Hospital on the south coast of N.S.W.

The ball was held on October 5.

The cake celebrated the birth of the 1000th baby born at the hospital during the 16 years of service of the present matron, Miss Guenda Porter.

Book News

By AINSLIE BAKER

THIS QUIET DUST, by Helen Heney (Angus and Robertson). A romantic novel of contemporary Australian life that will appeal to a wide section of women readers. No Dads or Daves in this one.

HOW TO ENJOY MUSIC, by Dr. C. Whitaker-Wilson (World's Work). An unpretentious little book that will increase the enjoyment of those who like good music—from pre-classical to modern—and want to know more about it.

POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, by Quentin Reynolds (Cassell). Detective work from the inside, with Frank Phillips, most decorated active New York policeman, now in charge of the Detective Bureau, as star. Interesting non-fiction.

We were in the mink

MINK, mink, mink... we've just made the acquaintance of a new variety, Homozygous Autumn Haze. It's a pale caramel color with mink's typical deeper streak in the centre of the pelt.

The fur was made into a stole, and "I hardly like to tell you the price," said Melbourne furrier Mr. Bruno Stern. "It's £1300."

Mr. Stern is also making a full-length coat of the new fur, which will cost about £4000.

In the early days of mink breeding, all the fur was brown. Then a few silver-blue (sapphire) mink appeared to begin a new variety, and other colors have since been produced.

All mutation mink—that is, all mink that is not brown—is naturally colored; the fur is never dyed.

Homozygous mink is very rare. A whole season produces only between 300 and 500 skins.

We also saw a tiny bolero of homozygous platinum mink—a creamy color with a pale grey streak—which will sell for about £300.

In fact, we spent the afternoon in an expensive mink haze, seeing (and mentally wearing) in turn stoles of wild mink (£900), "black velvet" ranch mink (£430), sapphire mink (£700), white mink (£1000), and palomino (blond) mink (£800).

Inscription from an author

FROM London we hear of a very young Australian who, within a few months of her arrival in England, has achieved her life's ambition.

She is eight-year-old Jill Robertson, who left Australia with her parents at the beginning of this year.

Jill has always been a fan of Enid Blyton, a children's author, and as soon as she got to England decided to do something for Miss Blyton's Invalid Children's Club.

She cut up a copy of our "Beautiful Australia" book, published last year, and began a scrapbook bought with her pocket-money. She completed it with pictures from this year's series, and finally sent it to Enid Blyton for her club.

Back came a letter from the author saying that the book was one of the most beautiful she had ever seen, and inviting Jill to a children's party at Marlborough House.

There Jill had her final big thrill when she met the author and asked her to inscribe one of her own books. Now her most treasured possession is the book inscribed, "To Jill, with love from Enid Blyton."

TV SHOW

FURNITURE and fashions seen this week in The Australian Women's Weekly TV show, "Name That Tune," were from Mark Foy's Ltd.

The easiest home perm in the world!



just squeeze it on!

SIMPLY COMB THROUGH... ROLL UP... RINSE... YOUR HAIR PERMS AS IT DRIES!



You'd never dream a perm could be so easy until you use the new Adorn! No bottle, no mess, no drips, no bother! Just a light, handy tube that puts you in complete control. A squeeze places a ribbon of cream just where you want it, and just the right amount! Comb the cream through each tress, roll up on plastic curlers, rinse, and your hair perms as it dries. Result? The loveliest, most manageable waves you've ever had! Look for the brilliant red pack and buy your Adorn home perm to-day.

11'6" WHOLE HEAD SIZE



See how easy it is to

Adorn your hair!



TOTEM

The New ... Gay ... **Vynex** design in five beautiful colours—

Totem Green, Totem Red, Totem Yellow, Totem Blue, Totem Grey.

TOTEM 'Vynex', the attractive furniture fabric for modern living, will add interest, brightness and happiness to *your* home — Totem gaily coloured furniture keeps that new look always . . . lasts a lifetime.

COLOURFUL • WASHABLE • DURABLE

See Totem covered furniture at furniture stores everywhere.

Manufactured in Australia by

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED



1000 VYN. BOX 3200



Left out again!

TESSA couldn't help overhearing Jill and Lorna.

"We'll need another girl," said Jill. "What about Tessa?" "That wet blanket?" said Lorna. "Not on your life!"

"But Tessa used to be—" "I don't care what she used to be—she's hopeless now! Just a cranky, washed-out spoilsport!"

That night Tessa told her mother what happened.

"Darling," said her mother, "I've noticed you haven't been having much fun lately. You seem to be always tired and nervy. It's time you saw Doctor Turner."

"So you wake tired and become nervy and irritable?" said Doctor Turner. "Well, there's nothing organically wrong, but that sounds very much like 'Night Starvation'. You see, while you sleep your heart and lungs go on exhausting energy from your body. This, in addition to the day's activity, can start a chain reaction of waking up tired and becoming nervy and irritable. Try hot Horlicks before bed every night."

Nowadays, Tessa is as popular as any of the girls. Anyway, being engaged takes up most of her time!

What's so good about Horlicks? It's made with full-cream milk, malted barley and wheat. When mixed as directed on the tin, Horlicks contains protein—essential to the growth of the body... carbohydrate—probably our best source of energy... mineral salts to help build tissue and regulate body activities... calcium, to build sound bone and good teeth... Vitamins A, B1, B2 and D. Not only delicious and nourishing, Horlicks is a tonic food drink for all the family.

HORLICKS NOW IN RE-USABLE JAR!



only Horlicks guards against "NIGHT STARVATION"



15 hairsets for 4/-

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET. Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's. Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 4/- from your chemist or store. QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET C.N.6

Continuing . . . A Perfect Treasure from page 5

press a dinner dress for her, and, if she had time, to lay the table for four; she would, of course, pay her extra for these duties, since they would take her over her normal hour.

Returning early that evening (Councillor Hawke was suffering from hay fever, and life was wonderful), Greselda gasped.

The table had been laid, the cutlery gleamed, paper napkins were folded in to polished glasses. Mrs. Rang had actually had the foresight to buy flowers and arrange them charmingly. Her dinner dress, beautifully pressed, lay across the bed.

Greselda sat down and wanted to cry. Such thoughtfulness, such imagination, such care, it was as if her home had been visited by a fairy with a magic wand.

The next afternoon (the dinner-party had been highly successful and no one had left till midnight) Greselda suddenly realised that in her hazy condition that morning she had left some calculations, which she needed for the drawings, in the flat.

They had to be finished that evening and it would take her less time to slip back and get them than it would to work them out again. It was useless sending the office boy because he would never find them.

In twenty minutes she was climbing the stairs and unlocking the front door. She heard the rattle of dishes in the sink. Of course—Mrs. Rang. The Perfect Treasure was at work and at last they could meet and Greselda could tell her just how wonderful she was. She ran into the kitchen, words of praise tumbling on her lips, and then stopped, frozen with astonishment.

The Treasure, a broad-shouldered six feet, was whistling lustily and wore a pair of blue dungarees. The Treasure turned, equally startled, and then grinned broadly.

"Oh," said The Treasure, and his voice was deep and musical. "It's only you, Madam. You gave me quite a start."

Greselda stared at him rather in the manner of a woman who finds an octopus in her sink. "You're not Mrs. Rang! You're not a charlady. May I ask what you're doing in my flat—and how you got in?" she asked indignantly.

The Treasure wiped his hands composedly on the drying cloth. "As you see, I'm washing up. I got in through the front door—using the key which you left for the purpose."

Greselda backed out of the kitchen. Her mind told her to dial 999, but she said, stuttering a little, "Do you mind explaining?"

The Treasure looked hurt.

"Haven't I given satisfaction? I haven't broken so much as a saucer; the place had been adequately cleaned, I hope."

Weakly Greselda said, "Yes, most adequately. But who are you? And why are you out charring—do you earn your living in this way?"

"But didn't Roger tell you?"

"No, I haven't seen him since last Monday when I asked if I could share his Mrs. Rang—"

The Treasure produced a silver cigarette case and proffered it to Greselda. In a dream she accepted one and a light.

"I'm not surprised," he said, putting the case back carefully into the top pocket of his dungarees and buttoning it up. "Dear old Roger is quite out of this world. He must have forgotten."

"Forgotten what?" shouted Greselda. The madness of the situation, the smiling confidence of this young man was unnerving her completely.

"Well, he's my brother. I'm spending a few weeks with him—until I find a place of my own. Mrs. Rang got her finger caught in a mincer. She's off sick for a fortnight. Roger told me about your wanting to share her—so I said I'd help out."

"But—but, why? Don't you work?"

"Considering how your kitchen floor looks now, I should have thought it was obvious that I did—and do."

Greselda sank down on to the sofa. "Is this—is charring going to be your career?"

"Not exactly. But I'm a Time and Motion expert."

"You mean a business efficiency expert? One of those people who work out the number of movements a girl makes at a machine?"

"Yes, or over a sink, or cleaning a house. Anything—I'm shortly joining a firm. We'll cope with any problems at all. And since millions of women spend millions of hours washing up and cleaning, I thought it would be interesting to test it myself. I've just reached some most interesting conclusions. So I might as well kill two birds with one stone and char for you until you find somebody more suitable."

Greselda said dismally, "But I never will. You're quite wonderful. You're a treasure, a real treasure," and then Greselda remembered the ironed dinner dress. "Is there anything about a house that you can't do?"

"No, I don't think so. Of course, I was in the Navy during the war. Sailors are frightfully domesticated, you know. But, if you'll excuse me, I

think I ought to be getting on. I'm due at a cocktail party and it's getting late—"

"Good gracious. Late . . . I must fly. I came back to get some notes for my design. I really must go—but you can't go on—"

The Treasure lifted a calm hand. "You may fire me when you've found someone else—in the meantime, may I say that I've never been happier in any situation?"

Completely defeated, bewildered, but intrigued, Greselda found her notes and fled to the sanity of the office.

Working late, she dismissed her Treasure from her mind. But when she got back to the flat at nine o'clock, everything about it reminded her of him.

Wearily she went into the kitchen to fry one egg and two pieces of bacon. But she could not find the frying-pan. Greselda always kept it hanging on a nail over the draining-board. She looked round the kitchen. It was nowhere in sight.

A spark of irritation lighted in her. Really, now that she had time to think about it, it was almost impudent of him to take on such a job. Now, it seemed, he was going to rearrange her flat.

There had never been much order in Greselda's kitchen, but she did keep things in their place, and stuck to the same place. She was tired, and there is nothing more infuriating than looking for a frying-pan and not being able to find it.

Furiously she searched in every likely place. I suppose, she thought angrily, this new hiding place for the frying-pan is one of his interesting conclusions. Finally she discovered it in the cupboard underneath the meat safe, the cupboard where she had kept her shoe-cleaning cloths and polish. Wrathfully she dragged it out—and then saw that the cupboard was bare of shoe-cleaning utensils. Now where, she asked herself, has he hidden them?

She was too tired and hungry to look. She cooked her supper and went straight to bed. In the morning she left a note: Please don't rearrange my life. I like the frying-pan on its accustomed nail. I like my shoe-cleaning rags in the cupboard under the meat safe. I LIKE MY THINGS IN THEIR ACCUSTOMED PLACES.

When she got back that evening for a quick supper before the crowd arrived in force for the party, she found The Treasure had left a note in reply. The note said in very neat handwriting:

By keeping your frying-pan in the cupboard underneath the meat safe you avoid unnecessary movement. You are standing upright, you open the meat safe for cooking-fat, bend down for the frying-pan, stand up and turn half left and you're facing the stove. Your shoe-cleaning utensils are in a nice box away from the stove and next to the bin—a little more hygienic, I think.

"Impudence!" said Greselda, and then thought, well, he's going tomorrow. I won't have him telling me how to run my flat.

But worse was to come. The guests arrived and Greselda could find neither corkscrew nor glasses. The glasses were not in the cabinet. The corkscrew was not in the cutlery drawer, where it had lived ever since she had taken over the flat.

There was a great deal of laughter and some very poor

"care for MUSTARD?"



"yes, if it's KEEN'S"

Appetites everywhere are sharpened by Keen's Mustard. It brings out the full flavour of all meats, and adds zest to almost every food.

RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

On the finest English nylons, always look for the name

MORLEY

All Morley nylons are seven times checked for lasting perfection before leaving the factory.

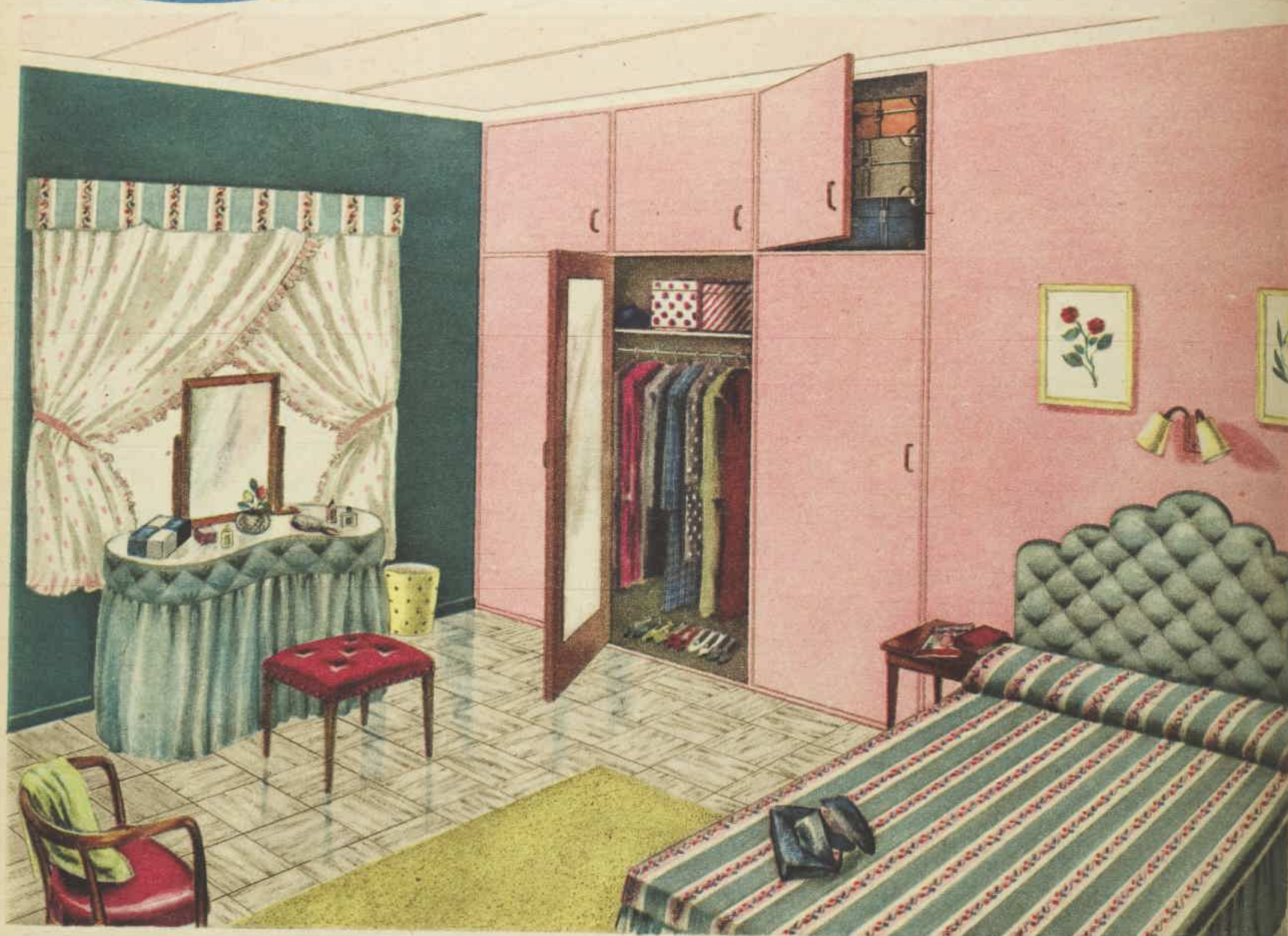


"That makes three of us who don't know what it's going to be!"

To page 49

Timbrock HARDBOARD

furnishes this pretty bedroom for £30



What a beautiful effect! What a saving!

Has the harsh finger of economics prevented you from furnishing your home right through just as you would like? Then save money in your bedroom—yet furnish it as beautifully as any other room.

Timbrock built-ins are roomy, convenient and handsome. Make them any style that suits you, it's so easy to build with Timbrock Hardboard.

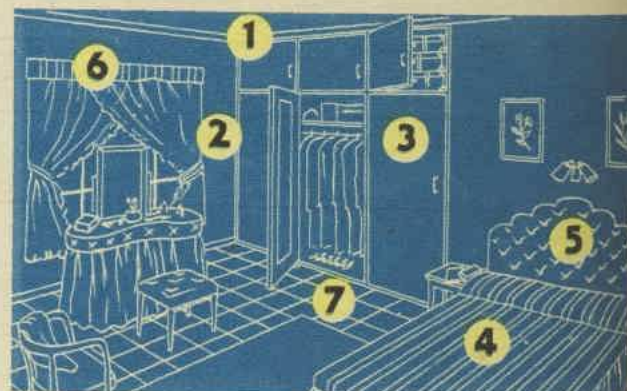
Timbrock is easy to saw—gives a clean edge. It's grainless so that you can cut your sections economically—there's no "wrong way". And it won't split or splinter when you nail it either.

Timbrock is easy to paint—its pressurised

finish takes paint from spray, brush or roller. And Timbrock comes to you glass smooth.

And—important to remember when you are calculating quantities and costs—you get Timbrock in the extra-wide 4' 6". This big sheet spans three normal studs without waste—is handy for extra-big sliding doors—makes a seamless platform for a double bed. And it often allows more economical cutting than is otherwise possible.

When you start building bedroom furniture—or furniture for any other room of the house—be sure you specify Timbrock hardboard.



1. Cane-ite Wallboard makes the ceiling—keeps out heat. 2. Seamless Gyprock plaster smooth walls add to the quality look of the room. 3. No dust-catching surfaces on these Timbrock cupboards. 4. Bed is surfaced and boxed in with Timbrock. 5. Shaped headboard of Timbrock is a base for quilted fabric. 6. Shaped pelmet matches bedspread. 7. Arctic White Vinylflex Tiles make a smart, practical bedroom floor.

Other C.S.R. products play their part, too!



CANE-ITE

Cane-ite—used here for the ceiling—insulates as it decorates. Available natural, primed or ivory finished, Cane-ite makes your home up to 15° cooler in summer, warmer in winter. If you prefer, insulation can be added by means of the smaller Cane-ite Batts (4" x 14"), laid between joists on top of ceiling.



GYPROCK

For smooth, seamless walls with a flawless painting surface—choose Gyprock plaster wall-board. Gyprock comes in large, easily-applied sheets. The recessed joints are covered with tape, flushed with jointing cement. Gyprock goes up quicker, with no holdups, no mess, and no extra work for the painter.



FLOOR TILES

Choose C.S.R. asphalt type floor tiles, or C.S.R. Vinylflex. You'll get a colourful, individually designed floor and greater wear than any other floor covering you choose, and cut down housecleaning time. C.S.R. floor tiles are kept clean by a damp mopping, and occasional polishing.



BUILDING PRODUCTS

Manufactured by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
Building Materials Division

Showrooms at Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.

Continuing

A Perfect Treasure

[from page 47]

jokes about Greselda's new char and it was not until later in the evening (and they had been drinking sherry out of teacups) that Greselda discovered the glasses. They were resting, beautifully polished, of course, snugly one inside another, in the sideboard drawer.

A small note in the top glass informed Greselda: You can pick up a dozen glasses in one movement when they're stored like this. So much better than dabbling for them at the back of the cabinet. The corkscrew naturally lives with them. So much better than dredging for it in the cutlery drawer.

There were more feeble jokes about Greselda's new char, until Greselda said, "I'm giving her the sack tomorrow." And it was remarked, for now the party spirit was progressing well, "You'd better, darling — otherwise she'll hide your bed next, and then you'll have a very restless night."

Greselda did.

She dreamt furiously about The Treasure and made superbly withering speeches to him about Time and Motion. She crushed him, cruelly recounting the ignominies she had suffered when her guests arrived to find no glasses and no corkscrew. She annihilated him with a description of her hungry search for the frying-pan, but then the next moment they were out dancing together and it was champagne and romance and he was the most attractive man she had ever met.

In the morning it was not romantic — she spent a stupid three minutes searching for the bathroom cabinet, where she kept her toothpaste, and found it had been moved and screwed just to the side of the wash-basin.

At ten o'clock, when her temper was in tatters, there was the noise of a key in the door and The Treasure walked in.

Greselda, a becoming light of battle in her eye, greeted him tensely, "Oh, it's you!"

"Richard Brianstone — reporting for duty."

So his name was Richard — not that it mattered. Greselda said haughtily, "I can manage very well on my own, thank you. A notice is up advertising for a Reliable Woman — not a man who wants to re-organise my entire flat."

He looked surprised and, worse, he looked hurt.

"But look at the time I've saved you —"

"Saved me? I spent ten minutes looking for the bathroom cabinet. I spent twenty trying to find the frying-pan. I spent nearly an hour, amidst the vulgar plaudits of my guests last night, looking for the glasses and the corkscrew, and you talk about saving time. I was never so humiliated in my life —"

"But you know where everything is now. And if you'll test it out, you'll find —"

"I liked the way it was."

Richard offered her a cigarette. He was wearing a well-cut sports jacket and carried his dungarees wrapped up under his arm.

"Oh, please, don't be angry," he said beguilingly.

Greselda refused the peace offering.

"How much do I owe you?"

Richard gave her a long stare, so long that Greselda was certain that at any moment she would have to give in, to laugh, and to be friends. But the memory of the party last night sustained her.

"Well, it's half-a-crown an hour. On Tuesday I did two hours, Wednesday three — your dinner-party, remember. Thurs-

day two, clearing up. And yesterday one and a half."

Greselda, who could not do mental arithmetic, said weakly, "How much is that?"

"And then, of course, there's a week's notice to be taken into account."

"What? Surely you're not going to demand —"

"Of course, I was paid by the hour. We could look on it as an hour's notice on either side. But there is the point to be considered that no terms were laid down. It entirely depends on whether you want to do right by me."

Never, Greselda told herself, had she met anyone who could be so infuriating.

"What do you have in mind?" Greselda's expression suggested that if she could provide Richard with an airway ticket to a very far-flung place she would come to terms immediately.

"Have dinner with me tonight — and we'll call it all square."

"No."

"Then have a drink with me — at my club."

"No."

"You won't do right by me at all."

"Please stop using that awful expression —"

"Very well. I shall, like a respectable char, go straight to the Free Legal Aid Centre and get advice. You'll be hearing from my solicitor in due course."

"I will counter-sue you for

A man must be stupid who believes there is no truth but on his own side.

— Joseph Addison.

coming here under false pretences, illegal entry, causing me a nuisance, and . . . and . . ."

"Falling in love with you," said The Treasure quietly. "That, when this affair comes to court, will be my counter-defence."

And with that, The Treasure, in the way of all chaps, walked out and banged the flat door behind him.

Greselda subsided on to the sofa and burst into tears. What had induced her, except perhaps an instinctive feminine desire to retreat from the pursuing male, to be so rude to him, she could not think. She had behaved despicably. But it was too late. She could not run after him — one did not run after chaps when they walked out. One put up a notice and braced oneself to run up and down six flights of stairs ready to face insult, prevarications, and Mrs. Puccini.

Miserably she dried her eyes and went over to the drawing-board. Work, she had read somewhere, was the one solace for a sorrowful heart. She stared at her plan showing the placing of the drying racks, the boilers, and the washing machines, and then saw another note. Greselda grabbed it. It was all that was left of The Treasure — these neatly penned little notes which had so affected her life.

This note said smugly: If you leave the layout of the washing arrangements in their present form the unfortunate women who do their washing will be forced into one terrific jam after another. Everybody's path crosses everybody else's.

But if you put the drying

machines . . . The note went on calmly to revise the laundry. Despite the mounting fury in her mind, Greselda had to read his suggestions. Very much later, when she had vented her feelings with impotent exclamations, she realised that, even more infuriating, he was right.

And then she told herself that it was, after all, a good thing that she had sent him away. Sacked him, you mean, said her conscience unkindly. And after all he did for you . . .

But no woman could bear to live with a man (it didn't occur to Greselda that she was jumping several romantic hedges) who was so horribly right about everything. A man who could clean, iron, cook, a man who could read a plan and suggest alterations, a man who had an answer for everything.

It was only much later in the afternoon, after working at her board, that Greselda realised that not one char had turned up. She was, domestically speaking, right back where she had been three weeks ago. She wasn't, of course. The Treasure had come into her life and, drinking a wistful cup of coffee, she knew that her life would never be quite the same again. And then the bell rang.

Greselda opened the door. He was standing on the mat, immaculate in a dinner-jacket, and in his hand was a bunch of red roses.

"Miss Manning?" he inquired politely.

Greselda said, "Yes," and tried not to look as if it were a wonderful moment.

"I'd like you to accept these flowers. I didn't want us to part on bad terms. You see, I might want a reference sometime —"

Greselda said quickly, "Oh, I'd give you one any time. The best reference in the world —"

Still he would not smile. "Thank you very much. Now that's settled I can go out and dine with an easy mind."

Greselda said, "I'm sorry about the things I said."

He started a small smile, then, "Oh, not at all, madam." "One does say things in the heat of the moment."

"Yes, one does. There is one other favor I'd like to ask —"

Greselda, who just wanted to grab him quickly before he walked out on her again, said softly, "Anything . . ."

He opened his dinner-jacket. "My tie . . . I was wondering could you tie it for me? I just can't tie a bow tie, and . . ."

Greselda looked at Richard. How could she ever have thought him infuriating? It would never matter now how much Time and Motion ruled his life, or hers. He was after all just a man, a mere man (though a number of other particular things besides) who could not tie his own bow tie. She said gently, "If you'll come in I'll do it now."

He came, almost as if he were shy, protesting diffidently. "It's awfully inefficient, I know."

"But it isn't," Greselda said happily. "It's perfectly wonderful."

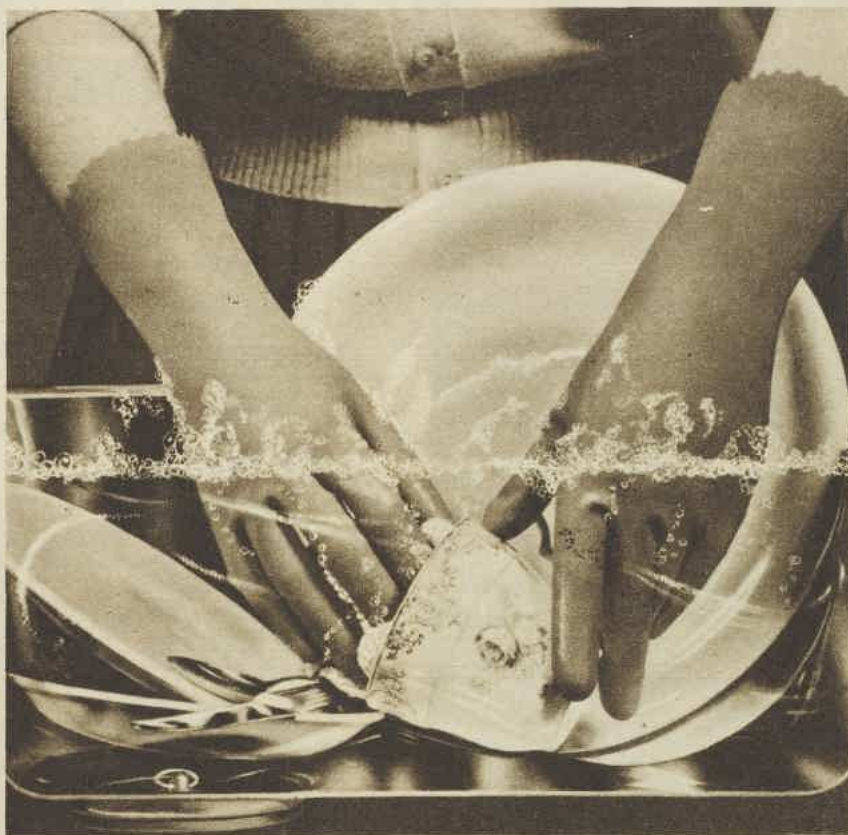
He was, of necessity, standing close to her. "Will you tell me why, in detail, at dinner tonight?"

"I'll try," said Greselda, giving a last twitch to the bow. Only she wondered if any man would really understand — even a Perfect Treasure.

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ANSELL 'Silver-Lined' RUBBER GLOVES



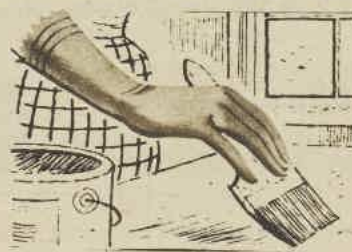
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3/3
A PAIR

Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves



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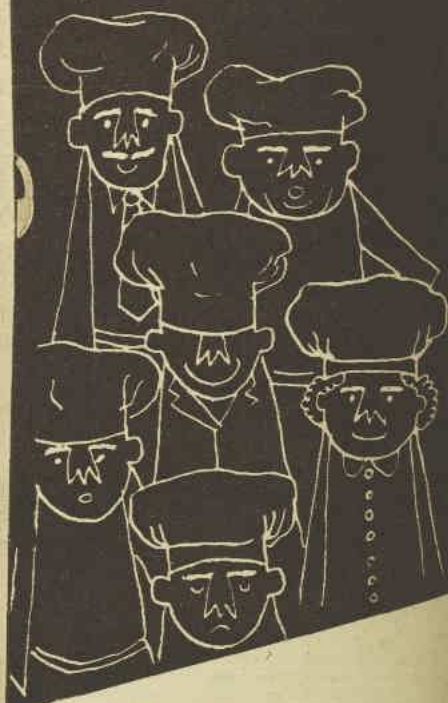


Ansell protects when you're scrubbing.

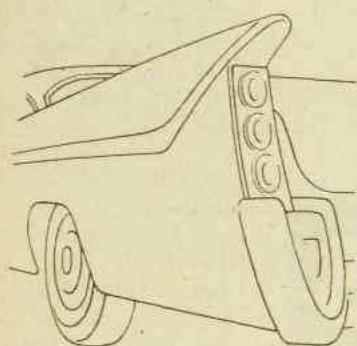


Slip them on when you're planting out seedlings.

sovereign



Sovereign Crisp-line is available in four gleaming models: 8 cu. ft. standard defrost, £176/10/-; 8 cu. ft. push button defrost, £187/10/-; 10.7 cu. ft. standard defrost, £195/10/-; 10.7 cu. ft. push button defrost with automatic water disposal, £217/10/- (Prices slightly higher in country areas.)



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 styled and colour-planned years ahead!
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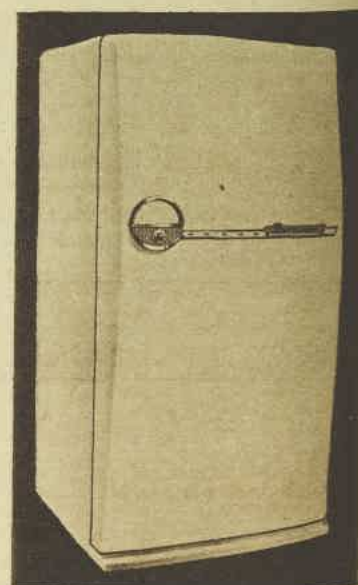
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Crisp-line brings you the latest colour interiors—Peach-blow, Sunrise, Polar White—all delicate, soft tones—matched with gleaming white, cream and green exteriors. Sovereign refrigerators are precision-built by Sovereign Appliances Pty. Ltd. at their new Bankstown, N.S.W., plant—Australia's most modern appliance factory.

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box, folded lovingly and sprinkled with neem leaves—no, she could not offer it!

Ram Lal's eyes followed hers. He knew what the box contained. He gave a triumphant cry.

She watched him without movement, without protest; but her eyes were full of tears.

"No," she whispered in a choked voice. But he was already at the box, had taken from it the ruby-red sari, had ruthlessly torn from one end a strip of the thin red silk and was winding it round the lantern as he hurried outside.

Sheera watched him go, then she stooped and gathered the torn sari from the ground where it lay and held it to her—mourning its mutilation.

Ram Lal hurried across the dusty, uneven fields towards the railway line, the head-man stumbling behind him, puffing and grumbling.

A distant whistle sounded! "We must hurry, Amarnath!" panted Ram Lal. "We have but little time now!"

"Run, Ram Lal, I can go no faster..."

Paul also heard that distant, hooting whistling—so like a steam-boat, he thought irrelevantly—as they carried Anne carefully on the charpoy. He prayed silently that the train would stop for that little man and his lantern.

The men heard the sound too and quickened their steps—the bearer and the orderly: Lal Gopal and his son.

"We must hurry!" Paul urged.

Ram Lal reached the railway line out of breath. Just as he arrived there the headlight of the engine cut the darkness like a giant sword.

The exhaust was loud as the engine started to pick up speed. Then it rounded the curve and its glaring eye was full upon him. He waved the lantern wildly to and fro.

"Ram Lal, have a care!" Amarnath shouted, above the thunder of the approaching train. "Leave the line, the driver sees you not!"

Then the engine whistled. Once, twice, three times!

"He sees the lantern," shrieked Ram Lal, "but the train still comes on!"

At that moment the roar of the exhaust died away, and they heard the brakes applied.

"He stops!" Ram Lal gasped, and leapt from the line as the engine thundered past, the glare from its open fire-box shining on their sweat-streaked brown faces. But it was stopping quickly now.

The engine-driver leaned out and shouted unintelligibly. Ram Lal continued to wave his lantern. Rows of lighted windows flashed past, then slowed, as the great train came

Continuing . . . The Lantern

from page 9

to a halt. Carriage windows were thrown open and people were calling out.

The engine-driver and the guard were approaching from opposite ends of the train, angry at being stopped and demanding an explanation.

In the sudden quiet, Ram Lal heard a babble of voices approaching from the village, and, turning, saw the flicker of an electric torch.

Leaving the head-man to explain matters, he stripped the tattered red silk from the lantern and hastened to meet Paul and those carrying the charpoy. They had an escort now—a crowd of excited villagers. The dust rose in clouds.

"Back!" cried Ram Lal, indignantly. "The Memsahib is hurt and you—you all crowd close to look—and no one even brings a light!"

"Never mind, Ram Lal," Paul laid a hand on his shoulder. "We are here—thanks to you."

Ram Lal watched Paul hurry forward as a carriage door opened, and it was but a matter of minutes before gentle hands had lifted the slight figure from the charpoy and into the carriage. The guard blew his whistle and the train began to move. Paul leaned from the carriage doorway—

"Thank you, Ram Lal—all of you—"

"It is nothing, Sahib."

"I will return—as soon as I can—to reward you—the distance was increasing rapidly—" "my orderly will stay with the car—"

"Have no anxiety, Sahib," Ram Lal and Amarnath called above the noise of the train. "We will look to your affairs."

Paul watched the two figures growing rapidly smaller. They had placed the lantern on the ground and they stood side by side in its circle of light, watching the departing train, their hands together as if in prayer, in the graceful Hindu gesture of greeting and farewell.

Ten days had passed.

It was the hour of sunset and shadows lay long on the ground. The air was heavy with wood smoke and spiced with the pungent smell of cooking, for the village women were preparing the evening meal.

It had been another exciting day. Nothing ever happened in Marauli, then—the shooting accident, the stopping of the train—and now today! The villagers crowded closer, squatting in a circle round Ram Lal.

This was life—this was adventure!

"Tell us all," they begged, "tell us everything."

"Well," Ram Lal drew a deep breath, "the days passed and I began to fear that all was not well. Then of a sudden, today, the Sahib returned and I knew by the brightness of his eye that the Memsahib was recovered. He went first to the house of the head-man—which is proper—and what reward he gave I know not, but Amarnath is full of praise for the Sahib's generosity."

Lal Gopal, and his son also, were not forgotten.

"The Sahib brought a man, who mended the car, then he and the orderly loaded it with the camp gear which was in the care of Amarnath—after that he came to me."

Ram Lal was savoring his triumph to the utmost. He paused deliberately, the longer to enjoy it.

"But I weary you," he said, trying to suppress a smile. "It is of no consequence."

"Nay, nay, brother," protested his hearers, "we are all ears."

Ram Lal laughed aloud in his happiness. He raised his hand and an expectant hush fell on the crowd.

"First, to our child, Duli Chand, the Sahib gave a wrist-watch, such as soldiers wear."

"Shabash! Bravo!" they cried.

"Then to my woman, a sari of great beauty. It has the colors of the peacock in full plumage, and its border is of gold! She cannot wear it, of course. Such magnificence is fit only for a Rance—but it is hers."

Murmurs of excited approval ran through the crowd.

"And you, brother? What reward did the Sahib give to you?"

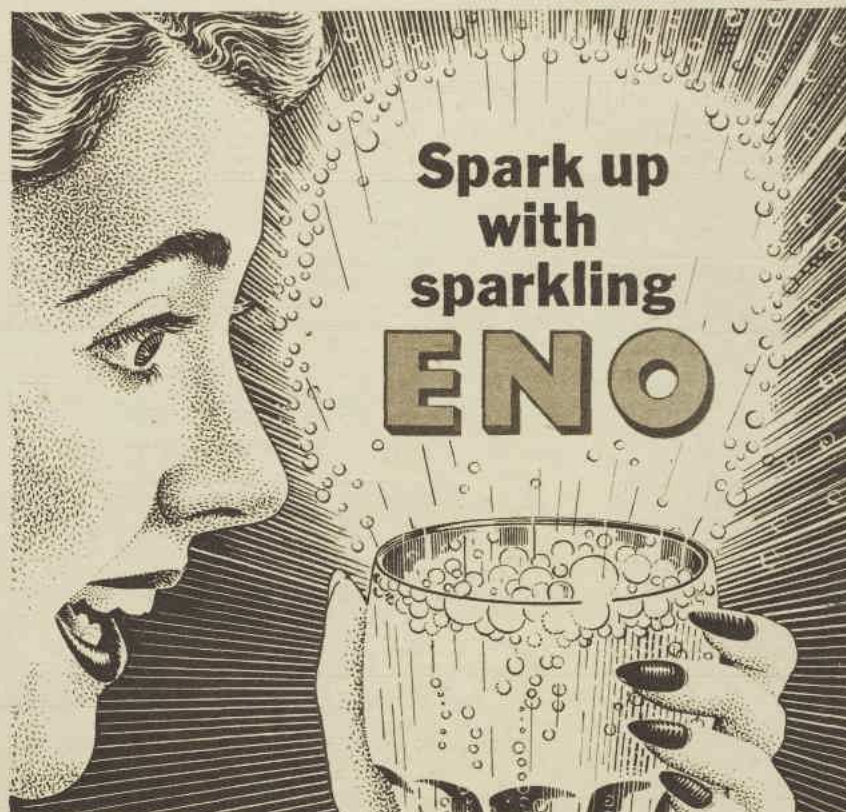
There was a breathless hush as Ram Lal drew from his clothing a slim grey book—a bank book! His voice trembled as he spoke of the Sahib's generosity; of a reward far in excess of his wildest dreams.

"He said he owed the Memsahib's life to my timely help. Whether that be true I know not; but this reward has put me and my family beyond the fear of winter—or any future winter. I say it of the Sahib, and I am grateful to him; but without doubt it was the lantern—the Diwali lantern—that lighted the goddess of good fortune to our house."

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One single product overcomes these
3 everyday problems

End upset stomach . . . 'jaded' feeling . . . sluggish system . . . with sparkling ENO



ENO acts in seconds . . . it's so refreshing

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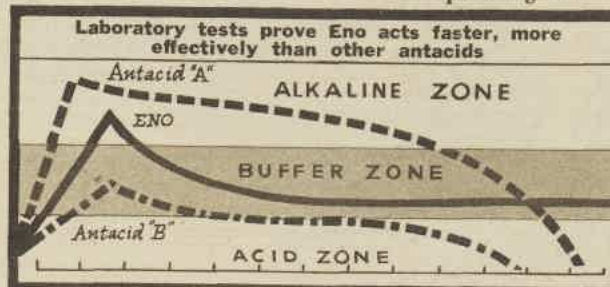
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 17, 1956

Page 51

linen towels that were changed daily. Karl Kingsley's Ladies' Room was one of the three reasons why Margaret liked his place so much.

The other two reasons were the battery of soundproofed phone booths at the back of the enormous neon-lighted showroom, and the fact that Karl allowed her account for gas and oil to run for months without sending her dunning notes.

"Fill it up," Margaret said as she got out of the car. "And I guess maybe you better check the oil, too, Harry. The old heap drinks the stuff."

"Yes, ma'am," said Harry Honor, the youngest and nicest of Karl Kingsley's employees. "What you want to do, Mrs. Gendron, you want to get yourself one of those snappy little English cars, then you'd never have to worry about oil."

"If the real estate business ever gets good enough so that I can afford to start throwing money around," Margaret said, "I won't begin with English cars."

She went across the part where the beautiful fuel pumps stood ranged like giant redwoods in an abstract painting, and pushed through the plate-glass door into the showroom.

Making her way up the aisle between the gleaming cars towards the phone booths at the back, she saw Karl Kingsley off in the far corner, where the display of English cars began. He was explaining the fine points of a cream-colored model to a woman with sunglasses.

Margaret stopped at the table of phone books and flipped the pages. Then she went into the first booth, sat down, and dialled the number. It rang for a long time. Margaret was about to hang up, and try again, when the ringing stopped and a breathless woman's voice came on the wire.

"Hello?"

"Mrs. Headland?"

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Headland, I don't know if you know me, but my name is Gendron. Margaret Gendron."

"The real estate broker?"

Continuing . . .

The Third Angel

from page 3

"Why, yes!" Margaret stared at the phone in surprise. "How did you—?"

"Would you hold the phone a moment, please?"

The breathless voice vanished. Turning with the phone and looking through the glass door of the booth, Margaret saw that Karl Kingsley and the woman in sunglasses had worked their way around the showroom to the little red sports car just outside, and to the right of the phone booth. Their backs were turned towards the booth, which suddenly seemed very hot. Margaret opened the door just a crack.

"Yes, it's lovely," the woman said. The tone of her voice was startling. She did not sound as though she was talking about an inanimate object. She reached out and touched the brown canvas top lovingly. "How many miles did you say it gets to the gallon?"

"Twenty-eight to thirty, which is not quite as good as that other one," Karl Kingsley said, "but still darn good, considering."

"Yes," the woman said. "It really is beautiful." The yearning in her voice was so unmistakable and marked that Margaret felt embarrassed, as though she were eavesdropping on an intimate exchange between lovers. "How about spare parts?" the woman said. "Repairs and things like that?"

"Well, they're an item, of course," Karl Kingsley said. "I mean, we've got the parts and all, but, naturally, coming all the way from England they're going to stand you a lot more than for an American car."

"Yes," the woman said, and she shook her head. "But it's lovely, just lovely."

By shaking her head she brought part of her face into view, and Margaret's eyes began to narrow with the beginnings of recognition, but just then Mrs. Headland's breathless voice came back on the wire.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Mrs. Gendron."

Margaret turned to the phone.

"I'm making a stew, you see, and Kate's taken the kitchen phone out of the plug and left it somewhere upstairs, I think, so I have to come all the way out here to answer the—"

Mrs. Headland's voice stopped. She had obviously paused to catch her breath. "But no matter," she said. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Gendron?"

FOR a startled moment Margaret didn't know. She wasn't quite sure she had heard correctly. From looking at the photographs in Selwyn Hite Steer's article half an hour ago, Margaret had carried away a definite picture of Kirkbean's interior. There was no place in that picture for the spectacle of the mistress of the great house dashing from a pot of stew in the kitchen to a phone at some far point on the ground floor.

"Why," Margaret said uneasily, "I was wondering if I could come to see you, Mrs. Headland."

"To see me?"

The mistress of Kirkbean sounded astonished. "About what, Mrs. Gendron?"

"Well, I'd rather not discuss it on the phone," Margaret said, and then, quickly, "I promise not to take up a lot of your time, Mrs. Headland."

There was a pause. It was filled quite clearly by Mrs. Headland's breathing.

"When would you like to come?"

"How about now?" Margaret said. "It's not quite five o'clock, and I could be there in a few—"

"No! Oh, no! Not now! I've got to finish the stew and then Kate will be back and she'll want . . ." Mrs. Headland paused, and she seemed to take a grip on herself. "No,

I'm sorry," she said, just as pleasantly but much more firmly. "I couldn't possibly see you now, Mrs. Gendron."

"Well, then, any time you—"

"No, I couldn't," Mrs. Headland said, even more firmly. "I couldn't possibly see you now, Mrs. Gendron."

"I know that," Margaret said. "You just told me . . ." she paused, and this time it was Margaret who took a grip on herself. Something was wrong and she wasn't at all sure that it was at the other end of the wire. "When could you see me, Mrs. Headland?" she said. "Tonight, perhaps? Or tomorrow morning?"

"Tonight?" Mrs. Headland repeated. "Or tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, any time," Margaret said. "At your convenience, Mrs. Headland. If you'll just tell me when I'll be there."

"I can't do that now," Mrs. Headland said, and then, quickly, with obvious relief, as though a difficult problem had unexpectedly solved itself. "But if you'll give me a ring to-night, Mrs. Gendron, I'll be in a better position to tell you."

The phone was dead before Margaret could thank her. She stared at it for a long perplexed moment. Then she shrugged, hung up, and came out of the booth. Walking across the showroom towards the door Margaret saw through the wide expanse of plateglass that the woman with the sunglasses had reached a plateau of calm in her love affair with the little red car.

She was out on the road where Karl Kingsley was helping her into the most battered station wagon Margaret had ever seen. A moment later Margaret realised that this was not quite accurate. She had seen this station wagon before.

"That girl," Margaret said as she pushed through the plateglass door. The station wagon was rolling into First

Street. "That's Kate Headland, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Karl Kingsley said, as he watched the station wagon disappear. "That's her, all right."

Margaret gave him a sharp glance.

"Is that the way to sound?" she said. "About a customer who's buying one of those little red English beauties?"

"It's not the way to sound about a customer," Karl Kingsley said sourly. "But it's the way to sound about her."

"What's the matter? Isn't her money as good as the next man's?"

"If she had any. But she comes in here every day and she looks at that car, killing my time with a lot of fool questions just like she's all ready to buy the thing, and then—"

Karl Kingsley's voice ended in a deep-throated growl of disgust. Margaret had the uneasy feeling that there was some connection between the curious conversation she had just finished with Mrs. Headland and the curious remarks Karl Kingsley was making about her daughter.

"And then what?" Margaret said. "Isn't she going to buy the car?"

"With what?" he said irritably. "Those Headlands, that crazy dame and her mother, they haven't got—"

"Okay, Mrs. Gendron," Harry Honor called across the hood of the car. "All set to roll."

"Thanks, Harry," Margaret called back. "Charge it, will you?"

Harry started to nod and wave his hand. In actual fact, he did nod and wave his hand. But there was a brief pause, a moment of hesitation, between the moment when Harry Honor apparently decided unconsciously to nod and wave and the moment when the small acts were consciously performed.

It brought back so vividly and strongly Mannie Crudini's moment of hesitation on Linscott Lane early in the morning that Margaret, in spite of her

sense of shock, was almost completely prepared for Karl Kingsley's next remark.

"Listen," the garage owner said suddenly, "I been meaning to talk to you about your account, Mrs. Gendron, the size the balance is getting to be, I mean."

"Two ninety-eight, two ninety-nine," Margaret chanted to herself, "and three hundred!"

She put down the silver-backed hairbrush that was part of the set Roger had given her on their fifth wedding anniversary, stood up, went to the door of her bedroom, and listened. Not a sound.

When she had looked in on David a half hour ago he had been sitting up in bed making marginal notes in his Boy Scout handbook. Across the hall, in the other bedroom, Susan had been reading. Now they were probably both asleep. Margaret glanced at her watch. Almost eleven-thirty.

She went back to the dressing-table and picked up the glass of water and the two yellow capsules. She swallowed them one after the other with a couple of quick sips. Then she carried the glass of water to the night table, slipped out of the heavy blue flannel robe, and got into bed. She pulled out the light and drew the covers up to her chin.

"This is the way it shapes up," Margaret said aloud, speaking across the squat jar of cold cream and the bottle of sleeping-tablets on the night table, sending her words towards the twin bed in which nobody had slept since 1944.

"Two things have to be kept in mind, Roger: first, my present financial condition, and second, this Headland business. Let's begin with the first. Roger, I need money," Margaret said. "Not the way we've needed it in the past. I mean badly, Roger. I need it the way we never needed it before. Listen."

She told him about the moment of shock early that

To page 55



Aywon's Harlequin and Penny

Gayest, cutest mother'n daughter separates ever!

Harlequin in Olympic Poplin (exclusive to Aywon). Colourful harlequin check combined with plain shades of orange, turquoise, pink, black and white. A plain blouse, 39/11; Overblouse, 45/-; Crossover Halter, 35/6; Strapless elasticised Halter, 42/-; Reversible Bra, 19/11; and in harlequin checks, Skirt, 75/-; Bloomer Shorts, 42/11; Short Shorts, 39/11; Pedal Pushers, 57/6. All in multiple fittings.

Penny in matching harlequin check and plain shades. Skirt, Shorts, Pedal Pushers, Capri Jacket, Overblouse in sizes 6-8-10-12 and 14, all elasticised for perfect fit. Prices according to size.

TRY THEM ON NOW IN YOUR FAVOURITE STORES EVERYWHERE.

Aywon

(PRONOUNCED A.I.)

the most exciting name in separates



DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

- A new, smart, and young approach to party-going is the Empire-line dress with a flare in the skirt.

THE dress illustrated at right was chosen in response to a number of requests for a short-skirted party-dress.

I chose the Empire-line because it is right in fashion for teenagers; and most of the queries came from the 16-to-18-year-old group.

Here is a typical letter and my reply:

"WOULD you please design a really pretty party frock in the latest style worn by teenagers? If a pattern is available for the frock, I would like one in size 34in. bust."

Illustrated is the design I have chosen in answer to your letter. The Empire-line bodice is accented with a contrasting (in material, not color) band, tailored bow, and streamer ends. The skirt has a graceful flare. The dress in the illustration is made in lace. However, it would look equally attractive made in embroidered crepe cotton, taffeta, or a plain or flower-printed cotton organdie.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Alongside the picture are further details and information on how to order.

"HOPE you will oblige me with advice on the following: I have a length of grey lightweight flannel I want to make into a between-season suit for a girl of 16. What type would be fashionable and smart?"

A cardigan-type suit, the jacket hip length, collarless, and easy fitting, plus a pleated skirt, is a current favorite for teenagers. Have the jacket buttoned low and the neckline open enough to show the blouse beneath. For the latter, pink-and-white or lilac-and-white striped cotton would look fresh and cool.

"I HAVE two lengths of material I want to combine to make a smart outfit. They are 34 yards of navy-blue printed on white and just under two yards of plain navy. I am an SSW fitting."

I suggest you use the printed material for a slim dress and the plain material for a bosom-length bolero jacket. Style



DS210.—Party dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36in. taffeta and 6 yds. 36in. lace. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

suggestions: Dress unbelted and moulded to the figure, neckline high, round, and collarless; jacket double-breasted and finished with a round collar and short, uncuffed sleeves.

"WOULD you please give me a suggestion for a plain day frock and an idea to make it more dressy for special occasions? I have my material; it is a very pretty shade of junior navy in a sort of soft, crepe-like material."

Two flying panels attached to a separate cummerbund would be a chic and simple means of converting a slender sheath dress into an ensemble for more formal occasions. Line the cummerbund and panels completely with a matching shade of taffeta, and use the same taffeta to line the sheath to below-knee length. The lining will give "body" to the cummerbund and panels, and help the sheath dress keep its slender shape.



Pyjama or nightie?

BOND'S give you both in lace-lavished glove silk

Bond's bring you one style — square necked and cap sleeved — in your choice of pyjama or nightie. What's more, that flattering neckline is deeply banded with nylon lace — to match the soft, caressable glove silk.

PYJAMA: Available in long or short styles. Top hangs loose from square yoke. Lower edge is lace trimmed. Colours: Peach, Sky and Maize. Sizes: SW-OS. Price: 32/11 with shortie pants, 39/11 with long pants.

NIGHTIE: Fitted midriff is held by ties — hem is lace trimmed. Colours: Peach, Sky, Maize. Sizes: SW-OS, 39/11; XOS, 44/-

(PRICES SUBJECT TO CONTROL IN EACH STATE)

it's knit... it's nice... it's **BOND'S**

Beauty in brief:

MEET THE SUN SLOWLY

By CAROLYN EARLE

- Sunburn time will soon be here again, and with it the usual queries on how to tan and what to do for a sunburn.

FROM the beauty angle there is, frankly, little new about sun-bathing. However, in view of the interest people invariably show, let us pose the two main questions on the subject and answer them.

- How can you get tanned without overdoing it?

Start with just a few minutes in the sun the first day and gradually increase the time. Apply a good suntan lotion.

If your skin burns easily, it is wise to

start sunning yourself after 3 p.m. Be careful between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.

Watch sensitive spots like the face and the shoulders, the legs, and the skin in front of the elbows and across the insteps.

- What can you do for a sunburn?

If the burn is severe, call medical aid, especially when the skin has blistered, as this could lead to infection.

If the burn is mild, a paste of baking soda and water or a medicated sunburn balm applied to the area is helpful.

Get rid of these dangerous *and annoying* insect pests *with*



Mortein Insect Powder

Mortein Insect Powder will rid your home of silverfish, cockroaches, ants or fleas with remarkable speed and effectiveness. It is specially recommended for the destruction of fleas on dogs because it is non-irritating. The original Mortein Insect Powder was the forerunner of all household insecticides in Australia and the new, improved Mortein Insect Powder is, to-day, the most modern of all insect powders. This proves the wisdom of the traditional Mortein slogan, "When you're on a good thing, stick to it."



Mortein Plus

Mortein Plus kills flies and all other insect pests with such speed and certainty that it outsells all other insect sprays by 4 to 1. Mortein, beyond all question, is the most powerful insect spray in Australia—and the safest to use. Mortein is fatal to flies but harmless to humans. There is no D.D.T. in Mortein. Its amazing insect-killing power results from the inclusion of pyrethrum and piperonyl butoxide in the exclusive Mortein formula.



Mortein Pressure★Pak

No sprayer required! When the button is pressed a highly penetrating mist of Mortein is released. This insect-killing mist floats into every part and corner of the room—even behind curtains and furnishings. It quickly kills all flies and mosquitoes. Properly used, Mortein Pressure★Pak goes very much further than ordinary fly sprays. Three to four seconds' spraying per room is sufficient. It will not taint foodstuffs, so can be used with complete safety at all times.

morning when Mannie Crudini had hesitated over the problem of advancing her credit for three dozen eggs. She reconstructed the scene in Karl Kingsley's garage late that afternoon, including the fat proprietor's exact words. And she sketched briefly a summary of the Susan problem.

None of this was really necessary. She talked to Roger so frequently and at such length that there was almost nothing he didn't know. Just the same, late at night, in the last minutes of lucidity before the sleeping-tablet began to work, Margaret found it helped her to gather together in a single knot the fragments of conversation she had directed at Roger during odd moments of the day.

"So much for how badly I need money," she continued. "Now for the way to put my hands on it, or this Headland business."

Carefully, with just enough detail to refresh her own recollections, she sketched her day, beginning with Mr. Marcus Moody's peculiar behaviour, touching on the information Annie Vroom had given her at lunch about Patterson Osler, adding the glimpse of Admiral Headland's home she had received from Selwyn Hite Steer on Matlock Hill, and ending with her first telephone conversation with Mrs. Headland from Karl Kingsley's garage.

"On the surface it seems simple enough," Margaret said. "Mr. Moody wants to buy Kirkbean. Either for himself, as he says, or for Patterson Osler, as Annie Vroom says. I'm a real estate broker who has been asked to handle the deal. So why don't I handle it? Especially since I need money like crazy, and if this deal does go through I may very well make myself a small fortune. Certainly enough to send Susan to Bennington as well as take care of everything we owe and give us a little security for a few months, besides. So what's wrong with it on the surface? What's the trouble? The trouble, Roger, is that I'm scared."

The word, emerging aloud in the darkened bedroom, took Margaret by surprise. This

was odd, since it had been rolling around in her mind for hours.

"Yes, scared," she said quietly. "On two grounds. First, it's the biggest deal I've ever even come near, much less handled, and it may well be too big. For me, I mean. Second, I don't believe Mr. Marcus Moody was telling me the truth, and there was a moment there when we were standing out on Julie Bierwirth's porch looking at Kirkbean when I got the feeling that Mr. Moody could be a pretty ugly customer. Especially to people who make a nuisance of themselves about finding out the truth. So here's my question, no kidding, Roger, tell me, am I such a person?"

What Roger would have told her, and Margaret Gendron well knew it, could be reduced to a single word. But Roger was dead and he couldn't talk back, so it was simple enough for his widow to pretend that instead of saying that particular word Roger would say — what would he say?

"I can duck the whole thing, or most of it, anyway, by accepting Annie Vroom's offer," Margaret said. "After all, Roger, if I take her in as a partner, you know Annie as well as I do, there won't be anything more for me to do. She'll take over and I won't have to lift a finger until she gives me my half of the commission and I have to take it down to the bank and deposit it. So why don't I do that?"

"Why, indeed? Because she was greedy? Because she preferred to have the entire commission for herself?"

"I don't think that's the answer, Roger," she said. "I don't even know how big the commission will be, and the state I'm in right now, financially speaking anyway, Roger, half of anything would look good to me. No, that's not it, Roger. What it is, what I think it is —"

Margaret paused. Even when she was all alone in her darkened bedroom speaking to a

dead man she couldn't quite say the words that would express, or come close to expressing, the feeling she had experienced while looking through the photographs that illustrated Selwyn Hite Steer's article about Kirkbean.

"Don't be sore, Roger," she said. "I'm not keeping anything back. Honest, I'm not. It's just that —"

For a long moment she did not understand why her words had stopped. Then, as she became aware of the tingling sensation in her fingertips, a sure sign that the drug had begun to work, she heard the blasting of the telephone bell. Margaret snatched the instrument from the night table.

"Hello?"

"Is this Swindon 2-3436?"

"Yes. Who?"

"One moment, please."

There was a roaring pause.

"Mrs. Gendron?"

"Yes. Who?"

"Marcus Moody, Mrs. Gendron."

"Oh, New York?"

"That she'd see me in the morning."

"Oh," Mr. Moody said.

"Then you haven't really spoken to her?"

"Not about how much she wants for Kirkbean. I'll do that in the morning. When I see her."

"What did Mrs. Headland say?"

"That she'd see me in the morning."

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"That she'd see me in the morning."

The Third Angel

from page 52

"Yes, of course, Mrs. Gendron. I'm calling from —" There was another pause, and then, very sharply, Mr. Moody said, "Mrs. Gendron, are you all right?"

Margaret made an effort. She came to the surface of the delicious torpor.

"Of course I'm all right," she said tartly. "I was asleep. It's quite late, Mr. Moody. For us country folk, anyway."

"I'm terribly sorry." The odd thing was that he sounded sorry. "I was going to call you in the morning, Mrs. Gendron, but, frankly, I couldn't wait."

"For what?"

"To find out if you've spoken to Mrs. Headland."

"I have," Margaret said, "twice. The second time just a little while ago."

"What did Mrs. Headland say?"

"That she'd see me in the morning."

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"Fine, Mrs. Gendron, fine. And you'll let me know at once what she says?"

"The minute I can get to a phone."

"Fine, Mrs. Gendron, fine. Good night."

Margaret fished in the dark for several moments before she found the hook and dropped the receiver into it.

"See?" she said aloud, through a yawn. "What was I telling you?"

Her eyes closed, but her sense of loyalty to Roger was stronger than the double dose of barbiturate. Roger had to be kept informed. No matter how tired she was, Margaret forced her eyes open at once.

"What else is there to report?" she said thickly. "Oh, yes. My brother Arthur is coming down tomorrow. He seems to be in Wellfleet. Don't ask me why, unless it's another divorce or something, although Arthur doesn't have anybody left to divorce, does he? Clark Tegher took the message, but he didn't report on that point."

Her eyes closed again. The sense of loyalty struggled, and was about to give up, when it stumbled on a final hard fact. "Oh, yes," Margaret muttered drowsily. "Our sign and our mailbox. Guess what, Roger?"

She waited, as though she expected him to accept her invitation and actually make a guess, and the delay cost her a gentle snore. Margaret fought it off with a sleepy giggle.

"They're back," she said. Margaret giggled again. "Quite a day, Roger," she said thickly, "quite a day."

It was the sort of morning on which everything seems possible. The sun was high and bright. The breeze whipping in off the Sound had a crisp, invigorating edge. Even the slight dizziness and faint nausea, Margaret's daily payment for a good night's sleep, could not diminish her confidence. Enthusiastically, she addressed herself to the wheel of the car, to the long sweeping stretch of beach, to Roger, and to the world at large.

"This," Margaret Gendron said, "is going to be my day!"

She turned the car off Shore Road. At once her mind recorded this was the first time she had ever been on the Kirkbean causeway. As a real estate broker, with a professional eye for those aspects of a property that might dampen a prospective purchaser's enthusiasm, Margaret noted that the causeway was in terrible shape.

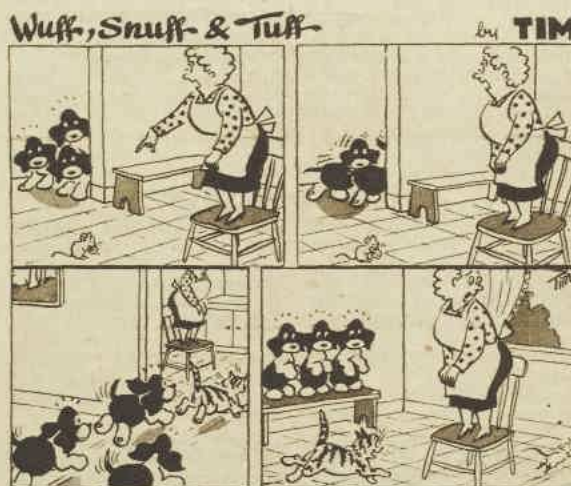
It was mounted on wood, mounted on cement pilings, and it was obvious that almost nothing had been done to it for many years. It needed not only paint, but Margaret noted nervously, actual bolts and nails. A great many of the planks were loose. They rattled ominously under the car's slowly turning wheels. Fortunately, the causeway was not very long.

With the wheels of the car back on solid ground, Margaret's enthusiasm returned. As she sent the car up the long, circular gravel driveway, towards the huge stone house that Marcus Moody coveted and for which the New York lawyer was apparently willing to pay anything the owner asked, Margaret found herself wondering if it might not be wiser, instead of sending Susan to Bennington at once, to send her abroad for a year first.

After all, Bennington was not what might be described as inaccessible, and Ben Inch was resourceful. If he couldn't borrow his uncle's car, Margaret wouldn't put it beyond the young thug to steal one. A year abroad would not only put Susan definitely beyond his reach; it would also put a lot of new ideas into her head, and perhaps even a few attractive and eligible young men in her path.

Margaret was well aware that it might sound silly, for a woman who owed Mannie Crudini seven dollars and thirty-five cents, to be thinking about sending her daughter abroad for a year. Margaret, however, was also aware of property values. And the fact that this was her day. Nobody

To page 56



World-renowned authority on social etiquette —



Emily Post suggests

Coffee in the Living Room

"It's nice to drink your coffee in the living room even after an informal dinner," says Emily Post. "After-dinner coffee is customarily served black, but when it comes to *creamed coffee* (a favourite with us all!) then 'cream' it with Ideal Evaporated Milk. Nescafé with Ideal makes the richest, *creamiest* coffee imaginable."

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NESTLÉ'S
100% PURE
COFFEE
NESCAFÉ

NA23-56

Career Housewife



WORKING WIFE, Mrs. D. Brennan, Victoria Street, Potts Point, Sydney, has a job many housewives would envy. Glamorously gowned, with beautiful make-up and hair-do, she stands on a pedestal in the foyer of the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, the centre of all eyes as she greets patrons and directs them to their location in the theatre.

WITH A WAVE OF HER WELL-GROOMED HAND

With hands always in the spotlight, Mrs. Brennan must keep them attractive and well-groomed. It isn't always easy when you do your own washing, but Mrs. Brennan has the answer. She says: "On washday I always use Persil because it's so wonderfully kind and gentle. Persil keeps my hands soft and smooth."

P.141.WW62g

Mercolized Wax brings you...

Beauty while you sleep!



AT BEDTIME. message pure Mercolized Wax gently into your skin. Feel it soften and smooth the texture of your face.



WHILE YOU SLEEP. Mercolized Wax rejuvenates "tired" facial tissues... smoothes away fine lines and wrinkles... dissolves dry skin particles.

IN THE MORNING. wake with a fresh, clear skin... softer and younger-looking... thanks to Mercolized Wax. Face the new day with new beauty... new radiance.



AS A MAKE-UP BASE, for complexion beauty all day long, Mercolized Wax is non-greasy... makes skin smooth and velvety.

Mercolized Wax nourishes and stimulates... penetrating deep down into the pores... dissolving dry skin particles... and revealing your skin in all its natural radiance.

Mercolized Wax
cream

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because they know they'll get years of wear from SPHINX, the handkerchiefs made from finest Egyptian cotton, with guaranteed fast colours. Each SPHINX is individually wrapped in cellophane—you'll see them in the counter container with the luminous display. There's such a choice of self colours, coloured borders and white satin stripes at 3/2 each. Plain white hemstitched are 2/10 each and individually initialed handkerchiefs 3/9. For special occasions, there are gift boxes at 9/6 for three or 19/- for six.



CAIRO men's handkerchiefs, in colours only, are 2/10 each. For ladies, of course, the name is IDEAL; colours only, at 1/11.



SPHINX

men's handkerchiefs are made by:
Commonwealth Handkerchief Co. Ltd.

6145 Wentworth Avenue, Sydney, N.S.W. MA3967

Continuing . . .

The Third Angel

[from page 55]

who banked on commission on the sale of Kirkbean would have any trouble sending a daughter abroad for a year.

"In fact," Margaret said aloud as she stopped the car in front of the massive front door, "I am full of enough confidence this morning to predict that—"

Astonished, she forgot her prediction and stared. The massive front door had opened. A woman in a red-and-white-checked apron was coming down the stone steps.

"Mrs. Gendron?"

"Yes?"

Margaret got out of the car quickly.

"I'm Mrs. Headland." The woman in the checked apron held out her hand and smiled. "I'm making a pumpkin pie," she said. "I've never done one before with canned pumpkins, and I—have you, by the way?"

"Made a pumpkin pie?"

"Yes, using canned pumpkins?" Mrs. Headland said.

"Have you?"

"Oh, yes," Margaret said.

"Many times."

Mrs. Headland was leading her up the stone steps.

"Well, I never have, and I'm a little nervous about it."

Mrs. Headland laughed. "The recipe says bake for twenty-five minutes." She glanced at her watch, and then she spoke more quickly. "Four more minutes," Mrs. Headland said.

"Would you mind, Mrs. Gendron, if I—"

"Of course not."

"Please make yourself comfortable," Mrs. Headland said.

"I'll be right back."

She hurried out through an archway at the far end of the room. Watching her go, Margaret realised that the word "room" was inadequate. She turned to look around and at once her mind released fragments from the captions Selwyn Hite Steer had written for the photographs that illustrated his "House and Garden" piece on Kirkbean:

"The entrance hall of Kirkbean is a striking chamber, part library, part museum, part living-room, part way-station in a household that . . ."

It was all of that, Margaret saw, and more. Just what the "more" was she couldn't quite say. Puzzled, she began to check the things she saw against the descriptions Selwyn Hite Steer had written.

The fireplace was huge. The small grate, containing a handful of glowing coals, did seem lost in its vastness. The wall to the left of the fireplace was lined with bookshelves and curio cabinets made of heavy, stained oak.

Wondering where she had got this impression Margaret saw that Mrs. Headland was a small person, not exactly heavy but with a stocky figure. She looked square and solid. As a result the delicacy of her features and her long, slender fingers seemed a little incongruous. Then Mrs. Headland set down the tray and she looked up across the silver coffee-pot, and she smiled, and Margaret saw that the incongruity didn't matter. It was the smile of a person who lived by an inner fire.

"You will have a cup of coffee, Mrs. Gendron, won't you?" she said. "I find I'm all right, I can get through

Swiftly, with a glance towards the archway through which Mrs. Headland had disappeared, Margaret went to the curio cabinet and took down a humidor. She ran her hand along the top. Her fingers came away covered with dust. Margaret put the humidor back on the shelf. Even before she went to the fireplace and ran her hand along the marble mantelpiece, Margaret knew what the "more" was: the Headlands were broke.

Not broke in the way that rich people frequently used the word, saying they were broke when they really meant they were a trifle uncomfortable. The Headlands were really broke. Margaret, blowing the dust from her hands, could tell. The Headlands could not afford what even she, desperate though she was for money, could still afford: Clark Tegher.

"Anyone who can't afford a cleaning man once a week is going to be very glad to get Mr. Marcus Moody's offer," Margaret said softly. "Susan, before you go to Bennington you're going abroad for a year, so you might as well start packing right now."

"I beg your pardon?"

Margaret turned. Mrs. Headland had come in through the archway. She was carrying a tray.

"I was just admiring this room," Margaret said. "I've never seen anything like it."

"You won't anywhere."

There was neither arrogance nor pride in the simple statement. Only quiet certainty. Margaret stared hard at Mrs. Headland and saw, with some astonishment, that the admiral's widow appeared to be about her own age. Margaret didn't know why, but she had assumed Mrs. Headland was a much older woman.

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"You will have a cup of coffee, Mrs. Gendron, won't you?" she said. "I find I'm all right, I can get through

the day without too much trouble, if I can just sit down along about ten-thirty and three-thirty for a cup of coffee. How do you like it, Mrs. Gendron?"

"Just black, thank you."

"So do I. You know, when I first got married I couldn't stand coffee unless it was doctored with cream and sugar until you could scarcely taste the coffee, but the Admiral taught me to—"

She stopped and she smiled. "I am a widow, Mrs. Gendron," she said. "We are a loquacious breed."

"I know," Margaret said. "I belong to the club."

"Really?" Mrs. Headland said with interest. "Very long?"

"Long enough," Margaret said. She took the cup Mrs. Headland was holding out to her. "Since 1944."

"The war?"

Margaret nodded.

"I'm so sorry," Mrs. Headland said. "When?"

"Minitayo."

There was a long moment of silence. Staring across the coffee-pot into Mrs. Headland's eyes, Margaret saw first that they were so pale they seemed bottomless, and second that a faint film of tears had welled up in them.

"I have a letter from my husband that came several weeks after he—after it happened, but the letter was written the morning the action started," Mrs. Headland said in a low voice. "He wrote that he had no doubt about the result because—because he was commanding only brave men."

"Thank you," Margaret said quietly.

Mrs. Headland smiled again.

"And now, my dear, what can I do for you?"

"Well, actually, Mrs. Headland, I think it's sort of the other way round."

"I'm afraid I don't understand?"

"Mrs. Headland, how much do you want for Kirkbean?"

Margaret was disappointed. She had expected the direct question to startle Mrs. Headland. Instead, the admiral's widow merely looked puzzled.

"I'm afraid I still don't understand, Mrs. Gendron."

"I'm sorry," Margaret said. "I thought you did because when I called you on the phone yesterday you said you knew I was a real estate broker."

"Yes, of course. I've seen your advertisements in 'The Star'."

"Well, I happen to have a

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"Well, I happen to have a

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KITCHEN EMBROIDERY



SIMPLE CROSS-STITCH MOTIFS of fruit, glasses, animals, and kitchen articles are featured on embroidery transfer No. 211. Embroidered in bright colors on tea-towels, aprons, or on kitchen curtains they would make a lovely set for your home. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

PARTY HANDS

By
MARGARET MERRIL

Party time is the time for sophisticated fingers and with this thought in mind, may I give you some suggestions.

First, nail polish. It should match or harmonise with your lipstick, while both should blend with dress and accessories; there is nothing more shattering than clashing reds. It is important to remember when choosing polish that orange tones should not be worn against hands, while a red skin should not be a background for blue-toned polish. Be clever with polish—accent a feature of your dress by matching your nails to say, a ring, a feather in your hat or a favourite brooch. For evening, too, there are the romantic iridescent polishes which can add charm to your fingers. The young girl should wear either a clear polish or palest rose, while the older woman should avoid brilliant or deep colourings.

If your hands are inclined to perspire at an important function, dab your palms with antiperspirant lotion for 15 minutes, allowing it to dry properly and then dust with talc.

Lastly, do not forget a weekly manicure and a nightly massage. At night be regular with the exercise I have mentioned so often before—smooth on an imaginary pair of gloves, working in Oil of Ulan, which will guarantee white, supple fingers.

(Copyright: Margaret Merrill Beauty School.)

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The KORBOND "Make a Belt" Kit, with wonderful PLAYBOND lining, gives you a professional belt for your frock. It dry cleans, washes, stays stiff. Buckle, tongue, lining and eyelets complete. 2/11, at all stores.

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TABLETS STOP ODOURS
Rub a piece of onion on your hand. Moisten a Stopper. Rub it over the spot. Onion odour disappears at once. Swallow one and all odours disappear from your breath the same way.

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning October 15

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

| | | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|---|---|
| ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 | ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, all pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. There's luck in loving. | ★ Everything rolls on wheels if you do the heaviest part of your work in the mornings, when speed, boldness, initiative pay off handsomely; rest later in the day. | ★ Make plans for home improvement, even if it's a bold investment. If disagreements spring up, force no issues and sidestep family conflicts which settle nothing. | ★ You should expect the boy or girl friend to be popular with the opposite sex. A bit of competition stimulates interest. Meet the challenge with good humor. | ★ Your prestige in certain circles could be thrown into the scale, weighing them in favor of a newcomer who has talents and enthusiasm, but is an unknown. |
| TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 | ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. There is luck in serving others. | ★ If your spirits need a lift, don't gamble. Buy a new hat to boost morale, spend a bit more on clothes or pleasure, either for yourself or to appease loved ones. | ★ Responsibilities weigh heavily if you are preoccupied with home finances; don't take on more than you can handle or sail too close to the wind. Allow yourself a margin. | ★ Let the beloved know that you are dependable and that you value him for other qualities than mere physical attraction. Some personal anxiety may react in your favor. | ★ Don't discount the help or hindrance that others can bring to bear on your important projects. Listen to the voice of intuition during the evenings this week. |
| GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 | ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, green. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck will seek you out. | ★ Should an early call to account upset your digestion, or should you be disappointed because someone fails to carry out a promise, don't blow your top. Repair damage. | ★ What you spend on a party for congenial friends gives you all a lift. Take pleasure in your home even if it does not entirely conform to your ideals. | ★ Don't attempt to keep the one and only in doubt about your affection. This is no time for teasing. A sincere attitude will bring far more happiness to both. | ★ If you provide the ideas, consult with others on the financing. Your zeal is inclined to outrun possible practical and social returns. Exercise caution. |
| CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 | ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck is within your home. | ★ The opportunity is there, as big as your dream and your shrewdness in putting yourself over. Financial suggestions are to be implemented by know-how and a quick decision. | ★ Allow extra time for all tasks; delays are trying, so are unplanned interruptions; don't let them get you down. Insist on thrift in the household to meet high costs. | ★ Your love affair may be reaching a critical stage; perhaps you come to a decision, which your friends anticipated, or you drift apart for no particular reason. | ★ Don't expect much in the way of startling news or sudden success in connection with any activity, but you can gain the goodwill of influential people. |
| LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 23 | ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black and silver. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck will be found on a busy corner. | ★ The advice of elders or more experienced people should not be discarded merely because it is too conservative for your tastes. Meet present obligations first. | ★ Furious activity on the home base yields results. Refurbish, undertake simple repairs yourself. Some of you are busy seeking new quarters or redecorating. | ★ If you are not prepared to accompany the one you love best to those diversions most favored by him or her, you cannot complain if you are left right out. | ★ Should an unusual twist confuse you at a hectic moment, don't lose your head and feel obliged to apologize later. Remain pleasant and calm; you'll win praise for poise. |
| VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24 - SEPTEMBER 23 | ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck lies in striking a bargain. | ★ Since you are at present likely to mix sentiment with business, you can do so safely, buying for home or family, but taking care of small extravagances. | ★ Make a bold bid for more money to spend and more room to throw your weight around. Your best argument lies in careful accounting of housekeeping money. | ★ Don't be too harsh in your criticism of the beloved's behaviour on a social occasion. Etiquette is not so important; little slips may pass unnoticed. | ★ If there are conflicts between social and home obligations, face them squarely and decide wisely. Otherwise don't permit a too rigid sense of duty to spoil harmless fun. |
| LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 | ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck lies in making an impression. | ★ Be diplomatic even if provoked. Sidestep personalities and avoid argument. Decline also to lend or borrow from associates; remain on friendly terms with everybody. | ★ Problems that looked insuperable early in the week yield a good solution later. Discard prejudice based on snobishness and learn from those "in the know." | ★ The dashing stranger from out of town may capture your imagination and cause you to leave the old, steady, reliable boy next door high and dry. Be cautious. | ★ Try to finish what has been already started before tackling new enterprises. If an office-bearer, do not put off club work until the last minute, but do it promptly. |
| SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23 | ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck will be found in a guess. | ★ Follow the line of your spontaneous interest. Do things with a dramatic flourish; playing to the grandstand will advertise your abilities and lead to developments. | ★ If you are criticized and promptly draw into your shell, you will make yourself unhappy and ruin family harmony. Have it out, but do not brood. | ★ A dash of imagination, if used in moderation, can be a potential attraction. So if you think you are becoming prosaic and dull, do something about it. | ★ You may have to depend on others to advance your social fortunes, even if this goes against the grain. Particularly if you are seeking election to a club. |
| SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 23 | ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. There's luck in working together. | ★ Get on the bandwagon with the crowd. Later find out where it's going, and check your enthusiasm with commonsense. Keep your mind open for surprises, new ideas. | ★ Be sure of your ground; reject "over-the-back-fence" remedies. If the occasion arises, get expert advice from those properly qualified to give it, and act on it. | ★ As a firebird you are exciting and impatient for romantic thrills. Better be off with the old before being on with the new or complications will result. | ★ If you feel your present programme weighing heavily on you, consult loved ones, the family, and you can be sure they will support any decision you make. |
| CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24 - JANUARY 19 | ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. There is luck in asking a favor. | ★ Eliminate clutter and neglected detail. Accept offers to help you clear the decks. Unless you can get more work done for the time invested, leisure will vanish. | ★ If you feel in a rut, or your family demands too much, take every opportunity to revive old skills and cultivate new ones with an eye to future material benefits. | ★ Is the beloved politely formal, showing only slight interest in you from the romantic point of view? You may be so cool and poised that he is afraid of you. | ★ Make careful arrangements in your social department. Keep a list of engagements, noting time and place. Allow a reasonable interval between appointments. |
| AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 | ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck is on the broad highway. | ★ Early birds are full of get up and go, restless, eager for excitement. Late risers may not get started at all, just content to drift vaguely, accomplishing nothing. | ★ For some of you a change in the domestic set-up—a member of the household arrives or leaves, or some outside factor alters the general routine of domesticity. | ★ You are gay and charming and filled with the spirit of adventure; the same old round of dates may be no longer inspiring. Try out new places, new entertainments. | ★ Put the past squarely behind you and accept mistakes as valuable lessons which there is no need to repeat. Look to the future and do not let others discourage you. |
| PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 | ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck is in a thrift campaign. | ★ Beginnings are favored, if along well-planned, conservative lines, but a dash of novelty in method or presentation won't go amiss. Financial ventures could meet success. | ★ Money or a lavish gift goes a long way to heal injured feelings. Make peace offerings if you think it desirable, but don't go overboard or promise too much. | ★ Turn on the feminine charm, be elusive, and you'll keep him fascinated. Don't forget a different hairdo or a mad hat. It will make him smile, but he'll love it. | ★ You can benefit through your social connections or club affiliations provided you are keeping a firm grip on expenditures, which show a tendency to soar. |

You can actually feel what's going on inside you ...that dangerous congestion breaking up

Science hasn't yet solved the problem of how a cold is caused. Only this much is certain... the faster you get rid of germ-packed congestion the faster you'll get rid of your cold. Bonnington's Irish Moss gets rid of dangerous congestion faster than anything else you can take. It's the pectoral oxymer of carrageen* in

Bonnington's that does this. You can actually feel what's going on inside you... you can feel the congestion breaking up. Harsh, hacking coughs quickly take on a different, "relieved" character as the cold breaks up. You can see for yourself that the more often you sip the more often the congestion comes away!

*Carrageen is a moss or seaweed found in a few restricted areas of the world. The carrageen used in Bonnington's Irish Moss is collected on the Northern Coast of Ireland.



Keep up that steady Sip Sip Sip

You've got to take care of a cold whilst you're at work as well as at home. Bonnington's Irish Moss makes this easy because you don't have to mix it with anything. You can sip it straight from the bottle. Buy two bottles at a time. One for work. One for home.



IT PENETRATES!

If you're taking Bonnington's Irish Moss for the first time you'll probably be surprised by its pleasant taste. Although it gets the better of the very worst colds, you can give it to tiny tots or elderly people with complete confidence. It soothes the most inflamed membranes. It eases the hurt of the most violent coughs.

Sip... Sip... Sip
straight from the bottle of
BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS
100 soothing sips in every 3 1/2 bottle



client, Mrs. Headland, who is interested in buying Kirkbean."

"But, my dear, I'm not interested in selling." For a moment Margaret could not quite believe she had heard correctly. She turned to look at the humidor from which her fingers had come away covered with dust. "I'm afraid I'm not making myself clear," Margaret said. "This isn't a fishing expedition, Mrs. Headland. I really do have a client and he's more than interested. He wants Kirkbean and he wants it badly enough to pay anything you ask. He told me to tell you that price was no object with him."

"But neither is it with me," Mrs. Headland said. "I have no desire to sell, no matter how much your client offers." She spoke quietly but firmly, and it was possible that she was afraid her firmness might be mistaken for rudeness, because all at once Mrs. Headland set down her cup and she leaned forward.

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear," she said. "I hate to cause you to lose a commission, but I'm really not interested in—"

"That's all right," Margaret said sharply. "I wasn't thinking of a commission. I was—"

Her voice stopped. She could feel her face grow hot. You didn't reach her age without learning to utter small lies constantly without embarrassment or even thought. This was the first time, however, in her life that a lie, and a small one at that, had made Margaret Gendron feel cheap.

The Swindon Town Hall was a grey stucco building and it was generally considered to be the ugliest man-made structure in Connecticut, but Margaret always felt that its detractors overlooked one thing: the building was a perfect setting for George Gruendahl, the town's tax collector.

George was a small man. Hunchbacks, Margaret had noticed, were seldom large. But George had a very large face and his small features

Continuing . . .

The Third Angel

[from page 56]

"Well, remember that I'm part of the town, George, and listen."

"I am all ears." "You know the Headland property?" Margaret said. "That island off Shore Road they call Kirkbean?"

"Like the palm of my hand, Margaret. What about it?"

"The taxes paid up?"

"Nope."

"They far behind?"

"Near six years."

"Huh?"



"How did you enjoy your dinner, sir?"

"You asked how far behind the Headlands are in their taxes, Margaret, and I said near six years. Why do you give me the big 'huh'?"

"I always say 'huh!' when I am astonished," she said. "Six years is a long time to let a tax-bill ride, isn't it?"

"Too long, Margaret."

"How much is it in money?"

"Seventeen thousand, eight hundred and twenty-nine dollars and thirty-three cents, including penalties."

Margaret stared in astonishment.

"How come, George, you can rattle me off a figure like that without looking it up?"

"I can't."

"You just did."

"Because I just looked it up."

"When?"

"Half hour ago."

"Why?"

"Annie Vroom was in here asking me."

"Oh," Margaret said.

An hour ago, just before she turned off Shore Road on to the causeway that led to Kirkbean, she had been telling herself that it was the sort of morning on which everything seems possible. She had certainly told herself a mouthful.

There didn't seem to be an end to the things that could

happen on a morning like this one. "Well, why don't you take up Annie's offer?" Margaret said. "What difference does it make to the town if it gets its back taxes from Mrs. Headland or from Annie Vroom by way of Eric Household?"

George Gruendahl took the cigar stub out of his mouth again. "Any other house it wouldn't make any difference at all, Margaret. Any other property, say it was a certain house up on Linscott Lane that's behind only a nought one, nine, twenty-six for the quarter, plus a eleven eighty-five penalty, we wouldn't hesitate one minute, Margaret. We'd sell to anybody just so the town got its dough. But this thing."

Astonished, Margaret saw that the assessment book on which George Gruendahl had been leaning was open at the page showing the strip of Shore Road that ran south from Julie Bierwirth's restaurant. George Gruendahl's forefinger rose and fell, beating out a gentle tattoo on the map, the grimy fingernail falling a quarter of an inch short of the north end of the tiny island.

"This thing is different, Margaret."

"Why?"

"This thing is the home of Admiral Fulton Stephen Headland," the tax collector said. "How do you think this town is going to look if it breaks in the newspapers all over the country that we sold the home of the hero of Minutayo, sold it right over the head of his wife and daughter for the miserable back taxes?"

"My husband died at Minutayo," Margaret said. "How would it look in the papers if you sold my house on Linscott Lane for the miserable back taxes?"

"If we sold your house, Margaret, it wouldn't get in the papers."

They stared at each other across the assessment book for several silent moments. Then George Gruendahl smiled.

"But I'll tell you what I can do," he said cheerfully. "If you're interested in a bargain,

Margaret looked at him closely. "What else did Annie say?"

George Gruendahl unplugged the cigar stub from the corner of his mouth. "She said if we grabbed Kirkbean for the back taxes Annie said she'd guarantee to take it off our hands the same day, even if she had to put up the seventeen, nearly eighteen, thousand bucks herself."

Margaret tried to show nothing of what she felt. This was difficult, since she wasn't sure about what she felt. Astonishment? Anger? Perplexity? Or the tangled combination of emotions contained in the question: What the devil is going on here, anyway? Margaret spoke angrily.

"Annie doesn't have that kind of money."

"I guess she knows where she can get it," George Gruendahl said dryly.

That was the trouble. Mar-

garet didn't know. But she felt she should. Yesterday Annie had been wooing Margaret, asking her to cut Annie in on whatever it was Marcus Moody had asked Margaret to do for him. Today, Annie Vroom seemed to be acting on her own. How had she found out that what Marcus Moody had asked Margaret to do for him was buy Kirkbean?

"Why hasn't the town grabbed Kirkbean and sold it for the taxes?" Margaret said. "Seventeen thousand dollars, almost eighteen, George, that's a lot of money."

"You bet it is and don't think we haven't thought about it," George Gruendahl said. "The only thing is, a place like that, the size of it, a whole island with a causeway and docks and what not, you grab it for back taxes and what have you got? A white elephant. The same problem on your hands that the owner now has on his. Upkeep. So we do take it over. Who we going to sell it to, Margaret? A place like that? Why, a man has to be a millionaire even to think about it."

"There are millionaires around, George."

"That's what Annie Vroom said."

Margaret looked at him closely. "What else did Annie say?"

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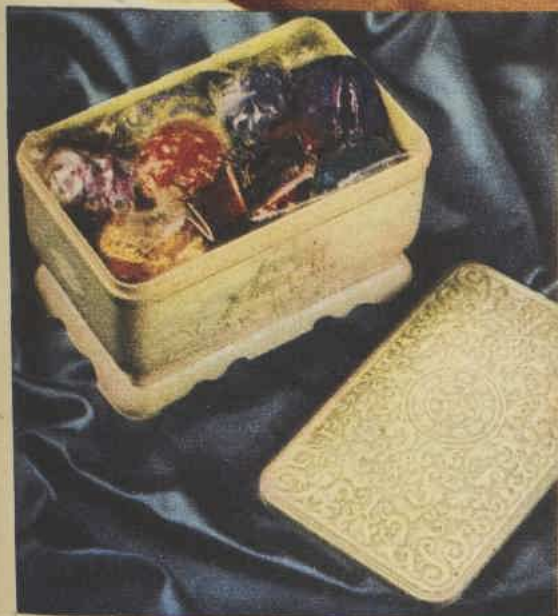
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Continuing

The Third Angel

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here, we can let you have the Furthgast property." The grimy fingernail moved another quarter of an inch, across the gap of water spanned by the causeway, and came to rest on the mainland.

"We took it over four years ago because Bix Furthgast was so far behind in his taxes we knew he'd never catch up, and Bix knew it, too." George Gruendahl laughed. "We've had it four years and it looks like we'll have it forty more unless we can get some wise old apple like you, Margaret, to take it off our hands."

Margaret did not feel like a wise old apple. She felt like a fool. Why had she said that about Roger and Minitayo? To George Gruendahl, of all people?

"That's all I need," Margaret said as she picked up her purse. "A hunk of rotten marshland."

"Oh, I don't know," George Gruendahl said. He hunched himself happily into a more comfortable resting-place on the assessment book. "Pretend you're talking to one of those suckers you and Annie Vroom call customers," he said. "Give yourself a sales talk. Eight lovely acres! Facing the fresh sea breezes and the beautiful home of Admiral Fulton Stephen Headland, the conqueror of Minitayo! Almost all eight of these acres guaranteed to be above water at least twelve hours a day! You'll never get another bargain like this one! Take it away for a twenty-two hundred bucks! Hey!" The tax collector called. "Where you going?"

Margaret didn't answer. She banged the door so hard behind her that the glass panel hummed.

Margaret's irritation carried her across the street and into the Swindon Bank and Trust Company. She knew Herbert Dirksen was the man she had to talk to now.

"Good morning, Sadie," she said to Dirksen's secretary. "His nbs around?"

"Mr. Dirksen happens to be in a meeting."

Sadie Wishingrad didn't exactly say it with a sniff. But her cute little nose made a disdainful movement that would have been the perfect accompaniment to a sniff. To the rest of the world Herbert Dirksen may have been a thin-lipped cold fish who soaked you five per cent. for your mortgage money, but to his secretary he was obviously a creature set apart from mere men.

"What kind of meeting, Sadie?"

"Really, Mrs. Gendron, I'm not at liberty to reveal things like that."

"I'm not asking you to reveal anything. What I want to see him about is important, and if he's really in a meeting, something he can't be dragged out of, then I'll come back whenever you say he will be out."

"Well . . ." Sadie hesitated, then thrust herself away from her typewriter. "Sit down, Mrs. Gendron. I'll go see."

She went out through the mahogany door behind her. Margaret sat down beside Herbert Dirksen's desk and looked out across the bronze guard rail at the floor of the bank. Art Crudini caught her eye and waved from behind the paying teller's grille. Margaret waved back. The phone on Herbert Dirksen's desk rang. After the fourth purr from the muffled bell, Margaret picked up the instrument.

"Mr. Dirksen is not here at the moment."

"Mother?"

"What?" Margaret said and then, with disbelief, "Susan?"

"Yes. Listen, Mother."

"Where are you?"

"Where do you think? Across the street. In the Tots Emporium!"

"Yes, but how did you know where to—?"

"Mother, for heaven's sake, relax. I happened to look out of the window and I saw you coming out of the town hall and crossing the street into the bank. I thought I'd call Sadie Wishingrad and have her page you."

Susan's hurried but matter-of-fact tone was reassuring. It was almost possible to forget the scene in the car yesterday morning. Susan sounded like—like—why, she sounded like a daughter calling her mother.

"What's on your mind, Susan?"

"Uncle Arthur just called."

"You?"

"Well, he called you first, but there was no answer at home, so he asked the operator to try me here at Bella's."

"Isn't he coming?"

"He's coming, all right, and there's nothing wrong. Anyway, he doesn't seem to think so. It's just that he didn't want to tell Clark Tegher yesterday, when he called and left the message, so he thought he'd better call again this morning to warn us."

Margaret's senses, suddenly alerted, stabbed lightly at the vein in her temple.

"Warn us?"

"That's what Uncle Arthur said. You know why he's not in Washington? What he's doing in Wellfleet this time of year?"

"Susan, what?"

"Honeymooning!"

RELIEVED, Margaret wanted to laugh. Then she realised that it wasn't funny. Her brother, who was her junior by six years and in all other matters her peer by several ounces of brains, was an absolute fool when it came to women.

"Oh, no!" Margaret said.

"Not again!"

"Oh, yes! And he sounded very happy."

"Arthur always does when he's on a honeymoon."

"I don't see what's wrong with that. If a man isn't going to be happy on his honeymoon, when is he supposed to be happy?"

The change in Susan's voice brought back, much too quickly and all too vividly, yesterday's scene in the car.

"Susan," Margaret said carefully, "I'm using Mr. Dirksen's phone."

"Don't you think I know that? I called you."

"Susan, who did Arthur marry?"

"I don't know. Uncle Arthur said they're driving down, the way he said yesterday in the message he left with Clark, but he just wanted to warn us in advance, so it wouldn't come as too much of a shock when they get here to see him get out of the car with a wife."

If she was anything like Arthur Carver's previous wives it would take more than a telephoned warning to prevent shock. The first had been named Gigi and the second Charmian.

"When are they getting here?"

"Around seven, Uncle Arthur thought."

"All right, Susan, now let me think," Margaret said. She did, bringing into her mind a picture of the inside of the refrigerator in the kitchen and the freezer in the cellar. "We

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still have six of Mannie Crudini's broilers down in the freezer," she said finally. "If you should get home first, Susan, will you take out three of them and put them in a pot of cold water to defrost fast?"

There was a pause. Margaret hoped Susan was not going to kick up a fuss. "All right," Susan said. "But I'm not going to cook them."

"I didn't ask you to cook them. Just defrost them. For vegetables, we've got enough potatoes, I think, yes, we have. I remember now, and there are some frozen peas, so all we really need is dessert. Which would you rather have? Pie or ice-cream?"

"It doesn't matter to me. Uncle Arthur is the guest."

"And his brand-new wife," Margaret said. "Well, the first two hated pie, so let's try it on this one. On your way home, will you stop in at the Swindon Food Centre and see what kind they have?"

"No, I won't, Mother. I will not set foot in that place until our bill is paid. The way they look at you when you come in, no, I won't, Mother, I'm sorry."

"Susan, don't—" "But I'll be glad to stop in at Klopfer's and pay for an apple pie with some of my own cash."

She hung up. Margaret, turning with the phone to do likewise, missed the hook. A man's hand took the instrument from her and replaced it.

"I don't think I ever told you how much I admire your capacity to make yourself at home anywhere, particularly if anywhere includes a phone," Herbert Dirksen said as he sat down at the desk. "Did you ever stop to think that this passion for the telephone is something you real estate brokers share with the members of only one other profession: bookies?"

"No, but I'll tell you what I do stop to think about every time I see you, Herbert. How you manage to look as neat as you do so late in the morning."

"Very simple," Herbert Dirksen said through his thin-

lipped smile. "Bankers have no sebaceous glands." "How about information, Herbert?"

"That depends on the kind you want."

"Kirkbean," Margaret said. "Does the bank hold a mortgage on the place?"

Herbert Dirksen's lips straightened out. His forefingers came together in an inverted V. The apex came up to touch the cleft in his chin.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Now, look, Herbert. Don't get cagy. You know the business I'm in, so you know why I want to know. If you don't, you ought to get into some other business yourself. Nothing you tell me can do the bank any harm, and it's possible that almost anything you tell me might do you some good. So come out from behind the fish-face and act sensible. If the bank holds a mortgage on the Headland property, and if you're in trouble on it, I may be able to help. Do you or don't you hold a mortgage on the Headland property?"

"We hold two." "When did you get the second?"

"Four years ago." Margaret looked at him quickly.

"Just about the time Kate Headland was ready to enter Bennington?"

The banker nodded. "Mrs. Headland told us that was what she wanted the money for."

"What has she been using for money since then?"

Herbert Dirksen hesitated. He turned in his chair and sent a casual glance behind him. Nobody was within earshot.

"Frankly, Margaret," he said quietly, "I don't know."

"She's behind in her payments?"

Herbert Dirksen nodded again.

"Far behind."

"Why don't you foreclose?"

"The same reason George Gruendahl won't force a sale for the back taxes. It's hardly what might be described as a

The Third Angel

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negotiable property, Margaret. If we foreclose and the property comes to us, what have we got? Aside from obligations like the tax lien? Who would possibly want to take it off our hands?"

"I happen to represent a man who might."

Herbert Dirksen looked at her for a long moment. Sitting so close to him, smelling the after-shave lotion, it occurred to Margaret that the banker was exactly Roger's age. Or the age Roger would have been if Roger had lived. Why hadn't Herbert Dirksen felt Roger's compulsion to enlist, to get into "it" and do his part?

Was it because Herbert Dirksen's life had been more calm and satisfactory? Because he had felt none of Roger's restlessness? Because Herbert Dirksen's work and his family and his everbearing raspberries added up to all he wanted? What was it Roger had wanted? And if she had been able to supply it, would he be alive today? Smelling of after-shaving lotion? Sleeping in the other twin bed? Helping her with the problem of Susan and Marcus Moody and—?

"You say you represent a man who might be interested in Kirkbean?" Herbert Dirksen said.

"A man who is interested," Margaret said.

The banker stood up. "Will you wait for me, Margaret?" he said. "I'll be right back."

He went through the mahogany door. From the far side of the banking floor, a roar of laughter shook the air. Margaret turned to look, and then picked up the phone.

"Yes?" the girl at the switchboard said.

"Would you connect me with Mr. Crudini, please?"

"Just a moment, please."

Margaret saw Arturo Crudini pick up his phone.

"Hello? Art, this is Mrs. Gendron. I'm sitting at Mr.

Dirksen's desk. Would you ask Miss Vroom if she'd come over for a minute?"

"Sure thing," Art said.

He waved, grinned, hung up, and leaned forward to say something to Annie through the bronze bars of his grille. Annie's tremendous bulk whipped around. Margaret waved and beckoned. Annie Vroom came across the banking floor like a schooner under full sail.

"Margaret my girl," she said. "I hope you're not borrowing more than you can pay back."

"I'm not borrowing anything, and will you please stop screaming," Margaret said. She stood up and came to the bronze rail that guarded Herbert Dirksen's desk from the banking floor. "You know that

proposition you made to me yesterday in the Cherry Stone?"

Annie Vroom didn't answer. Margaret knew she should wait, but she was afraid Herbert Dirksen would come back before she finished. "You said you wanted me to cut you in on the Marcus Moody deal?" Margaret said. "And I said I'd let you know in the morning?"

"You also said you'd think it over."

"Well, I have," Margaret said, not without a certain amount of regret. She was not as good as she had hoped she was. If Roger were alive, maybe she would have been. But Roger wasn't alive, and what she had told him last night was true enough: this Headland business was too big for her. She was scared of it. She couldn't handle it by herself.


She needed help. She should have accepted Annie Vroom's offer at once, when it was made, yesterday. Well, better late than never. Margaret said, "I've thought it over very carefully, Annie, and—"

"So have I," Annie said. "I've decided to withdraw the offer." She hesitated, and then added, "There's nothing personal in it, Margaret. I've just decided I don't want any partners."


She turned and walked away. Several moments went by before Margaret trusted herself to sit down. When she did, several more moments went by before her mind seemed to thaw out. She reached slowly for the phone. The switchboard operator came on.

"This is Mrs. Gendron. I'm sitting at Mr. Dirksen's desk."

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Adam and Eve



● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

ON our wedding anniversary my husband was giving me a new wristlet watch. I appreciated his generosity, but, as he is the typically unromantic male, I prompted him with: "Don't you think such an expensive gift should be engraved, dear?"

He agreed emphatically and assured me he would attend to it. When the watch arrived I hastily searched for the romantic phrase I expected, but on the back was inscribed: "If found, please return to 5 Cambridge Street."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. F. Fitzgerald, 5 Cambridge St., Rockhampton, Qld.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

I WAS not well and my mother went across to the shop to buy me some lemonade.

"Could I have two bottles off the ice, please?" she asked.

The shopkeeper went to the refrigerator to get them, but was stopped in his tracks with: "No, not ON the ice, OFF the ice. I don't want them cold."

£2/2/- awarded to Miss G. Rayward, 431 Rocky Point Rd., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "Just Like A Man," or "Just Like A Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Would you put in a call to New York for me? Person to person, and make it collect?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gendron. Who do you want in New York?"

"A Mr. Marcus Moody. I don't have his phone number, but he's in the Chrysler Building on Forty-second Street."

There was a series of clicks, a succession of voices, and the defences of the Digby, Tuttle, Yavner, and Moody switchboard were pierced.

"Who did you say is calling Mr. Moody?"

"Mrs. Roger Gendron," the switchboard operator in the bank said. "From Swindon, Connecticut."

The New York voice faded from the phone. A few moments later it was back.

"I'm sorry," the girl said. "Mr. Moody is not in."

"Just a moment," Margaret said. With her free hand she was fumbling in her purse for the bottle of yellow capsules. The vein in her temple was beginning to tear loose. "This is Mrs. Gendron speaking. When do you expect Mr. Moody?"

"I'm afraid I don't know." "Is it customary for Mr. Moody to leave his office without telling you when he'll be back?"

"I'm sorry. I can't—"

"Don't be sorry," Margaret said. She wished she could control her voice better, but she knew she didn't have much time. In a couple of minutes, if she didn't swallow one of the yellow capsules at once, she would be unable to see. "Just do me a favor. Will you please find out if Mr. Moody will accept a collect call from Mrs. Roger Gendron whenever he does come in?"

There was a pause. She may have been consulting somebody. Margaret, however, doubted it. She knew, in her throbbing head, what the girl's answer would be. She was right.

"I'm sorry," the girl said when she came back on the phone. "Mr. Moody will not accept any calls from Mrs.

Continuing . . .

Roger Gendron of Swindon, Connecticut."

"How about another cup of coffee, Uncle Arthur?"

"Well, now, Susan, I don't know," Arthur Carver turned from his niece to his bride and said, "What do you think, Eloise?"

The third Mrs. Arthur Carver looked startled for a moment, and then she smiled.

"Why, I think a man your age shouldn't need any outside help in deciding whether or not he wants a second cup of after-dinner coffee."

Arthur Carver laughed indulgently. He was a handsome man about whose character there had been, ever since Margaret could remember, a wide difference of opinion. There had never been a difference of opinion about his laugh. It was generally conceded to be the most charming thing about a charming, perhaps too charming, man.

"If half the judges before whom I plead were capable of delivering opinions as promptly and as sound as that I wouldn't spend half my life filing briefs on appeal," Arthur Carver held out his cup to Susan. "Sweetie," he said, "I will have another cup."

Susan tipped the pot, but nothing came out of the long silver spout.

"Oops," she said. "I guess—"

"Forget it," Arthur said. "I don't really want any more." "No," Susan said. "There's another pot making in the kitchen."

She set down her uncle's cup, took the silver pot, and stood up.

"I'll go with you," Eloise Carver said.

"That's all right," Susan said. "It won't take a minute."

"I'd like to," Eloise said. "May I?"

"Of course," Susan said.

Before Eloise followed Susan she said impulsively to Margaret: "You've no idea how I've looked forward to meeting you."

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"They look more like sisters than piece and aunt-in-law or aunt-by-marriage or whatever the proper phrase is," Arthur Carver said with a chuckle. "Funny, isn't it?"

"Yes," Margaret said, but she didn't think it was funny at all. In fact, she found it disturbing.

All day, ever since Susan had called her at Herbert Dirksen's desk in the bank to report that Uncle Arthur would be arriving with a brand-new wife, Margaret had been expecting something like Gigi and Charmian.

Arthur always ended up with the same type: dark, slinky women who used too much mascara.

IT came as something of a shock, therefore, when Arthur's brand-new convertible pulled into the Linscott Lane driveway to see him hand out not another Gigi or Charmian, but another Susan. Not that the girls actually looked alike. But they were almost exactly the same age.

"As long as you make each other happy," Margaret said, "I don't see what difference the gap in age makes."

"Precisely," Arthur said. "That's exactly what Captain Craigie said."

"Who's Captain Craigie?"

"Eloise's father," Arthur said. "Navy man. I don't mean reserve or just during the war. Real Navy. Annapolis and all that stuff. Quite a guy. Charming. Absolutely charming."

"Must be something of a change from Gigi and Charmian," Margaret said, "and I wish you'd make a strenuous effort to see that this marriage doesn't break up. Not only because I think you're getting a little old for the Tommy Menville act, but also, Arthur, because your ever-loving sister is getting much too old to keep up with you."

"Don't worry, Sis. This is it. I mean it."

"Where have I heard that before?"

"You're in a really sweet mood tonight, aren't you? Anything wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Why don't you stop pulling rank on me just because you're six years older and spit it out? What's eating you, Sis?"

"The members of your profession, if you must know."

"Lawyers?"

"Isn't that your profession?"

"What have lawyers ever done to you?"

"One lawyer has," Margaret said, and then, "I'm sorry, Arthur. I guess I am a little edgy."

"Don't let it worry you, Sis. I've been edgy all my life and look what it got me: Eloise. Seriously, who is this one lawyer?"

"A man named Marcus Moody."

"Digby, Tuttle, Yavner, and Moody?"

"You know them?"

"Everybody knows them," Arthur Carver said. "Everybody in the legal profession, anyway. What did Marcus Moody do to you?"

Margaret told him.

"One part of it is easy enough to figure out," she said when she finished. "Yesterday Annie Vroom is so anxious to become my partner in the deal that she buys me a lunch at the Cherry Stone. Today she says she doesn't want to be my partner. Yesterday Mr. Moody tells me to call him any time, and he's so impatient he even calls me last night when I'm in bed. Today he leaves orders with his switchboard not to accept any collect calls from me."

"Add those two facts together and the total comes out only one way: Annie is in and I'm out. Yesterday he wants to buy Kirkbean through me. Today he wants to buy through Annie. What I want to know is: why? Why the sudden switch? What happened between the time when

Moody called me last night, practically panting to know if I've spoken to Mrs. Headland, and this morning when I called him and got kicked in the teeth?"

"I think that one is easy enough to figure, Sis."

Margaret looked at her brother in surprise. "You think you've got it figured?" she said. Arthur nodded. Margaret said, "I wish you'd tell me what happened or what you think happened."

"I think after Annie Vroom left you at the Cherry Stone she had a talk with her boyfriend, whatever his name is."

"Eric Household."

"Yes. Well, I think he told her what any sensible businessman would have said in similar circumstances. The Household character probably said: look, why should we try to guess what's up when we can find out by calling Marcus Moody?"

"Oh," Margaret said. The single syllable sounded so silly that she added hastily, "If Moody chose me to represent him in the purchase of Kirkbean and he wanted to keep it confidential, why should he tell a stranger named Annie Vroom all about it?"

"The minute she called him up, no matter what she said or how she said it, Moody knew that his visit to Swindon was no longer confidential. Since he knew he hadn't broken the confidence it's only natural for Moody to assume you did. If there was any danger of his not making the assumption Annie Vroom could very easily make it look that way. Moody's immediate reaction would be to get sore at you and the rest is simple."

"For you, maybe," Margaret said. "How about clearing it up for me?"

"Simple, Sis. Look. Moody is now sore at you, but he still wants Kirkbean. Annie Vroom is a real estate broker and if Moody has any doubts about whether she's a good one or better than you are, I'm sure your ex-boss eliminated those doubts soon enough. What difference does it make to Moody whether he gets Kirk-

bean through you or through Annie? None. He says okay, Miss Vroom, I'm sorry I didn't come to you in the first place, but no matter, Mrs. Gendron is out and you're in. Go get me Kirkbean."

"All this you figure happened this morning?" Margaret said.

"Must have," Arthur Carver said. "Because when Moody called you last night the job was still yours. And I'll bet you that Annie was out there on that island this morning visiting Mrs. Headland before you showed up for your appointment with her."

"Mrs. Headland didn't say anything about it."

"Why should she?" Arthur said. "You didn't ask her."

"She must have given Annie the same answer she gave you: no sale. Otherwise Annie wouldn't have been in George Gruendahl's office in the town hall twenty minutes ahead of you, asking exactly the same questions you were asking. I'm sorry, Sis," he said. "I think this is one commission your pal Annie has beaten you to."

Margaret shook her head.

"No," she said. "I don't think so." She was remembering how she had felt in the great hall at Kirkbean staring across the coffee tray into the eyes of the admiral's widow. "Mrs. Headland said she was not interested in selling under any circumstances," Margaret said. "I have a feeling she meant it. Nobody is going to collect this commission, because there isn't going to be any sale."

"If Annie gets the town and the bank to foreclose—"

Margaret shook her head again.

"She won't."

Arthur looked at her curiously.

"You seem pretty positive

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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RIDGE BEDS under plastic sheets show the prolific crop of mushrooms achieved by this method of mushroom growing. Here Mrs. Terry O'Connor picks mushrooms at her husband's farm at Lugarno, N.S.W.

GROWING MUSHROOMS

Mushrooms, generally, are still in the luxury class as a family food and many shoppers think twice before buying them. But they now have the compensation of being comparatively easy to grow as well as being a type of novelty gardening that appeals to many amateurs.

THERE are several ways of growing mushrooms. Below are set out three methods considered easiest and best for home gardeners.

First method

PROBABLY the easiest method for the home gardener or hobbyist is by specially prepared trays.

These trays (pictured below) contain specially prepared manurial compost and grain spawn.

The trays and compost are available throughout Australia.

The tray culture consists of compacting well-composted, strawy horse manure into boxes 2ft. by 1ft. and about 8in. deep. Grain spawn is then sown at intervals throughout and topped off with peat moss and sand.

Gardeners can even make their own trays. If the trays are kept in a dark, cool place and watered lightly when necessary, and insect pests are controlled by dusting with gammexane, there should be a crop of four to six pounds of mushrooms within a few weeks.

These mushrooms will be smaller than those

produced in flat beds or outdoor ridge beds, but they are clean, white, and of high quality and flavor.

Second method

RIDGE beds, consisting of composted strawy manure, spaced out in rows and measuring about 4ft. wide, 2ft. high, and any length that suits the gardener, are much used for outdoor mushroom culture.

The compost is firmed well and then sown with spawn and lightly topped with sieved peat moss and sand, and regularly watered to increase humidity and induce growth.

The old French method of covering ridge beds with bagging, which was often a failure during wet weather, has been almost entirely obviated by the use of plastic sheeting.

After the compost has been bedded down and the spawn sown and covered over, the plastic sheets are put over the ridges and held down by stones or small logs. The plastic sheeting admits air but keeps out rain.

These outdoor beds begin to crop from eight to 11 weeks later, according to the season.

They produce enormous crops of mushrooms under plastic sheets, and it is not uncommon for them to continue cropping for 12 to 16 weeks.

These mushrooms are bigger and rather coarser in texture than those grown by the tray method.

Third method

THIS method uses the basement of a house, a darkened garage, small shed, or even a cave that is fully enclosed and well ventilated.

The spawning procedure in flat beds is precisely the same as in tray and outdoor ridge beds. The grain spawn is planted at intervals and then covered with a thin layer of fine soil and kept moist.

In such enclosures the beds are usually flat, and the mushrooms produced are invariably white, clean, and of good flavor.

Cropping begins in sheds and similar places in eight to 11 weeks.

Enclosed flat beds are not covered with plastic, but are grown more or less naturally in cool air with relatively high humidity. As with tray culture, the beds have to be sprayed regularly to control pests.



TRAYS of mushroom compost with the crop ready for picking. This method of growing mushrooms is easy, even for home growers, and gets quick results.

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about something that, as a lawyer, I would say it is impossible to be positive about. Foreclosures are a commonplace, Sis. They happen every day."

"Not this one," Margaret said. "Mrs. Headland is—"

"Headland?" Margaret turned. Susan and Eloise had come in from the kitchen. Susan was carrying the silver coffee-pot.

"What did you say, dear?" Margaret said.

"I thought I heard you say Headland," Eloise said. "Mrs. Headland?"

"Yes," Margaret said.

"The wife of Admiral Headland?"

"Now, look, sweetie, calm down," Arthur Carver said. "Here," He patted the couch beside him. "Come, sit down and have a cup of this fresh coffee. Have one with me."

"Thanks, I don't think I want another cup," Eloise said as she came over and sat down beside him. "But I would like to know—"

"You will, sweetie, you will," Arthur said, and he released several bars of his charming, indulgent laugh. "Thanks, sweetie," he said to Susan as he took the cup of fresh coffee from her. "When I told Eloise we might stop off to see my sister on the way home from Wellfleet to Washington and I happened to mention that you lived in Swindon, she almost blew a gasket."

"That's an exaggeration," Eloise said through a small smile. "I will say this, though," she said to Margaret. "Knowing that Swindon is the town where Admiral Headland used to live, naturally I was—"

"How did you know that?" Margaret said.

Arthur Carver chuckled.

"Admiral Headland is Captain Craigie's great hero," he said. "The way Hopalong Cassidy is probably David's hero."

"I wouldn't let David hear you say that, Uncle Arthur," Susan said. "David's hero is Mr. Pusey."

"I wouldn't let Father hear you say that, either," Eloise

Continuing . . .

said. "I don't think he'd be amused by the comparison."

Margaret gave her a quick glance. The expression on her face had not changed. Eloise was still smiling and she was looking at her husband with what could hardly be described as anything but affection.

"Don't worry, sweetie," Arthur said cheerfully. "There's not much chance of my making any mistakes when it comes to handling your family."

Margaret found herself wondering about that.

"Father does have some strong opinions," Eloise said to her. "Some of them get people mad, but no madder than he gets at the opinions of some other people. He feels that the back of the Pacific war was broken, not by the atomic bomb, but by the assault on Minitayo, which was conceived and planned and carried out by Admiral Headland."

"Gee," Susan said quickly. "He really feels that?"

"Definitely," Eloise said.

"Gee," Susan said again, with a sense of discovery, with a thrill of pride, and then, more quickly. "Then Daddy—"

"Susan's father, my husband, our . . ." Margaret paused and she cleared her throat and she started again. "Mr. Gendron," Margaret said quietly, "was in the first assault wave at Minitayo."

"Oh," Eloise said. She looked from Margaret to Susan and then back to Margaret as though she were seeing them for the first time and, to her astonishment and pleasure, seeing what she should have seen earlier: that they had a good deal in common with her. Eloise cleared her throat. "Well," she said, "I think you'll be pleased to know that, in my father's opinion, anyway, that particular action won the war and that's why he thinks so highly of Admiral Headland."

There was a curious moment

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of silence. An odd mood, delicate but definite, filled the room. Arthur Carver's charming chuckle shattered it.

"Oh, now come, sweetie," he said. "You know darn well that your father is partial to Admiral Headland, not because he won the war single-handed or any of that nonsense, but simply because your father is certain that Admiral Headland mentioned him somewhere in the 'Kirkbean Papers'."

"The what?" Susan said. "The 'Kirkbean Papers,'" Arthur said sarcastically. "Admiral Headland kept a diary or a journal all his life, prac-

Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

—Horace Walpole.

tically from the moment he learned how to fill a fountain-pen. Nobody has ever seen the darned thing, or so I gather, but everybody in the Navy knows about it, and Captain Craigie has been pulling strings for a long time to get funds appropriated for some sort of publishing job to be done on it. Am I right, sweetie? Isn't it some fool project like that?"

Eloise looked at her husband. Then she looked down at her hands. Margaret had the feeling that the young girl was counting ten.

"It may be a fool project to some people," she said, in a cold, clear voice. "To my father it is a matter of national shame that nobody in this present Administration has either the intelligence or the gratitude to do something about the great debt this country owes to Admiral Fulton Stephen Headland."

There was no door that could be slammed between the

living-room and the front hall, so that for a startled moment Margaret did not realise Eloise had left the room. Then she heard the girl's hurried, angry steps on the stairs out in the hall, and Margaret jumped up to follow her.

"No, don't," Arthur said. He put his hand on her arm. "She mustn't be humored about this Headland nonsense."

"She's angry," Margaret snapped. "Can't you see she's upset?"

"She'll get over it," Arthur snapped back. "If it was up to her father they'd turn Kirkbean into a national shrine or something like that, and while there's nothing I can do about his crazy ideas I can well see to it that my own wife—"

"Your wife!" Susan said angrily. "Honestly, if this is the way you treat her on your honeymoon!"

"Now, look, sweetie. This—"

"I think you're horrid!" Susan cried. "Mean and awful and horrid!"

Susan turned on her heel and stormed across the room.

"Susan!" Arthur Carver rasped. "Please don't go upstairs! I don't want anybody interfering with—"

Susan disappeared. He started after her. Margaret grabbed her brother's arm and pulled him back.

"Somebody should have told you this a long time ago, you big ape, but you are not very bright about the women you marry."

"I'm as bright about them as you are about your stupid daughter!"

"Leave Susan out of this!"

"If she was in college, where she belongs, instead of working in a toy-shop or whatever it is, it might be possible to leave her out. This way—"

"This way happens to be the only way I can afford! College costs money!"

"So does alimony. By the time I finish paying off Gigi and Charmian I'm broke. If I could help you with Susan's

tuition I'd do it, but I can't, so stop looking at me like that."

"I'll be glad to as soon as you stop flinging at me money that you haven't got and that I never asked you for. I didn't ask you to help me. All I asked is that you stop being as thick-headed about this very nice girl you've just married as you were about those two French—"

"All right, all right, all right!"

"It is not all right. I don't know Captain Craigie. But Admiral Headland seems to mean something to him that you and I don't understand, and her father seems to mean something to Eloise that we don't have to understand. All we have to do is respect it."

"Oh, shut up," Arthur Carver said sullenly. "Lay off." He sat down, sent a worried glance up to the ceiling, then looked across at his sister. "I wish I could do something about Susan and college," he said. "I just can't. I simply don't have the money to help."

He paused, and then, in a tone of wonder, he said, "Say!"

"What's the matter?" she said.

"I've just had an idea."

"About what?"

"Your problem," Arthur Carver said. He looked up to the ceiling. A small smile began to grow around his lips. "And mine."

Margaret gave her brother a long, troubled glance. "What kind of idea?" she asked warily.

"We'll come to that,"

Arthur said. "I'd like to know something first."

"What?"

"This Mrs. Headland. Did she seem like a sensible woman?"

"How do you mean, sensible?"

"Sensible as opposed to stupid," Arthur said. "If a certain set of circumstances were presented to her, circumstances that any sensible person could see would operate to her advantage, financial and otherwise, is it your impression that Mrs. Headland could be counted on to see

those advantages without too much prodding and accept them without too much coaxing?"

Margaret hesitated. All at once she felt the way she had felt in the morning, when she had told Mrs. Headland the small lie about not being interested in a commission. All at once, she felt cheap.

"I—," Margaret said, and her voice seemed to fail her. It wasn't fair. After what she had been through, it just wasn't fair. First, having her hopes raised by Mr. Marcus Moody. Then being double-crossed by Annie Vroom. And now to be attacked by this uncomfortable feeling. Why should she pay any attention to it? No matter what Arthur's idea was, there would be nothing wrong with it. Not morally, anyway. He may have been a fool about women, but he was a man of honor. So why should she allow herself to be sidetracked by a feeling that—?

"I asked a question," Margaret drew a deep breath.

"The answer is yes," Margaret said. "Mrs. Headland struck me as being a very sensible woman."

"In that case," Arthur Carver said, "I want you to listen."

One of the minor satisfactions of Cecil Inch's life was the amount of speculation that went on in Swindon about the shape of the sprawling, fortress-like structure across the street from the railroad station to which he had given his name. Cecil found visitors to town especially satisfying. They rarely failed to comment.

"By the way," somebody with a suitcase said almost every day in Barney Stamm's bar and grill, or in Salvatore Cradini's barber-shop, or in Lena Ligner's delicatessen, "I wonder if you'd mind telling me how this building got to look the way it does?"

Neither Barney nor Sal nor Lena did mind, but they didn't make a very good job of the

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Two comfortable armchairs on the opposite side of the room repeated the Coral Rose wall, in a slightly deeper tone, white lampshades and white picture frames on the grouped pictures helped again to sharpen the contrasts in accessory notes.

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P.199.FP

telling, either. The truth was that they didn't know. They were all too young to remember, and none of them had enough curiosity to find out. Cecil Inch was not too young, but he didn't see any reason why he should go around volunteering information to people who were too lazy to ask for it.

Besides, if everybody got to know the answer, pretty soon nobody would be asking the questions, and that would be the end of one of the minor satisfactions of Cecil Inch's life. At sixty-six, he didn't think it was prudent for a man to toss any satisfaction, no matter how minor, out of his life. They got to be fewer and fewer every day.

Actually, anybody with half an eye, and the energy to use his brains, could have figured out this answer by himself. The reason for the curious shape of the Inch Building was that it had not been built according to a plan. It had accumulated.

Originally—a word that, in Cecil's mind, meant when the New York, New Haven, and Hartford roadbed had been a dirt road, all that had existed of the almost but not quite octagon-shaped building was a small farmhouse.

When the railroad came, the farm went, and the small house fell into the hands of a Swindon fish-peddler named Treadwell. He figured that people who used a railroad were probably too lazy to set out their own lobster pots and dig their own clams, and would be willing to pay out good money for them.

He was right, and he prospered. Soon he built an open shed on to the house for drying his nets. In order to get the full benefit of the sun, he had built the shed at an angle to the house. This did not matter in those days, since the street that separated the house from the railroad station had not yet been paved. By the time it was, the half-dozen other shops that had sprung up were all out of line, having followed the angle of Treadwell's net-drying shed. After that, all structures built across

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the street from the railroad station followed the pavement.

Those first few, however, were never moved. Neither was the original farmhouse. When Cecil Inch—who had earned his first dollar working for a descendant of the original Treadwell—bought out his boss, the property consisted of the original farmhouse, the attached net-drying shed, thirty feet of vacant street front on either side of the building, and half an acre of weeds out in back. That was in 1908, when Cecil Inch had been twenty-four.

Slowly, steadily, as he had enlarged the circle of his activities, Cecil Inch had enlarged the structure he had bought from Eli Treadwell. The result was inevitable: a cluster of structures, rather than a line of them, all grouped around the original farmhouse and all attached to one another.

Some of Cecil Inch's early tenants had objected to the arrangement. What was the good of running a business that depended on the patronage of commuters, they asked, and having the front of your store standing at an angle to, or facing away from, the customers you were trying to snag?

Time answered that one: the curious shape of the Inch Building was unforgettable. Before too many years had gone by, Cecil Inch's odd structure was better known than the Swindon railroad it faced.

Sal Crudini and Barney Stamm and Lena Ligner were considered fortunate to have space in it. Any time they wanted to vacate, Cecil Inch could rent their quarters in thirty minutes flat. Without calling in a real estate broker. Or even placing a six-dollar ad. in "The Swindon Star." And, if you knew Cecil, at double the rent.

Not many people did know Cecil. He liked it that way. The slight air of mystery that surrounded him was another of the minor satisfactions in his life. A third was the hour and a half from six in the

morning, when Cecil Inch got out of bed, until seven-thirty, when his nephew and the crew rolled out of the backyard in the truck.

Every day during those first ninety minutes Cecil Inch experienced a feeling that he supposed must be similar to that enjoyed by the guest of honor at a testimonial dinner. A good testimonial dinner, that is. A testimonial dinner at which the guest of honor was



"When do you start taking me in a real car and teaching me on an actual street?"

pleased to be present. Looking around at the people gathered to do him honor, listening to the speeches extolling his achievements, a guest of honor would get at a dinner like that what Cecil Inch got every morning, a sense of recapitulation, of adding up the accounts, a feeling that the total was nothing to be ashamed of. Cecil Inch was not ashamed of his total. Even if it were only a fraction of what it was, it would still be impressive. Especially for a man who had never set foot inside a schoolroom. A man who was the first of his family to cross the threshold of a bank. A man who had yet to drive his expensive car more than thirty miles in any direction from the town in which

he had spent all sixty-six years of his life.

Nobody quite knew how Cecil Inch had done it, and there were those in Swindon who implied that there were aspects of the doing that would not stand too much scrutiny, but they had nothing to go on except envy. The truth was almost embarrassingly simple. Cecil had done it with what nature had given him: a first-rate intelligence, an unusual talent for trading, and a zestful delight in exercising both.

Since nobody had ever asked Cecil to explain his success, he had never given anybody this truthful answer. Even if he had been asked, it is doubtful whether Cecil would have told the truth. For one thing, he was pretty sure nobody in Swindon would believe it. For another, Cecil preferred to let his neighbors think he was dishonest. Or at least there was something mysterious about him.

It was one of his private jokes. It added tremendously to the pleasure he took in the first ninety minutes of his day. It was a large part of the reason why, in his sixty-seventh year, Cecil Inch woke up smiling. Even on the cold November morning before Thanksgiving.

Standing at the window of his bedroom, one foot up on the radiator while he laced his knee-high boot, Cecil Inch stared down contentedly on the scene in his own backyard. It was the reason why he had given to the Inch Building its curiously nearly octagon shape. By building in a cluster rather than a row, he could take it all in at a glance.

To anybody else, the glance probably would have revealed nothing but a mess. To Cecil Inch, who could not remember where he had heard the phrase but could never dislodge the words from his mind, it meant "monarch of all I survey."

The empty bottles heaped high in the refuse-cans outside Barney Stamm's back door in-

dicated that business had been good the night before. When business was good for Barney, it was also good for Cecil Inch. His lease with the proprietor of the bar and grill called for an "overwrite" on profits in addition to the basic rent.

Cecil tucked the ends of the leather thong into the top of his boot, dropped his foot on the floor, and put his other foot up on the radiator. Staring out the window as his fingers worked on the lacing of the second boot, he could see the sheds in which were ranged the equipment of his landscaping business: the bulldozer, the two steam-shovels, the grader, the trucks, the tool-racks, the electric mowers, the rollers, and in the carefully cleared space at the far end the expensive green car with the tan top.

"Nice," Cecil said softly. "Very nice."

A sound across the hall caused him to turn, away from the window, towards the nicest thing of all: young Ben. Or, rather, the sound of young Ben. Without glancing at his watch, Cecil Inch knew it was a quarter to seven. Ben was like his father had been: solid, dependable, steady. Stubborn, too.

When young Ben finished up high school and became foreman of the crew, he decided a quarter to seven was the right time for him to get out of bed, and you could set your watch by him ever since. The way you'd been able to set your watch by his father, when Abe was alive. Poor Abe.

Thinking about his brother caused the smile of appreciation to fade from Cecil Inch's face. He walked slowly across the room, took down the suede windbreaker from the hook beside the door, and stood there for several minutes, listening to Ben splashing around in the bathroom down the hall.

Poor Abe. He'd been the only one in the family worth his salt. If he hadn't got that fool notion in his head about getting married and setting up for himself near New London, Abe would still be alive today. And enjoying some of the good things of life that his older

brother Cecil had managed to accumulate.

Cecil could just see Abe at the wheel of that car. He could just see him. The look in Abe's eyes. The way his fingers would slide up and down on the wheel. The little crooked smile around his lips. How Abe had loved cars! Cecil Inch could see it clearly, and seeing it made him a little sad for the brother who had not lived to enjoy it, and also a little angry for the waste.

If Abe hadn't been so stubborn—

Down the hall the bathroom door clattered open, and the unhappy "if" stopped drilling its way through Cecil Inch's mind. You couldn't have it both ways. If Abe hadn't been stubborn, he and his wife wouldn't have drowned the day they went out to empty the lobster pots and got caught in that squall. And if Abe and his wife hadn't drowned, Cecil Inch would never have got young Ben. And if Cecil Inch had never got young Ben, what would he have? What? Go ahead, say it. What?

"Uncle Cecil!" "Okay, Ben!" he called in reply.

It was as close as they ever came to a morning greeting.

Every morning Cecil remained in his room until he heard Ben call his name from the kitchen downstairs. This meant that Ben had put the coffee on, and a cup would be ready for his uncle in a few minutes. Cecil's reply, "Okay, Ben!" meant that he had heard. But the simple exchange meant a good deal more than that. It meant the ice had been broken. Communication for the day had been established.

Cecil Inch clumped down the stairs. He thrust his tall, thin, slightly stooped frame through the beaded portieres that separated the kitchen from the living-room and went to his roll-top desk.

Ben came through the beaded

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portieres with a cup of coffee and set it on the desk. "How about it, Uncle Cecil? Eggs today? Or cakes?" "Eggs, I think. How about you?" "Eggs, sure."

Ben went back into the kitchen. Cecil took a sip of coffee, pulled over a pad, and started to make out the day's work-sheet for the crew.

The sound of a motor down in the yard brought Cecil's head up. He leaned over to the window. Roy Dienst was parking his car. Lou Kakacz, who had apparently hopped out before the car stopped, was already poking among the empty bottles in Barney Stamm's refuse-cans.

"They're here," Cecil said across his shoulder. "Yeah," Ben said from the kitchen. "The jerks."

Cecil dropped back into his chair, pulled over the stack of completed work-sheets clipped to a board, and started writing up the bills for jobs already completed that month. He didn't get very far. Partly be-

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cause the first work-sheet caused him to pause and stare, and partly because Ben stuck his head in through the portieres.

"Come and get it, Uncle Cecil."

Cecil Inch went into the kitchen carrying the work-sheet for the day, the clip-board, and his coffee cup. Ben refilled his uncle's cup before he sat down to his own eggs. They ate in silence. Ben finished first. He carried his dishes to the sink and put them in the pan before he came back to finish his coffee.

"Be using the car tonight?" he said.

"Hah'dn't planned to," Cecil said around a mouthful of egg. "Why?"

"If you weren't, thought I'd like to borrow it."

"Help yourself."

"Thanks, Uncle Cecil."

"Don't thank me."

Cecil Inch meant what he said. He didn't want thanks.

He didn't deserve them. It was, or should have been, the other way around. He should be thanking young Ben for using the car. Abe was dead. Who else was there to enjoy the things Abe never got a chance to enjoy?

"Only thing is," Cecil Inch said, "don't go parking in the back seat."

The front legs of Ben's chair hit the floor. He dropped his cigarette. As he dipped down to pick it up, Cecil saw that the boy's face was bright red. Cecil Inch chuckled, then stopped. Astonished, he saw that young Ben was not embarrassed. The boy was furious.

"Listen," he said in a choked voice. "Don't you—"

Deliberately, to kill the dangerous moment, Cecil Inch dropped his coffee cup. It slapped the floor with a tinkly splash. Instinctively, Ben leaped up and went for a dish-towel. "Let it go," Cecil Inch said. "Sit down."

Ben stopped, his hand reaching for the towel-rack.

"Sit down," Cecil Inch said again. Ben sat down. Cecil pointed to the top work-sheet clipped to the board. "Been meaning to ask you," he said. "The work-sheet for the first day of the month. Three weeks ago." He paused.

BEN was staring down into his coffee cup. "I started making up the bills this morning," Cecil said. "This first day of the month, the morning after Hallow-e'en, three weeks ago, I see there's a blank on the worksheet. From eleven-fifty a.m. to two-twenty p.m. Two and a half hours. Who's going to get billed for that time?"

"I don't know," Ben said, without looking up.

"Who does?" Cecil Inch said. "You write up the work-sheet."

"I don't know," Ben said.

"What don't you know?"

Cecil Inch said. "Where you were those two and a half hours?" He paused again. Ben continued to stare into his cup. "If you don't know, I can tell you," Cecil Inch said. "I had a call from Julie Bierwirth that afternoon."

"That dope."

"That dope told me who you were having lunch with," Cecil Inch said. "It's none of my business, I guess—"

"That's right, it ain't!"

Cecil Inch looked thoughtfully at his nephew. His heart was pounding strangely, warningly. He didn't want this any more than the boy did. They'd never had any words. Not for eleven years. Not since the boy had come to live with him. He didn't want any words now. So why didn't he let it alone? Why didn't he drop it? Who cared about two and a half hours? All that mattered was the boy. Cecil Inch looked at his nephew. The boy had spoken defiantly, but he didn't look defiant. Why don't I shut up, Cecil Inch thought.

"It's none of my business, that's right, but I happen to know a couple of things you might find useful," Cecil Inch heard himself saying.

He knew why he didn't shut up. He didn't want it to happen to the boy the way it had happened to him. He wanted the boy to enjoy owning a car. To enjoy it because it was good, not because it was revenge.

"One of the things I know is this: don't fool around with women who think they're above you and don't go thinking about marrying one of them."

"What do you know about it?"

"Practically everything, boy."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah," Cecil Inch said.

"When I was round about your age, I was stuck on one of them, too."

Ben's head came up. He looked at his uncle curiously.

"What happened?"

Cecil Inch made an effort. What had happened was nobody's business. Not even the business of this boy he loved. Thirty years lay over that business. Thirty years and a bundle of money big enough to bury any memory. Let it stay buried. Let it stay where he had shoved it thirty years ago.

"She turned out to be a lot smarter than I was," he said dryly. "She stuck to her own kind."

Out in the yard below, the horn of the truck blasted three times. Ben didn't seem to hear it. He was staring at his uncle. Cecil Inch picked up the work-sheet for the day. He pushed it across the table. Ben took it and stood up.

"See you."

Cecil Inch sat there for a while. When he heard the truck rolling out of the yard, he stood up, gathered his breakfast dishes, put them in the sink, and went to the window.

The view from the kitchen was due south. Staring down from the tower of his octagon-shaped fort, across the railroad station and the marshlands that separated Swindon from its best beaches, Cecil Inch could see the grey stone bulk of Kirkbean rising like a rival fortress from the tiny island off Shore Road. He stared at it for a long time. Much longer than usual.

"Yeah," he said finally. "Let it stay buried."

But Cecil Inch did not move. He remained there at the window, staring at the sight without which, for thirty years, no morning of his life could be said to have started properly. He remained there so long that he was astonished by the sudden roar of a train pulling into the station below. Cecil Inch glanced at his watch. It was the 8.12. This meant that he had been standing there almost a half-hour. It also meant that the mail was in.

Taking his black leather cap from the hook near the stove he went downstairs and out the side entrance alongside Barney Stamm's bar and grill. He crossed the street, waved to Harry Honor in front of Karl Kingsley's garage, and went into the post office. Nino Crudini, the postmaster, was standing at the ledge behind the registry window tearing the string from a bundle of copies of "The Swindon Star." "Hi, Cecil," he said. "Mail be ready in a minute. Want to read one of these while you're waiting?"

"Sure."

Nino whipped off the top newspaper, folded it deftly, and tossed it. Cecil Inch caught the paper and slapped it open.

"Thanks," he said. I see where—

The words stopped in his throat. For several long moments he could see nothing but the headline that dominated the front page of "The Swindon Star." Then the sense of shock disintegrated, and Cecil Inch was free to absorb the bold-faced words one by one:

MRS. F. S. HEADLAND OFFERS KIRKBEAN TO U.S. GOVERNMENT AS NAVAL MUSEUM IN MEMORY OF HER LATE HUSBAND, CONQUEROR OF MINTAYO.

Clark Tegher, who owned very little more than the clothes on his back, had once made an observation about Cecil Inch, who owned almost as much as all the Crudinis put together.

"The only reason Cecil Inch

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Page 69

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P2/29/5

Continuing . . .

The Third Angel

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never bought himself "The Swindon Star" when it was up for sale is because he can't read," Clark had said. "Cecil, he don't like to own nothing he can't operate all by himself and a man that can't read, naturally, he can't set type."

Since Clark had said it in Sal Crudini's barber-shop, which was the equivalent in Swindon of making an observation on a nation-wide radio hook-up, the remark had come back to Cecil soon enough, but Clark's observation was completely inaccurate.

It was not true that Cecil Inch could not read. Even the members of Clark Tegher's appreciative audience in Sal Crudini's barber-shop knew that. Nor was it true that Cecil Inch did not like to own anything he could not operate all by himself. Those same members of Clark's audience knew, for example, that Cecil owned the Swindon Dry Cleaners, even though he didn't do any of the actual spot-removing or pants-pressing himself.

No. The real reason why Cecil Inch had not bothered to buy "The Swindon Star" when it was up for sale was something that Clark Tegher would never have understood: "The Swindon Star" had nothing to offer its owner except the illusion of power. For Cecil Inch this was not enough.

It seemed to be more than enough for Saul Slough. Cecil could think of no other reason why the youngish man from California had bought the paper. It wasn't possible that Mr. Slough could have been fooled into believing he was getting a goldmine. The fact that "The Swindon Star" had never earned a nickel for its owners was one of the town's stock jokes.

If a newcomer from the Pacific Coast could not be expected to know the town's stock jokes, Slough should certainly have been warned by the price he was asked to pay, a price that even a novice in journalistic circles, and Saul Slough said he was no novice, would have identified at once as a steal. And finally, of course, there were the books and records in "The Swindon Star" office. Cecil Inch had once seen these records. They appeared to be written almost entirely in red ink.

Maybe, Cecil Inch had once observed dryly to his nephew Ben, maybe Mr. Slough liked the color.

He was one of those large men with a small wife. Mr. Slough's face was always an angry, apoplectic, cherry-red, and Mrs. Slough always seemed to be cringing.

Maybe you couldn't tell much about a man from the cut of his jib, and Cecil guessed it was true enough that many a wearer of the cloth looked like a convict and vice versa, but that didn't change the fact that to Cecil Inch the new owner of "The Swindon Star" looked like a bad actor. Youngish men with that kind of coloration, with that kind of mean little mouth, and those uneasy, jumpy, squinting eyes usually were.

Under more congenial circumstances Saul Slough's tendency towards being a bad actor might not have been on such prominent display. In California, for example, Saul Slough had probably been regarded as a swell guy. But in California, Saul Slough had been at home. Here, in Swindon, he was an outlander. Not a newcomer.

There was quite a difference between an outlander and a newcomer. These newcomers

didn't really give a hoot about the town. They'd been moving into Swindon since the end of the war purely for convenience or profit. Either they wanted to get their kids out of the city and Swindon looked to them like a good commute, or they wanted to make a fast buck, and they bought Swindon's old houses, remodelled them, and sold them for a quick profit.

But Saul Slough had not come to Swindon for convenience or profit. These were just incidentals to his main purpose. Saul Slough had been driven by what Cecil Inch guessed you might call a hunger. The poor dope wanted to belong. How could you tell such a man that the only way to get to belong to a place like Swindon was to tip off your grandmother to get herself born there?

The more they wanted to belong, and the harder they tried not to be outlanders, the less time the town's real old-timers had for them; and the less time the real old-timers had for them the more jumpy they got, the meaner they acted to their wives and the farther away they got from making not only a real home for themselves but also a buck.

Unless this Slough had a private income or somebody with money back of him, Cecil Inch didn't see how the youngish man from California could continue to own "The Swindon Star" much longer. In fact, Cecil often wondered where Saul Slough had dug up the money with which he had bought "The Swindon Star."

Slough didn't look as though he had been accustomed to money. All the facts about Saul Slough that were known in Swindon had been placed in circulation by Slough himself. According to these facts he had given up a thriving advertising agency in Los Angeles to get into the war, in which he had distinguished himself as a fighter-pilot in the Pacific.

After three and a half years of combat, Slough admitted he had been unable to see himself going back to the same old grind. What Slough had been unable to stop seeing himself doing was fulfil an ambition that must have been kicking around in the back of his subconscious for years before it sprang, full-blown, into the forefront of his mind on a morning he would never forget: the morning he was part of the air cover for the first assault wave of Marines that hit the beach at Minitayo. From that moment on Saul Slough knew he would never be happy until he owned and edited a small country newspaper in a small Connecticut town.

Cecil Inch had no way of knowing, of course, just how happy Saul Slough had been before he bought "The Swindon Star." Anybody could see, however, that four and a half years of owning and editing the paper had added nothing to the large, red-faced, youngish man's total in this respect.

He had looked angry and uncertain when he arrived in Swindon, and he looked angry and uncertain today. Mrs. Slough had looked frightened and desperate when she showed up in Swindon, and Cecil could see, as he came into "The Swindon Star" office from High Street that the wife of the paper's owner and editor looked even more frightened

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Page 70



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 17, 1956

Continuing

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and desperate on this cold morning in November.

"Hello," she said nervously, speaking across the back of a woman who was bent over the counter. "I'll be with you in a minute, Mr. Inch."

The newspaper office was a narrow store on High Street. The store was cut in halves by a wooden railing. Behind it was Saul Slough's desk and the hand-press and type-case with which his wife ran the small job printing business that paid a substantial number of the bills her husband's newspaper was unable to pay out of advertising revenue. The front of the store was filled by a counter, on which Mrs. Slough kept her samples of letter paper and books of type faces, and the long, narrow, golden-oak bench on which people who wanted to see the editor waited.

"No hurry," Cecil Inch said. "Just wanted to see Saul a minute."

An uncertain but recognisably grateful smile flitted across Mrs. Slough's face. Cecil Inch was one of the few people in town who called her husband by his first name.

"He'll be out in a minute, Mr. Inch."

"Sure," Cecil said. "Want to take this?"

He held up the large tan envelope. In it, draped on a black wire coat-hanger, was Saul Slough's other suit. The editor of "The Swindon Star" owned two. When Saul Slough was wearing his brown, Cecil Inch's Swindon Dry Cleaners were tidying up his blue. When Saul Slough was wearing his blue this one of Cecil's several business enterprises was sponging the soup-spots out of the editor's brown.

"Yes, thanks," Mrs. Slough said. She reached across the back of the woman bent over the counter and took the large, flat envelope from Cecil Inch. "Nice of you to drop it in, Mr. Inch."

"Nothing at all," Cecil said. "I was coming up this way, anyway, so I thought I'd save my driver a trip."

"Uh-huh," said the woman bent over the counter. Her back rose in the air, slowly, somewhat like a natural history film showing in slow motion the surfacing of a whale, and she turned, even more slowly, and Annie Vroom said, "Cecil, you thoughtful son of a gun, what kind of apple sauce are you peddling today?"

"Not peddling a thing," he said. "I was coming up to the bank, so I thought I might as well deliver Saul's suit."

"Uh-huh," Annie said again, and she thrust the book of type-faces towards Mrs. Slough. "I guess this one is okay, only I wish you had it in a larger size."

"I'm awfully sorry," Mrs. Slough said worriedly.

"Well, let's not cry about it," Annie said. "This smaller one will do. Make me a couple

of thousand sheets and a couple of thousand envelopes." She poked a forefinger at the folded copy of "The Swindon Star" in the pocket of Cecil Inch's suede windbreaker. "I see you've seen it."

"Yeah, down at the post office," Cecil said. "Nino Cradini gave me a copy."

He pulled the paper from his pocket, slapped it open, and read the headline aloud.

"Mrs. F. S. Headland offers Kirkbean to U.S. Government as naval museum in memory of her late husband, conqueror of Minitayo."

Cecil looked up and found Annie Vroom watching him with a curious expression.

"Say, Cecil," she said. "You know her, don't you? Mrs. Headland?"

He looked back at Annie coolly. "No," he said. "I don't know Mrs. Headland."

Annie looked puzzled as she started gathering from the counter her shoulder-strap purse, her box of face tissues, her gloves, and her looseleaf notebook.

"That's funny," she said slowly. "I could have sworn someone told me, or maybe I remembered it, or maybe it was just—" She shrugged. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter."

"What doesn't?" Cecil said. "Whether you know her or not."

"What difference does it make?"

"I think she's crazy, and I'm just trying to check."

"Annie, you sound sore."

"I'll say I'm sore," Annie Vroom said. "And so would you be, if anybody pulled something like that on you. I have a customer, a New York man with money up to here, but really loaded, and he wants Kirkbean like you want—"

She paused, and she gave him that same puzzled look, and then Annie Vroom shrugged.

"Well, heaven knows what you want, Cecil, but whatever it is, that's how much this customer of mine wants Kirkbean. Any price, too. Doesn't care what it costs. And me, for a month, ever since Hallow-e'en, I'm knocking myself out begging Mrs. Headland to sell, and what do I get? A lot of banana oil about she's not interested in selling, she'll never dispose of the place, no matter what."

Annie made a sound of disgust. "No matter what!" she said derisively. "With mortgage payments she can't meet, and six years behind in her taxes, and living on the few bucks a month the Navy gives the widows of dead admirals and calls it a pension, with all that piled up on her, she not only has the nerve to tell me she's not interested in selling, no matter what, but then she turns around and gives the place away to the Government for free!"

To be continued



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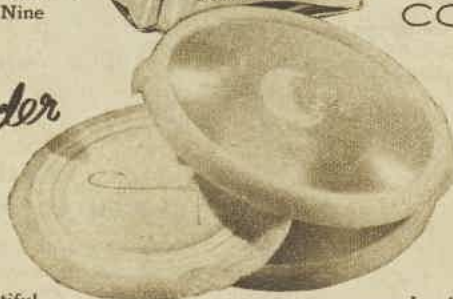
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Smooth Salad Mayonnaise

made in **2** minutes



Streamlined cooking means cooking with Nestlé's Full Cream Milk! It blends perfectly and speedily with all ingredients . . . makes summer dishes and mayonnaises that liberate you from a hot stove. Save time, save trouble . . . add rich, new, creamy flavour to your summer menus — with Nestlé's Full Cream Milk. Always keep a couple of tins on hand.



ECONOMY MAYONNAISE . . . deliciously different dressing to balance summer budgets

$\frac{1}{2}$ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk
teaspoon salt
cup vinegar
teaspoon dry mustard

Mix thoroughly Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, vinegar and mustard. Stir until mixture thickens. Allow to stand for a few minutes to stiffen.



NESTLÉ'S FULL CREAM MILK

REFRESHING TEA WITH NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK.



Instead of sugar and milk, try your tea with Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk! It adds a smooth, rich flavour that's irresistible!

JELLIES FOR SUMMER

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

● Sweet or savory jellied dishes are a refreshing change in hot-weather menus. Gelatine tends to absorb other flavors, so be sure to season or sweeten jellied foods carefully.

IT is important to use good quality gelatine or packaged jellies, and to follow directions carefully.

One level dessertspoon gelatine will set $\frac{1}{2}$ pint liquid.

If lemon juice is added to the liquid, slightly increase the proportion of gelatine. Reduce the amount of liquid with sweet packaged jellies.

Remember that soft jellies, particularly if sweet, are preferable.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CHOCOLATE RUSSE

One and a half tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 2oz. grated chocolate, 1 cup evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup

brandy, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dozen sponge fingers, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted chocolate, red ribbon, extra grated chocolate, whipped cream.

Add gelatine to cold water and dissolve over hot water. Add grated chocolate and stir well. Beat chilled evaporated milk until very thick. Add sugar, vanilla, and brandy gradually. Stir in dissolved gelatine and chocolate, pour into wetted mould to set until firm. Unmould and surround with sponge fingers previously dipped to a depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in melted chocolate. A little melted chocolate will hold sponge fingers to sides of jellied shape. Tie with ribbon and decorate top with extra grated chocolate and whipped cream. Return to refrigerator until ready for use.

MINTED LAMB SHAPES

Eight ounces diced cooked lamb, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 pint stock and 1oz. gelatine (or 1 pint liquid aspic), salt and pepper, salad garnishes, 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint.

Dissolve gelatine in a little water and add to stock with seasonings and mint. Using this, or the aspic jelly, stir in lamb and peas. When cold and slightly thick pour into oiled or wetted moulds and chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmould and garnish with salad vegetables in season. Decorate with piped salmon mayonnaise and olive slices.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

One and a half tablespoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 4 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup crushed strawberries, extra strawberries and leaves to decorate.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine egg-yolks and sugar and beat until smooth and creamy. Scald milk and pour over the egg mixture, stirring constantly. Cook over boiling water until smooth and thick. Add gelatine and continue stirring until gelatine is dissolved. Allow to cool, stirring occasionally, to prevent a skin forming. Whip cream until thick, fold into custard mixture with crushed strawberries and lemon juice. Pour into oiled or wetted mould and allow to set in refrigerator. Unmould, decorate with whole strawberries and leaves.

SPICED TOMATO JELLY

Four large tomatoes, 2 small onions, 1 clove garlic, 1 bay leaf, 4 cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon peppercorns, pinch nutmeg, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1oz. gelatine, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water.

Place coarsely chopped tomatoes, finely sliced onions, crushed garlic, grated lemon rind, seasonings and spices in saucepan and cook slowly for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Rub through sieve. Soften gelatine in cold water and heat over boiling water until gelatine is dissolved. Stir into tomato purée and add lemon juice and vinegar. Pour into wetted ring-mould and chill until firm. Unmould on to a bed of shredded lettuce and fill centre of ring with mayonnaise.

MINTED LAMB SHAPES are an interesting way of using a small quantity of cold roast lamb. Veal may be substituted for lamb. Smoked salmon mayonnaise, used to garnish the moulds, is available at delicatessens.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM and chocolate Russe, trimmed with red ribbon, illustrated above, are luscious sweets for party occasions. Serve extra strawberries with the Bavarian cream if you have your own strawberry patch.

SALMON MOUSSE

One large tin salmon, 2oz. butter, 1 egg-white, 1 cup evaporated milk, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, lemon wedges, parsley or watercress.

Mix salmon and softened butter until smooth, removing pieces of bone. Stir in egg-white and beat well over bowl of cracked ice. Fold in chilled, whipped evaporated milk, salt and pepper to taste, and gelatine, softened in cold water, and dissolved over boiling water. Pour into oiled fish-shaped mould and chill until firm. Unmould and garnish with lemon wedges and watercress or parsley.

CARAMEL SPANISH CREAM

Half cup sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts.

Place half sugar in saucepan with 1 tablespoon of water. Cook until dark brown all over. Add milk, stir over low heat until caramel is dissolved and mixed evenly with the milk. Allow to cool. Soak gelatine with balance of water. Beat egg-yolks with remaining sugar, stir into cooled milk, and cook over boiling water until slightly thickened. Cool, stir in dissolved gelatine. When beginning to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, nuts, and vanilla. Turn into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould on to serving-dish.

HINTS FOR HANDLING GELATINE

If jelly sets too quickly while decorating, melt it by standing bowl over boiling water.

Do not overchill jellies. Remove from refrigerator a short time before serving. In very hot weather, especially if setting without a refrigerator, slightly reduce quantity of liquid.

Always soften gelatine in cold water before dissolving over hot water. This gives a clearer jelly without hard lumps of gelatine.

Curdled jellies still taste sweet, but to prevent milk or fruit jellies curdling dissolve gelatine in hot water and gradually add to milk or fruit juices.

Rinse mould with water before using, or oil it. Moisten dish on which it will be served so that jelly slides easily into position.



Fish dish wins £5

● A recipe for an appetising and simple fish dish with a luxury touch wins this week's prize of £5 in our recipe contest.

ANY type of fresh fish fillets can be used in the main prizewinning recipe, but mild-flavored fish such as bream or flat-head are preferable.

Consolation prizes are awarded to parsley puffs (a good substitute for baked potatoes when potatoes are scarce or expensive) and date and nut shortbread.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

FISH AND MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

One cup milk, 1lb. fish fillets, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons sweet sherry, 4oz. mushrooms (fresh or tinned), 1 tablespoon butter.

Wash and clean fish, remove dark skin. Heat milk in saucepan, add fish, simmer gently 10 minutes or until fish are tender. Lift fish into a greased, shallow, ovenware dish. Beat eggs, add milk in

which fish cooked, salt, pepper, and sherry; pour over fish. Saute peeled mushrooms in butter 3 or 4 minutes, arrange on top of fish. (Sliced, tinned mushrooms are ready to use.) Place under hot grill or in slow oven 15 to 20 minutes until thoroughly heated. Serve at once.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Kenny, Merton Ave., Holland Park, Qld.

PARSLEY PUFFS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup parsley, sprigs, 1 medium-sized onion, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon powdered milk, salt and pepper to taste, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs.

Sift flour, powdered milk, salt, and pepper. Add cheese, chopped parsley and onion. Mix to a firm dough with water. Shape into small balls the size of a golf-ball. Coat with egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Place in baking-dish with small quantity of hot fat and cook approximately 15 minutes. Serve as an accompaniment to roast beef or lamb.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Hodgson, 323 Camberwell Rd., Camberwell E.6, Vic.

DATE AND NUT SHORTBREAD

One cup finely chopped dates, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup self-raising flour, 1 cup castor sugar, pinch salt, 1 egg,



FLAVOR COMBINATION of date and ginger in the consolation prize recipe on this page can be used also in a loaf. Make your favorite date loaf and replace half the dates with chopped ginger. Serve as above with cottage cheese or cream and jam.

6oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons chopped mixed peel, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger, 2 tablespoons chopped almonds, 1 extra egg-white.

Sift flours, salt, and sugar, add lemon rind, peel, dates, and ginger. Beat whole egg, add to mixture, work in with hands until crumbly. Add melted shortening and again work in with hands until mixture is pliable; knead lightly on floured board. Press into a

greased 8in. sandwich-tin and pinch a frill around edge.

Beat egg-white slightly with a fork, brush over top, sprinkle with chopped almonds. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour to

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Leave in tin until cold. Cut into fingers before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Clear, 106 Murray St., Wagga, N.S.W.

MISS PRECIOUS

WASH the telephone regularly with a cloth wrung out in warm suds to prevent germs from spreading. Do not let water seep into receiver and speaker perforations.

MINUTES SAYS:

RUB ivory with half a lemon dipped in salt to remove stains.

TO wash out a fountain pen fill with vinegar, flush out; repeat several times with water.

FAMILY DISH

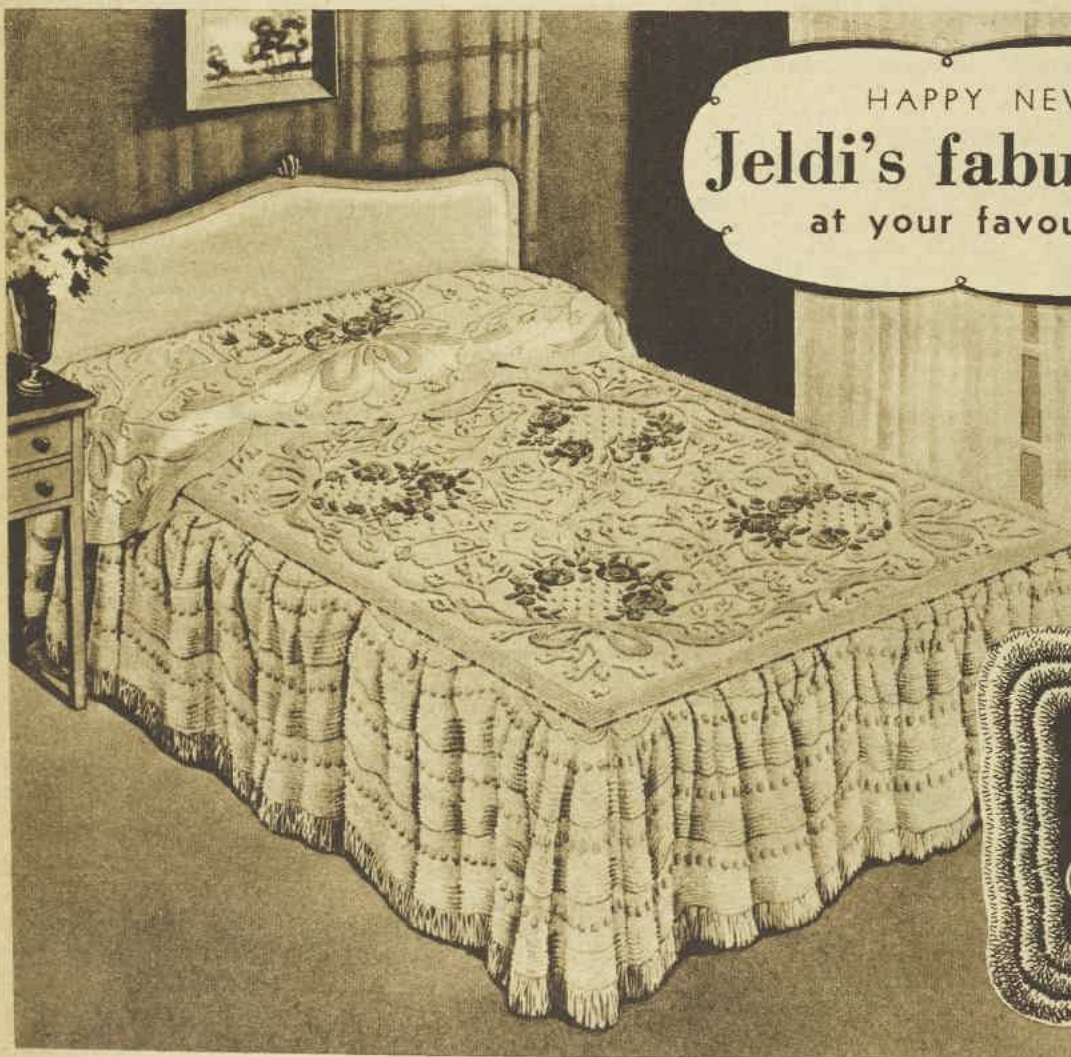
● Shortcakes are popular at any time of the year; they're so appetising and satisfying. This week's family dish is a shortcake with a curried rabbit filling.

THE dish costs six shillings and sixpence and serves four or five people.

CURRIED RABBIT SHORTCAKE

Six ounces savory scone dough, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cheese, 1 rabbit, 1 pint water, 3 dessertspoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 dessertspoons curry powder, 1 carrot, 1 stick celery, 1 onion, salt, pepper.

Soak rabbit in cold salted water, remove tail joint. Joint rabbit, cut body into two or three pieces. Dry, coat with seasoned flour. Brown in hot fat, turning frequently. Remove. Add sliced onion and brown. Add balance of flour, brown. Stir in water and curry powder. Replace rabbit in pan, cover and simmer 30 minutes. Add diced vegetables, cook further $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 hour, until rabbit is tender. Prepare scone dough; press out to fit an 8in. sandwich-tin. Place in greased tin, glaze top, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in hot oven. While still hot, split through centre and fill with hot rabbit mixture. Serve cut into wedges.



HAPPY NEWS FOR HOMELOVERS!

Jeldi's fabulous "PRINCESS"
at your favourite store again, NOW!

Fabulous, fairytale "Princess" stole so many hearts last year—it sold like magic. Now, Jeldi has received a further shipment of the fascinating, knobbly fabric that underlies the enchanting embroidery. "Princess" returns to charm all over again! You'll love "Princess" (it's a promise!) ... for the elegant sweep of fringe ... the deeply scalloped turnatop ... the flowered, full-flounced luxury look that sets "Princess" apart! The lovely colours: ice blue, ice green, ice pink, ice gold, white.

Princess, Jeldi design No. 255, double or 1 bed sizes, tailored to fit any bed.



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grows
lovelier
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Bunks for boys

by Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY

Mrs. K. Bloomfield, of Geebung, Queensland, asks how to arrange a small bedroom 11ft. long by 8ft. 6in. wide for her two small boys. Because the boys are young, she believes a double-decker bunk might be dangerous, and the top bunk difficult for mother to make up every morning.

To solve the problem I have suggested a modified version of the double-decker bunk that was described in this diary in our issue of 12/10/55. The two bunks overlap, but the height need only be 2ft. 6in. from the floor. The higher bunk allows drawers and toy-storage space underneath.

A 6ft.-long wardrobe could be built on the wall opposite the bunks. I suggest sliding doors for the wardrobe because floor space is so limited.

A set of book-shelves over the head of each bunk would be conveniently placed. Lino wall tiles, which are easily kept clean, are suggested as a covering for the wall between the shelves and the bunks.

I suggest a bench for use as a desk or dressing-table, to be fixed between the high bunk and the wardrobe.

Mattresses could be innerspring, but, because it is desirable to restrict the height of each bunk, foam-rubber mattresses on timber platforms would be very satisfactory, being comfortable and hygienic.

Cork tiles

ANOTHER reader, Mrs. A. Dawson, of Armidale, N.S.W., asks for information about cork tiles, which she would like to use in her home.

Cork tiles are available in several tones, varying from a dark brown to a light honey color. When sealed with plastic and lightly polished they are serviceable, easily main-

tained, and pleasant underfoot, being very resilient.

Cork tiles are laid with a special mastic. The edges can be butt-jointed, and some types of tiles have a small tongue which fits into a groove in the adjacent tile and so keeps them all flush on the surface.

Steel pins secure the tiles while the adhesive is drying. These pins can be used on concrete or wood floors.

After they are laid the cork tiles are usually ground off to an even surface with a sanding machine before the plastic sealer or polish is applied.

In Sydney the cost of 3/4-inch-thick butt-jointed cork tiles is about 55/- per square yard.

Mothercraft

DO NOT HURRY YOUR BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A BABY is born with a sense of insecurity which can be overcome only by wise mothering and careful handling in the first weeks of life.

If you make hurried, nervous movements in bathing or dressing baby and do not hold him firmly and support him well in your arms, his fear of being dropped (a universal one in very young babies) will be intensified and he will become nervous and unhappy.

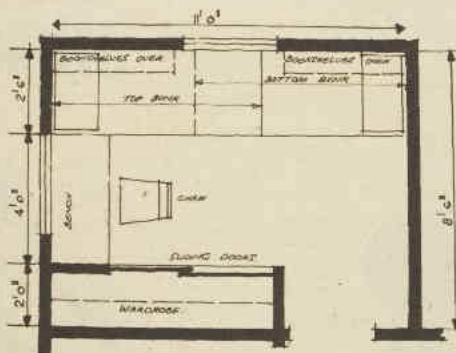
Therefore, whatever work you believe you must hurry through, never hurry baby in anything you do for him.

You should be businesslike

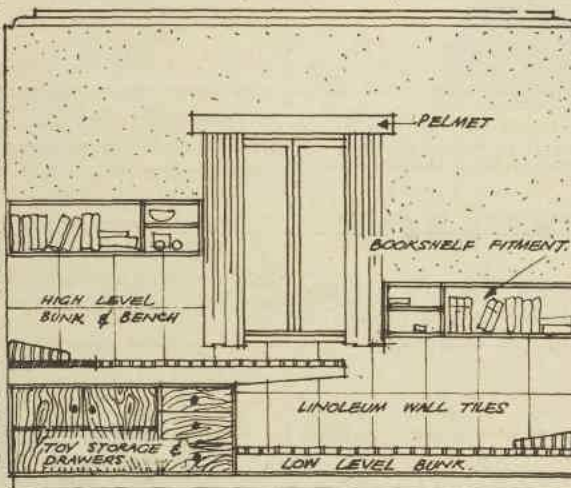
and not linger over bathing and dressing a tiny baby to avoid chilling, but do not rush him. Rushing means that bath-time, instead of being a happy event in the daily routine, is associated with fear, and you may have a crying, unhappy baby at this time.

Try always to give a sense of security by never hurrying your baby unduly. It is wise to have a planned daily routine for yourself and baby, but there is no need to be a slave to this routine.

A leaflet with suggestions for a planned daily routine can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your request.



FLOOR PLAN OF BEDROOM shows how furniture is placed to make the most of available space in this boy's room.



SKETCH ABOVE shows the overlapping of the bunks to fit them both against an 11ft. wall. Notice how neatly the storage cupboards and drawers fit under top bunk.

Wallboard floors

MRS. R. PATRICK, of Tumbarumba, N.S.W., asks whether it is economical and possible to lay hard compressed wallboard over undressed timber planks instead of using the conventional type of tongued and grooved flooring.

The makers of one type of hard wallboard stress the necessity for the sub-flooring to be free of any hollows or large irregularities. The nails in the sub-floor should be punched down before laying the wallboard.

This sub-floor could be made of cheap Baltic pine or even long pieces of the good-quality packing-case timber used in the motor industry. These timbers can be bought very often for about half the price of conventional flooring.

The application of good-quality, hard-tempered wallboard over this rough floor would convert it into one of good appearance that is well suited to polishing, thus saving the need for any other floor covering.

By gluing to the sub-floor a paper-type underfelt similar to that used under lino floor tiles, the finished flooring will be much quieter and more pleasant to walk upon.

The sheets of wallboard are then attached by a rubber-based adhesive, nailed occasionally, and weighted down with sandbags until the adhesive has dried. A grooved pattern can be worked on the wallboard with a special tool to give a V design for extra decoration.

BUNDLES OF ENERGY

Starring the Sara Quads



Judith's the name. She has cute little pigtails that dance in the breeze—and a face that's bright as a button. Judy's no Van Gogh yet—but she does like colour, and uses plenty of it in her numerous drawing books.



Tree-climber Mark hasn't fallen out of one yet, but it isn't for want of trying. Mrs. Sara told us: "I watch the children's diet carefully—and make sure they have plenty of Vegemite. They're growing fast and need those precious vitamins every day".



Little-Mother Alison with a friend of hers. Most like her mother, Alison has soft flaxen hair that shines like silk and tumbles over her brow. She's tallest of the quads, is a real little homebody—and her wide, friendly smile is worth seeing.



Philip Sara, a Do-It-Yourself man, gives a toothy grin for our photographer. Little Philip can make things or break things with equal gusto. "We start every day with Vegemite on toast", Mrs. Sara said. "And the children take Vegemite sandwiches to school, too. They love it and it's so good for them".



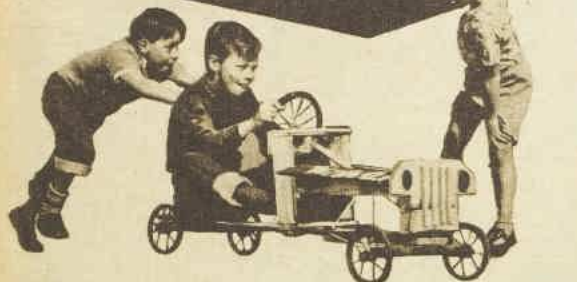
Available in 2 and 4 oz. jars, 6 oz. re-usable fluted tumblers and the 8 oz. and 16 oz. economy sizes. Made by Kraft.



Vegemite for Vitality

Vegemite is a concentrated yeast extract, easy to spread, economical to buy. It's vitamin-rich (B1 for healthy nerves, B2 for body tissue, Niacin for good digestion and clear skin). Every day, every member of your family needs Vegemite for Vitality. Better check your cupboard now!

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stiffeners and linings of
soft leather throughout make
Edunley shoes fit so snugly.
You can choose leather, crepe
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617 T-bar sandal



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All Edunley shoes
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3 to 6½, 7 to 10½,
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for children

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which are safe because they contain
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*SPRING BLOUSE for cocktails and after-five wear is a
Viennese design by Salon Lana. It is knitted in soft wool
edged with braid, and has matching braid shoulder-straps.*

For parties

● Chic is combined with warmth in this
sweater knitted in fine wool. It is a must for
your spring party-going wardrobe.

Materials: A-5 (B-5; C-6) oz.
Villawool Horizon crochet
wool; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and
12 knitting needles; 2yds. 2in.
braid; 2 stitch-holders.

Measurements: Bust size A-
34in., B-36in., C-38in.; length
to armholes A-14in., B-14in.,
C-14½in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin. on
No. 10 needles.

Instructions given are for size
A, any variations for sizes B
and C are given in brackets.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on
128 (B-136; C-144) sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for
1½in.

Change to No. 10 needles and
st-st., dec. 1 st. each end of
every 4th row until 112 (B-120;
C-128) sts. are on needle.

Work even in st-st. for 1½in.

To Shape Darts: 1st Row:
(right side facing) K 36
(B-k 40; C-k 44), pick up loop
before next st., place on left-
hand needle, and knit into back
of it (this will be known as
"inc. 1"), k 40 (B-k 40; C-k
40), inc. 1, k 36 (B-k 40; C-k
44).

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Purl.

Rep. last 4 rows, having 1
more st. before and after inc.

on increase rows until 128
(B-136; C-144) sts. are on
needle. Cont. even in st-st.
until work measures 14 (B-14;
C-14½) in. or length required
to underarm.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off
5 (B-5; C-6) sts. at beg. of
next 6 rows.

Leave rem. sts. on a stitch-
holder.

FRONT

Work same as given for back.

YOKE FACINGS

Front: Using No. 10 needles
(right side facing) pick up and
knit 15 (B-15; C-18) sts. along
armhole shaping edge, knit
across sts. on stitch-holder,
then pick up and knit 15 (B-15;
C-18) sts. along other armhole
shaping edge.

Work even in st-st. for 1in.
Cast off.

Back: Work as given for front
facing.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with
warm iron and damp cloth.
Turn lin. yoke facing to reverse
side and slip-stitch into position.
Join side seams. Sew braid
around top of jumper and make
two shoulder-straps with rem.
of braid. Thread elastic
through facing, stitching ends
into side seams. Press seams
open and press facing flat.

1956 KNITTING BOOK

BABY clothes make wonder-
ful Christmas presents to
give expectant mothers. The
Australian Women's Weekly
1956 Knitting Book, now on
sale at newsagents and book-
sellers, contains some lovely
designs (see illustrations be-
low).

Among the many other pat-
terns featured are pretty car-
digans and sweaters for the

older children to slip on over
summer frocks and shirts on
cooler days.

Buy your copy of the *Knit-
ting Book* now. Price 2/-



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WITH
ONE STROKE
YOU

- ★ wipe out perspiration
odour instantly
- ★ protect yourself
"round the clock"
- ★ feel fresh and sure
of yourself.

New, Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is the easiest, quickest way
to apply your deodorant. Especially handy to use right
from its ingenious plastic case—there is nothing to unwrap
—no contact with fingers—no rubbing in. Sure to be a
winner with men, too!

Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is completely new—protects as
no other stick deodorant can, thanks to amazing new
formula giving unmatched triple protection! Wonderfully
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So quick! Stroke it on—it's dry

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It wears better . . . shines
brighter . . . stays on much
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Cutex exclusive formula ab-
solutely defies chipping and
peeling . . .

Cutex comes in a wide range
of beautiful nail colours . . .
each one created with
a matching shade
of creamy, clinging
Cutex Stay Fast
Lipstick.



CUTEX "STAYFAST" LIPSTICK, 4/11
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CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE, 4/9

For lasting beauty . . .

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Don't let ugly, disgusting Pimples, Eczema,
Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blotchiness or
Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin
Troubles make life miserable and spoil your
fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior
because of a bad skin. New every chemist
has a new American Hospital Discovery called
DOAN'S OINTMENT that stops the itch in 5 minutes.
Kills germs and fungus and in 24 hours begins
to heal the skin clear, soft and smooth. No
matter how long you have suffered or what
you have tried, get Doan's from your
chemist to-day under positive guarantee. To
heal your skin satisfactorily or money back.

soothes itching HAEMORRHOIDS quickly!

Are you suffering the torture
of haemorrhoids? Then here's
new hope for you! DOAN'S
OINTMENT will quiet the itch-
ing QUICKLY—soothe and lubri-
cate the tender tissues with
special antiseptic ingredients and
bring you welcome relief.
DOAN'S OINTMENT has been
used successfully for over 50
years—and it's oh, so gentle!
Don't put up with distressing
haemorrhoids any longer. Ask
for DOAN'S OINTMENT at any
chemist or store today.

F4317.—Smart collarless, slender-line daytime dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/11.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4318.—Informal teenage party dress designed with a pretty portrait neckline and skirt fullness. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F4319.—Soft, flattering lines for a one-piece dress designed with a deep back and front "V" neckline, moulded bodice, and gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/11.

F4322.—Small girl's one-piece dress finished with contrasting collar and cuffs. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/3.

F4320.—Sun-frock or party dress; contrast is used for the cummerbund sash. Sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 10½yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.



F4317



F4318



F4319



F4320



F4322



F4321

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 344 — SMALL GIRL'S DRESS AND MATCHING SUN HAT. Pretty summer two-piece obtainable cut out ready to make in super-quality printed haircord. The color choice includes red, green, blue, lemon, and pink, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: Lengths 18in. for 2 years 23½; 20in. for 3 to 4 years 24½; 22in. for 5 to 6 years 26½; 28in. for 7 to 8 years 28½. Postage and registration for each garment is 1/6 extra.

No. 345 — SET OF THREE D'OXEYS. The d'oxeys are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with an attractive flower-and-leaf motif on cream linen only. The lace edging is not supplied. Size: 11in. x 5in. Price 1/3 each, set of three d'oxeys 3/6. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 346 — BARBECUE CLOTH AND TABLE NAPKINS. The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is

British headcloth, available in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The table napkins are made in British check gingham and the color choice includes red and white, lemon and white, black and white, and blue and white. Sizes: Cloth 36in. x 36in. 9/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra. Table napkins 11in. x 11in. 1/- each. Postage 3d. extra.

No. 347 — SMART SUMMER DRESS. Front-buttoned coat-dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a floral-and-spot-printed cotton. The color arrangements include rose, pink, and green on a blue ground; pale blue and green on a pink ground; rose, pink, and green on a white ground; yellow and green on a pale green ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 52/3; 36 and 38in. bust 54/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

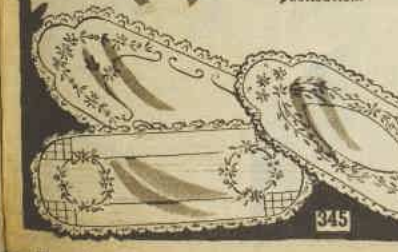
BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4321.—Beginners' pattern for an infant's easy-to-make lace-trimmed frock. Size infants. Requires 1yd. 36in. material, 7½yds. ¼in. lace edging, and 1½yds. 1½in. lace edging. Price 2/6.



344

* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



345



346



347

Someone didn't INSIST ON SELLOTAPE



A Good Deed Gone Wrong. When Mrs. Perkins went to visit her daughter that morning, she thought she'd take some things to help out at lunch. But she didn't use 'Sellotape', the sticky tape you can rely on. After this, she'll insist on 'Sellotape'!

'Sellotape' is the consistent brand of sticky tape — it always stays stuck!

When 'Sellotape' leaves the factory its sticky surface is just the right strength — and it's just right when you buy it in the shop — because each roll is over-wrapped in protective Cellophane*. 'Sellotape' always comes to you 'factory-fresh'; never dries out, never goes gooey, never splits. And, because it's 'factory-fresh', 'Sellotape' sticks like a limpet to any surface and stays stuck!

For the Home: 'Sellotape' costs only 9d. for the 3 yard roll, 1/9 for 8½ yards. A thousand uses round the home — and the youngsters need it for school, too!



For the factory, shop or office: 'Sellotape' comes in factory-sealed tins of 72 or 36 yard rolls to fit standard size dispensers.

* 'Cellophane' is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Ltd.

Fisher's cleans as it polishes !



- * Fisher's contains a special cleaning solvent.
- * Fisher's is easy to apply — quick to shine.
- * Fisher's is clear — gives a transparent finish — does not darken or change the colours of linos.

PRESERVES LINOS TOO!



NEW LARGE MAGNUM TIN

only 3' 1/2

slightly higher in country districts

For Jark woods use FISHER'S WAXTANE — A Dark Stain Polish

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Pocket th

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AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED
ACTIL AVENUE, WOODVILLE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear, they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and their friend, Sir Harry, are 3000 feet below the surface of the sea in a seamobile when suddenly the cable connecting them with the surface is cut. Then they



see strange human figures riding on seals outside in the water. These weird men cast a net around the seamobile and tow it to a vast city floating deep in the ocean. Mandrake, Lothar, and Sir Harry are taken into the city.

NOW READ ON.

see strange human figures riding on seals outside in the water. These weird men cast a net around the seamobile and tow it to a vast city floating deep in the ocean. Mandrake, Lothar, and Sir Harry are taken into the city.

NOW READ ON:

what are the
consequences
of the war
in the

TO BE CONTINUED

**STRONGEST
TAPE
EVER!**



**Johnson's
Texcel
TAPE**

Sparkling, crystal-clear Texcel sticks at a touch and holds fast!

First designed in America, Texcel is now made here to suit our local conditions, so it never dries out or goes gummy.

Texcel is stronger, durable, more reliable, yet costs no more. Look for the red and white striped dispenser — gay as a peppermint bull's-eye.

Ask for Texcel Tape at your local chemist or store.



**In the gay
Red and White
Candy Striped
Dispenser!**

**Texcel
TAPE**

A PRODUCT OF
Johnson & Johnson



Petula

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"PETULA."—Attractively styled one-piece dress made in a flower and striped printed no-iron Tennyson cotton. The color arrangements available include: blue flowers with black stripes; rose-pink flowers with black stripes; primrose with black stripes; rose-pink with blue stripes; pale blue with pink stripes.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 89/6; 36 and 38in. bust 92/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 67/3; 36 and 38in. bust 69/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

"ALIDA."—Pretty afternoon dress made in a printed, no-iron disciplined cotton. The color arrangements available include the following: Rose-pink and green on a white ground; blue and primrose on a white ground; rose and blue on a pink ground; red and green on a pale green ground; and red and blue on a lemon ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 89/9; 36 and 38in. bust 92/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 71/3; 36 and 38in. bust 74/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.



Alida

"Miss Photography" takes a bath



"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does... use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning... in the room from which sickness may spread... in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath)... in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



DETTOL
Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.
AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

Here's a better way to REMOVE HAIR

in only 3 minutes



It's so embarrassing — those glimpses of ugly underarm hair. Nothing so ruins a girl's attraction to men. But luckily the problem is now so quick and easy to solve. No scraping with razors. No sore, tender skin. Shaving, as any man will tell you, only makes hair grow again coarser and faster. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. Leave for 3 minutes and then wash off. Every trace of hair is gone as if by magic. Hair is melted away just below the surface. So no unsightly stubble remains — and regrowth is positively discouraged. Your skin is smooth and white. Veet is the only modern way to remove ugly hair from underarms. And don't forget legs too. They must be kept Veet-smooth and hair free always. Success is guaranteed with Veet, or money refunded. Veet at chemists, and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (Double Size) 5/3 Medium Size 3/3

Bring Sunshine to Your Table



ARNOTT'S BUY THE GOOD THINGS WHICH AUSTRALIA GROWS IN THE SUNSHINE

During the past 85 years, Arnott's have used vast quantities of wheat which they have converted into delicious biscuits for sale in Australia and export overseas.

The effect of this ever-increasing demand for Australian wheat by Arnott's has been felt even in the remote districts; not wheat alone, but butter, milk, eggs and dried fruits.

There are rare values in Australian wheat grown in our generous sunshine.

An ideal form in which the shredded grain of Australian wheat is available to you is in Arnott's famous Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits, in which, by special process of their manufacture, the full protein and mineral salt content of the shredded grain used is retained.

These biscuits also encourage slow chewing and, therefore, good digestion. They contain a natural balance of nutriment.

Bring sunshine to your table with—

Arnott's *famous* SHREDDED WHEATMEAL Biscuits



For ECONOMY

BUY WHOLE TINS

(Approx. 3½ lbs.).

There is no Substitute for Quality

